

PHOTOPLAY

N.S.E.

AUGUST

25 CENTS

ANN
ARDING

THE ARCH-ENEMY
OF BEAUTY—
OVER-EXERCISE

WHY THEY SAY
JOAN CRAWFORD
IS "HIGH HAT"

Stella
Dizon

Earl
Crish

Of course CAMELS are milder THEY'RE FRESH!

HAVE you noticed how women everywhere are switching to the fresh mildness of Camels? Always a great favorite with the ladies, this famous blend is more popular now than ever, since the introduction of the new Humidor Pack.

If you need to be convinced, make this simple test yourself between a humidor fresh Camel and any other cigarette:

First, inhale the cool fragrant smoke of a perfectly conditioned Camel and note how easy it is to the throat.

Next, inhale the hot, brackish smoke of a parched dry cigarette and feel that sharp stinging sensation on the membrane.

The air-sealed Humidor Pack keeps all the rare flavor and aroma in and prevents the precious natural tobacco moisture from drying out. Important too, it protects the cigarette from dust and germs.

Switch to Camel freshness and mildness for one whole day, then leave them — if you can.



Smoke a fresh cigarette

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TURKISH & DOMESTIC
BLEND
CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY
CAMEL
20'S

**HUMIDOR
PACK**

*Smoke a
fresh
cigarette*

● It is the mark of a considerate hostess, by means of the Humidor Pack, to "Serve a fresh cigarette." Buy Camels by the carton — this cigarette will remain fresh in your home and office

CAMELS

"Listen, Lydia . . . I've heard enough about 'Pink Tooth Brush' from you"

MANY a husband has grown bored, weary, and irascible over remarks to the effect that the lady of his house has found "pink" on her tooth brush—*again*.

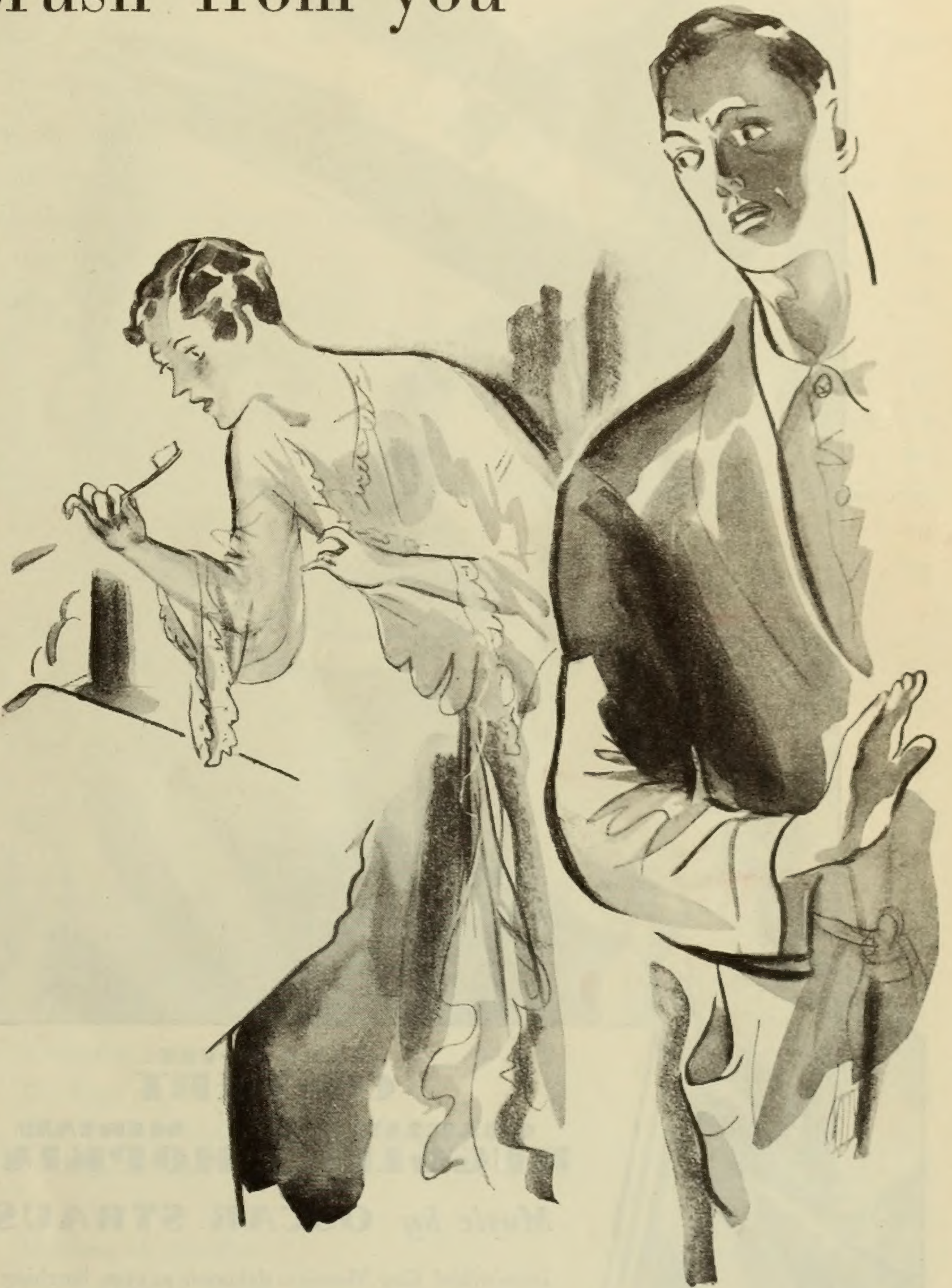
He probably has "pink tooth brush" himself—but men are far more likely to ignore symptoms of trouble, and later find themselves embroiled. A woman *will* do something about it—if she knows what she should *do*!

"Pink tooth brush," of course, comes of lazy, unexercised gums . . . and lazy gums are the result of the soft foods we moderns almost unanimously prefer—foods that give our gums almost none of the exercise they need for healthy firmness. Circulation slows up day by day, until gums are so "touchy," so tender, that they begin to bleed on practically the slightest provocation.

It's a very real trouble, "pink tooth brush"—often the fore-runner of more serious trouble. Gingivitis, for instance . . . or Vincent's disease . . . or even pyorrhea, rare though that is. Also, it has been known to threaten sound teeth, through infection at the roots.

So it's best not to ignore that first touch of "pink" on your tooth brush. Step into your druggist's and get a tube or two of Ipana Tooth Paste. Clean your teeth with it regularly, twice a day. Ipana is a marvelous cleanser. But each time, put a little additional Ipana on your tooth brush and gently massage it into those touchy, tender gums of yours.

The ziratol in Ipana, with the regular massage, stimulates the flagging circula-



tion—tones and firms the gums—strengthens the flabby walls.

Within even the first few days your teeth will begin to sparkle again. Your mouth will feel cleaner, fresher. And before the month is out, your gums will have recovered some of the healthy hardness they used to have. But don't stop using Ipana with massage! Conquer "pink tooth brush" for once and all, by keeping

your gums hard and strong with Ipana Tooth Paste and massage!

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73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name.....
Street.....
City.....State.....



★ ★ ★ Ipana tooth paste ★

Maurice Chevalier in **ERNST Lubitsch's**

"THE SMILING LIEUTENANT"

a Paramount 20th Birthday
JUBILEE Triumph

Based upon "The Waltz Dream" by Leopold Jacobson and Felix Dormann, and the novel, "Nux Der Prinzgemahl" by Hans Muller



CLAUDETTE COLBERT

CHARLIE RUGGLES

MIRIAM HOPKINS

Music by **OSCAR STRAUS**

Irresistible! Gay Maurice, debonair as ever, laughing his way in and out of love as beautiful Claudette Colbert and Miriam Hopkins play at hearts with him. Produced by Ernst Lubitsch, whose sure deft touch and surprise situations make his pictures such a delight. You'll go out of the theatre feeling happy as a lark, a sparkle in your eyes, a song in your heart. It's that kind of picture—don't miss it! "If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town!"

Paramount Pictures

PARAMOUNT PUBLIX CORP.



ADOLPH ZUKOR, PRES., PARAMOUNT BLDG., N. Y.

PHOTOPLAY

The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

Vol. XL No. 3

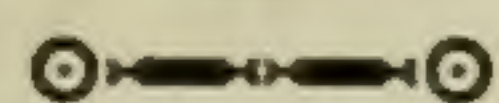
JAMES R. QUIRK, Editor and Publisher

August, 1931



Winners of Photoplay
Magazine Gold Medal for
the best picture of the year

1920	1923	1926
"HUMOR- ESQUE"	"The COVERED WAGON"	"BEAU GESTE"
1921	1924	1927
"TOL'ABLE DAVID"	"ABRAHAM LINCOLN"	"7th HEAVEN"
1922	1925	1928
"ROBIN HOOD"	"THE BIG PARADE"	"FOUR SONS"
	1929	
	"DISRAELI"	



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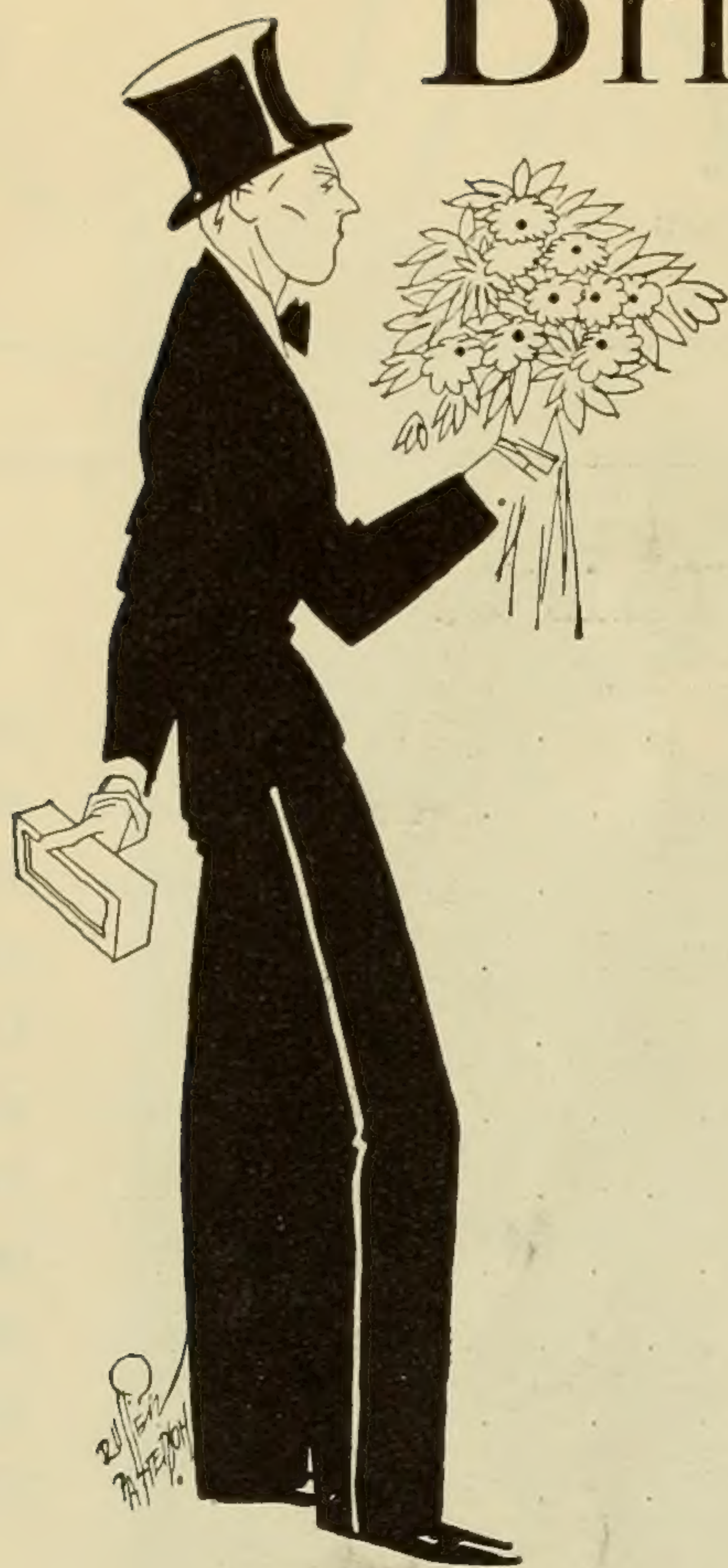
KATHRYN DOUGHERTY, Secretary and Treasurer

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Brickbats & Bouquets



You Fans Are the Real Critics

PHOTOPLAY Gives Twenty-Five, Ten and Five Dollar Prizes for the Best Letters

Just plain spiteful letters won't be printed, for we want to be helpful when we can. Don't write more than 200 words, and if you are not willing to have your name and city of residence attached, please don't write. Address Brickbats & Bouquets, PHOTOPLAY, 221 West 57th Street, New York City. We reserve the right to cut letters to suit our space limitations. Come on in and speak your mind!

pictures more lifelike. I am glad to have seen them.

J. L. RAWSON,
San Francisco, Calif.

The \$5 Letter

FROM A FARMER'S WIFE

I NEVER really appreciated movies until I moved to a small Western town, where I forgot there were such things as porcelain

"CAN'T we ever have thrills and romance again without a machine gun obligato?" writes one movie fan. "There will always be an audience in me and my family for good gangster films," another tells us. But most of you seem just a little tired of clutching the arms of your seat, or having the lights go up to reveal you sniffing into your hanky.

"Even if life doesn't always have 'happy endings,' let us have them in pictures," begs a young man, oddly enough. "Business problems have kept me worried for months, and I go to the movies to forget that life is difficult."

The Garbo fans haven't quite forgiven Katherine Albert for her story way back in the April PHOTOPLAY. But what a thrill we got from the many letters from PHOTOPLAY fans, who told us they couldn't do without their "screen bible," even though they may violently disagree with some of the opinions of PHOTOPLAY'S writers.

The fans keep insisting that the cast of characters should be repeated at the end of a picture. Clara Bow's public still clamors for her. Charles Rogers has made good in his dramatic part in "The Lawyer's Secret."

Joan Crawford gets her usual share of mail, most of it lauding her ability as an actress who has grown out of jazz rôles into real histrionics. There's a grand story about her in this issue.

Clark Gable is making hearts flutter, even in unsympathetic rôles. Lois Wilson charmed in "Seed" and Jackie Cooper—well, he has won them all, old and young, sentimental and hard-boiled.

bathtubs or frocks that came from any place but the town's "style shop." Twice a week the picture show was opened and we paid twenty-five cents to see a warmed-over film and thirty-five cents to see a comparatively new release.

I didn't know how precious those pictures were until the theater-owner closed the show. But when it was re-opened, with *talkies* at popular prices, I was able to hear good music and given ideas on re-arranging my bungalow and improving my appearance.

Ruth Chatterton's lovely voice reminded me I was permitting my own voice to park in a rut.

I forgot that for months and months I had been milking cows, feeding chickens, and worrying about hard water.

And when, a few months ago, we went back to the city, we didn't appear *very* seedy—thanks to the movies.

MARY FRANCES DONER,
Mt. Vernon, Wash.

CLARA BOW

WHO said we are fed up with Clara Bow? Not on your life! I think she is the greatest little queen of comedy and queen of hearts in the world.

If she is ever dropped from the films without her consent, right then I will quit going to the movies.

M. B. BUTLER,
Taft, Calif.

Even a glorious actress like Clara Bow is dependent upon good pictures. We thought they had ruined her with silly flapper parts, but "Kick In" was wonderful.

LA VERNE WHITENER,
Goldonna, La.

WE'RE FOR IT, HERBERT

WHY not have the list of players on the screen at the beginning of the picture and again at the end, and save time and trouble for lots of us that want to know who played the minor rôles as well as the important ones?

HERBERT DECKER,
Newark, N. J.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 10]

The \$25 Letter

FROM A MOTHER

ELEVEN years ago my son was born—a cripple. He has never walked. I have searched for compensations for the long hours he spends in his wheel chair; however, there is only one real compensation—"kid" pictures.

Three times I have wheeled him four long blocks to see *Skippy* do the things that every normal boy has done or longed to do. Perhaps only mothers of crippled children can realize how joyful it is to hear a small boy laugh. Through the medium of moving pictures he has walked, he has played, and for a few hours has had two strong legs. And how he loved it!

Sincere praises for these splendid pictures. May we not have more of them?

MRS. A. C. MANZER,
Utica, N. Y.

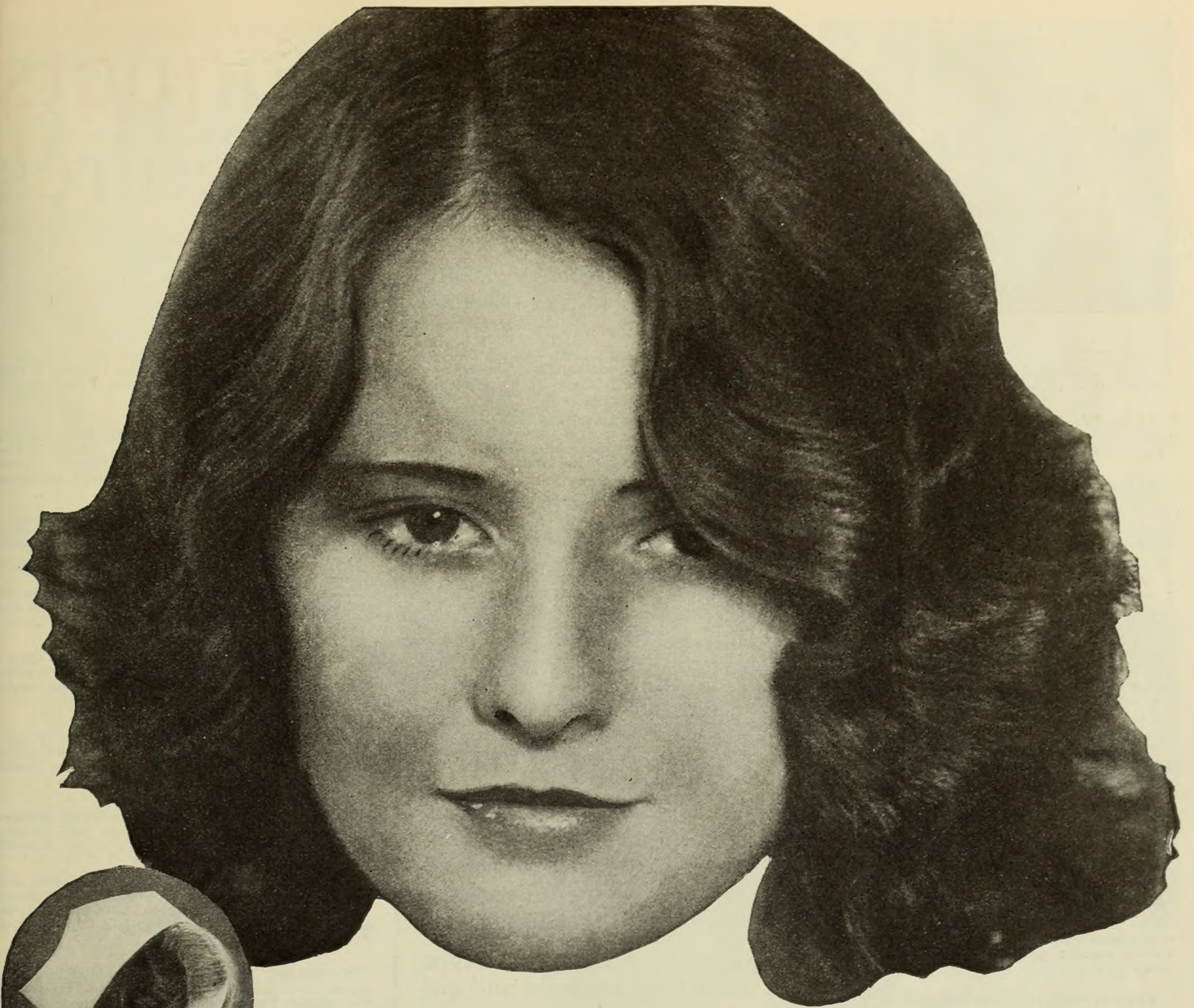
The \$10 Letter

FROM AN ALMS HOUSE

I WONDER if you can realize just what motion pictures mean to one who is fast traveling life's down-grade and is nearing journey's end? Here at the Alms House we have silent pictures about once a month. On motion picture nights we old people, for a blissful two hours, live again in the days of youth.

As we sit in the darkened auditorium, the years slip away; we forget misery, illness, disillusionments, cares; we are of the age of the heroes and heroines of the screen. We live again in them and rejoice at their happiness. They help us forget that we are but useless hulks stranded on the beach.

When good fortune comes occasionally and I can visit a real motion picture theater, then I am indeed happy, for I can also hear the voices of those who help me to forget. Talking pictures have, to me, made motion



BARBARA

STANWYCK

IN

NIGHT NURSE

**BEN LYON
JOAN BLONDELL**

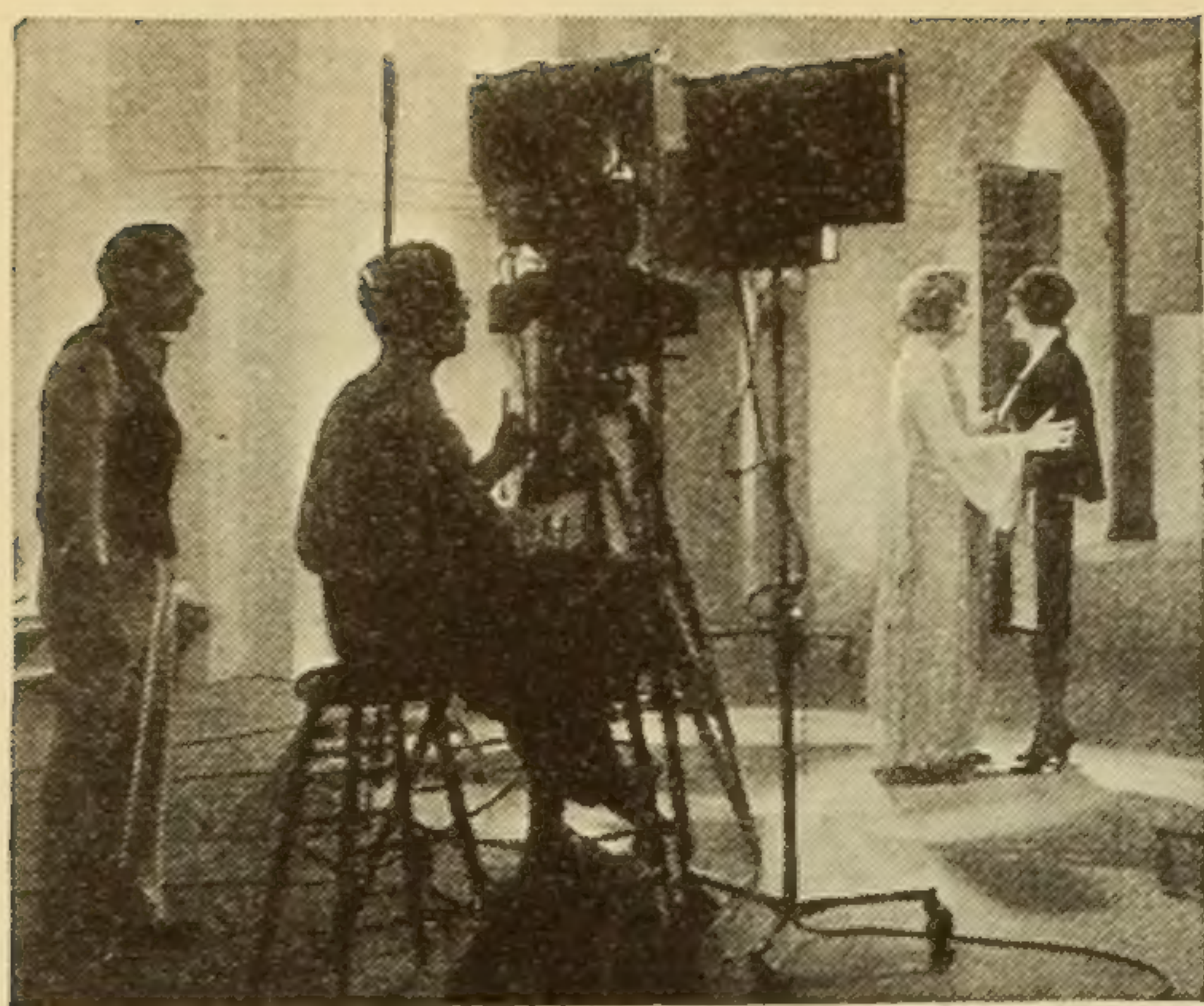
From the novel *Night Nurse* by
Dora Macy Screen play
by Oliver H. P. Garrett
Additional dialogue by Charles
Kenyon Directed by
WILLIAM WELLMAN



"Vitaphone" is the registered trade-
mark of The Vitaphone Corporation

Utterly revealing! *Night Nurse*, by the author of *Ex-Mistress*, is a human document—the story of the woman who must do men's bidding in the long watches of the night . . . After the first hundred shocks nothing gets under her skin . . . She learns how to take them or to laugh them off . . . A nurse's thousand and one nights! . . . Not to be missed! . . .

A WARNER BROS. & VITAPHONE PICTURE



Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

Photoplays not otherwise designated are All Talkie

★ Indicates that photoplay was named as one of the best upon its month of review

AFFAIRS OF ANNABELLE, THE—Fox.—Jeanette MacDonald and Victor McLaglen in a laugh-worthy farce. (July)

ALMOST A HONEYMOON—British International.—A light bedroom farce. The gags would have been funny ten years ago. Very mild. (March)

★ **ALOHA**—Rogell-Tiffany Production.—The old "Bird of Paradise" plot made over for the talkies. Some quite-good comedy and a lot of surefire sob stuff. Ben Lyon and Raquel Torres work hard. (March)

ALWAYS GOODBYE—Fox.—Elissa Landi gives a charming performance in a rather ordinary piece. Lewis Stone and Paul Cavanagh support her. See *la Landi*. (July)

BACHELOR APARTMENT—Radio Pictures.—The superb direction and acting of Lowell Sherman make this sophisticated story interesting from start to finish. Mae Murray returns as a modern vamp, a restless married woman. Splendid cast. (May)

BACHELOR FATHER, THE—M-G-M.—Marion Davies at her best in a sprightly, sophisticated comedy. Good for one million laughs. (Feb.)

BAD SISTER—Universal.—Sidney Fox, talented little newcomer, plays the title rôle in this entirely natural story based on Booth Tarkington's "The Flirt." Conrad Nagel is the hero. (May)

★ **BEAU IDEAL**—Radio Pictures.—(Reviewed under the title "The Devil's Battalion")—A spectacular sequel to "Beau Geste," made with many of the same actors. A great picture in which Ralph Forbes, Loretta Young and Don Alvarado do great work. (Feb.)

BEHIND OFFICE DOORS—Radio Pictures.—Mary Astor fine as the clever secretary who helps her boss (Robert Ames) to rise to importance in the industrial world. Interesting story. (April)

BEYOND VICTORY—RKO-Pathé.—Poor war film, starring Bill Boyd. ZaSu Pitts, Lew Cody and Jimmy Gleason make the effort but can't do much for this one. (May)

BIG BUSINESS GIRL—First National.—Lively comedy of 1931 styles in business and love. Plenty of laughs, some thrills, Ricardo Cortez, Frank Albertson and Loretta Young in pretty clothes. A good movie. (May)

★ **BLUE ANGEL, THE**—UFA-Paramount.—Emil Jannings' first talkie in English. And it's a knockout. So is Marlene Dietrich as the woman who drives a man mad. (Feb.)

BODY AND SOUL—Fox.—See this one. Great entertainment. Charlie Farrell and Elissa Landi (from the stage). You'll like her. Myrna Loy is the mean one. (April)

BORN TO LOVE—RKO-Pathé.—Ancient plot of the war nurse. Two officers and whose-baby-is-it fails to be highly entertaining in spite of the efforts of Constance Bennett. (June)

BROAD MINDED—First National.—Joe E. Brown tries hard to bring a lot of moribund jokes and gags back to life, but there's scarcely a giggle. (June)

BY ROCKET TO THE MOON—UFA.—The Germans present an interesting lesson in astronomy, if you like astronomy. (April)

CAPTAIN THUNDER—Warners.—A dull story about a Robin-Hoodish captain whose lawless deeds are all for a good end. Victor Varconi and Fay Wray. (July)

CAUGHT CHEATING—Tiffany Productions.—George Sidney and Charlie Murray get tangled with a Chicago gangster's wife and are taken for a ride. Fast-moving and pretty good fun. (March)

CHANCES—First National.—Young Doug's first starring picture is a war thriller. The lad is good but the story is so-so. (July)

CHARLIE CHAN CARRIES ON—Fox.—Grand mystery with lots of thrills and romance. Warner Oland marvelous as Chan. John Garrick and Marguerite Churchill are the love interest. (April)

CHERI BIBI—M-G-M.—Jack Gilbert in an entertaining drama. Lots of tragedy, but a happy ending and Leila Hyams as the heroine. Well worth seeing. (June)

CHILDREN OF DREAMS—Warners.—A musical which you can miss and think nothing of it. (April)

CHISELERS OF HOLLYWOOD—Willis Kent Productions.—First-rate entertainment. Hokum, humor and heart. Phyllis Barrington, a newcomer, does great work. (Feb.)

GLAMOUR

Mr. Webster may have defined it long ago, but Hollywood is giving it new meaning that the erudite Noah never dreamed of.

Gone is the ingénue type, with her sweetness and girlish charm. Here comes

Glamour

personified in such actresses as Garbo, Dietrich, Chatterton, Landi, Swanson and half a dozen others. The new "It" is here.

Katherine Albert tells you all about it

In the September issue of
PHOTOPLAY

★ **CIMARRON**—Radio Pictures.—The thrilling story of the pioneer West, superbly transferred to the screen. Richard Dix re-establishes himself as a star, and heads a remarkable cast. (Feb.)

★ **CITY LIGHTS**—Chaplin-United Artists.—The one and only Chaplin makes another masterpiece. Magnificent comedy and heartbreaking pathos intermingled. You can see it again and again. (March)

★ **CITY STREETS**—Paramount.—Absorbing, fast-moving gang melodrama, well directed. Gary Cooper and Sylvia Sydney (from the New York stage) give grand performances. Don't miss it. (June)

CLEARING THE RANGE—Allied.—Hoot Gibson and the wife, Sally Eilers, in a fine Western with thrills, laughs and plenty of action. (June)

COMMAND PERFORMANCE, THE—Cruze-Tiffany Productions.—A bright and spicy comedy about one of those engaging mythical kingdoms. Neil Hamilton is simply grand. (Feb.)

COMRADES OF 1918—Forenfilms.—Gruesome, harrowing German talkie follows the fortunes of four young Teuton soldiers in the last year of the late war. Don't take the children. (May)

★ **CONNECTICUT YANKEE, A**—Fox.—It's better than the silent version and you'll love Will Rogers. William Farnum and Myrna Loy are excellent. Maureen O'Sullivan and Frank Albertson supply the love interest. (April)

CONQUERING HORDE, THE—Paramount.—Dick Arlen makes this Western fine entertainment. Fay Wray adorable as the girl. (April)

CRACKED NUTS—Radio Pictures.—Wheeler and Woolsey in a rush of dialogue to the screen, and not very good dialogue. Amusing in spots. (April)

★ **CRIMINAL CODE, THE**—Columbia.—Don't miss this powerful prison drama. You'll never forget it. Walter Huston and Phillips Holmes head a brilliant cast. (Feb.)

★ **DADDY LONG LEGS**—Fox.—The beloved classic with Janet Gaynor in a rôle just suited to her but just a little too saccharine. Warner Baxter as the bachelor. Take the family. (July)

DAMAGED LOVE—Sono Art—World Wide.—Pretty mild. June Collyer's charm and dimples save it from being an entire waste of time. (March)

DANCE FOOLS, DANCE—M-G-M.—Fast and thrilling entertainment. Joan Crawford again proves herself a great dramatic actress. Billy Bakewell fine as the weak young brother who falls in with gangsters. (March)

DANCERS, THE—Fox.—A rambling, younger generation drama which isn't at its best on the screen. The players, including Lois Moran and Phillips Holmes, do their best. (Feb.)

DAWN TRAIL, THE—Columbia.—A good Buck Jones Western with a rip-roarin' fight between the sheep and cattle men. (Feb.)

DAYBREAK—M-G-M.—The charming performances of Helen Chandler and Ramon Novarro, as the student prince, make this romantic and wistful love story well worth seeing. (June)

★ **DEVIL TO PAY, THE**—United Artists—Samuel Goldwyn.—Ronnie Colman breezes through a tasty, spicy little comedy. Great cast, sparkling dialogue and finished production. (Feb.)

★ **DIRIGIBLE**—Columbia.—Thrilling melodrama of adventure at the South Pole. The Navy helped make it and the airplane and dirigible shots leave you breathless. Ralph Graves, Jack Holt and Fay Wray take high honors. (May)

★ **DISHONORED**—Paramount.—Marlene Dietrich exciting as an Austrian spy in a tense story, splendidly directed. Victor McLaglen great as the Russian officer. (May)

DOCTORS' WIVES—Fox.—Joan Bennett, Warner Baxter and Victor Varconi in a story of jealousy. Not very convincing. (April)

DON'T BET ON WOMEN—Fox.—Husbands, wives and lovers mix-up. Good adult entertainment, with smart dialogue. Roland Young, Edmund Lowe, Jeanette MacDonald and Una Merkel make the most of their parts. (April)

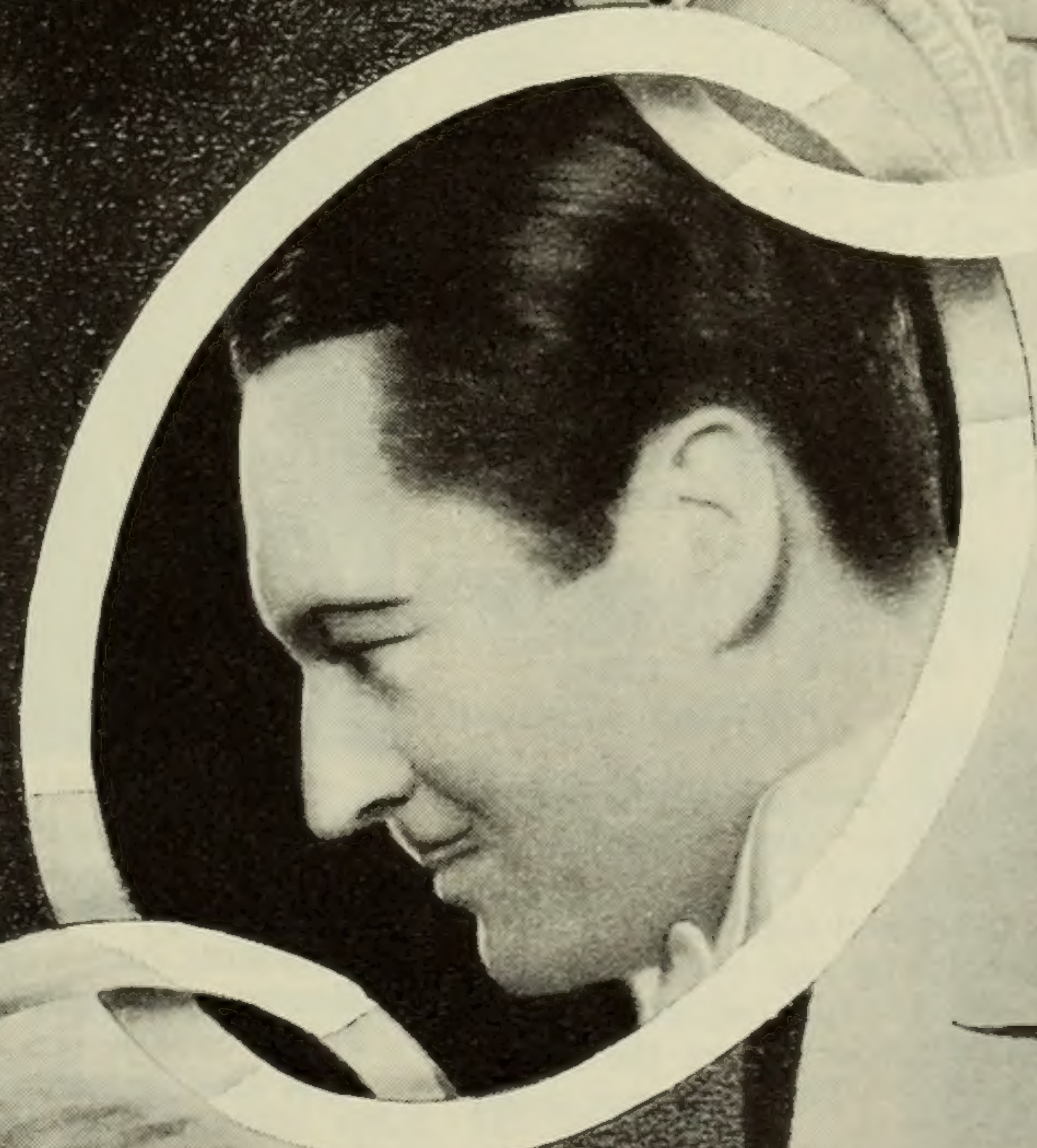
DRACULA—Universal.—A mystery story full of creeps and thrills. Helen Chandler grand as the terrified heroine. (March)

DRUMS OF JEOPARDY, THE—Tiffany Prod.—Mystery melodrama with enough murders to satisfy the bloodthirsty. Good cast headed by Warner Oland and June Collyer. (April)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 14]

TRANSATLANTIC

THRILLS let loose in a super-whirlwind, on a gigantic ocean greyhound. Love and dalliance, intrigue and millions. Edmund Lowe, a gallant gambler, guarding the gorgeous Lois Moran through the tangled plots of a gang of gunmen. Radio ruin for John Halliday, as a banker at play with a famous dancer—the fascinating Greta Nissen. Gilded, glamorous, dangerous life in the palatial maze of a liner in mid-Atlantic. A great masterpiece of direction by William K. Howard—a supreme creation of heart-gripping suspense—and a voyage of superb adventure.

The word "FOX" in a bold, stylized, sans-serif font.

The Audience Speaks Its Mind

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6]

A GOOD IDEA

As the suggestion of showing the cast of characters at the end of a motion picture has never been carried out, to my knowledge, except in that grand picture, "Seed," might I suggest that a poster showing the cast of the current picture be displayed prominently in the lobby of every theater. In this way, we could learn who the new players are.

ELIZABETH SWANSON,
Eagleville, Conn.

YOU'RE BREAKING CAROLE'S HEART

It's beyond me why William Powell was chosen to play *Jamie* in "Ladies' Man." I read the book, and *Jamie* was supposed to be handsome, a man that women fall for. William Powell is certainly far from good-looking, and I don't care if Carole Lombard does read this.

FLORENCE WILLIAMSON,
St. Louis, Mo.

HE THINKS MOVIES ARE ALL WET

The law says to pinch a fellow with a pint of liquor. When I pay out good money to see a movie, why must I sit and look at a lot of guys gulping down one glass after the other and getting paid to do it? The last two pictures I saw were so wet the whole theater nearly floated away. If this country is supposed to be dry, why not have dry movies as well?

E. MORTENSEN,
Denver, Colo.

GANGSTER FILMS

In common with many other mothers I often worried and wondered about the advisability of permitting our young children to view so many gangster pictures.

Then my ten-year-old son and I saw the movie, "Dance Fools, Dance." It was during the scene where the young brother becomes so deeply involved in the gang's doings that his only choice was to murder or be murdered.

With profound sincerity and very emphatically, my boy whispered, "Gee, ma, believe me, I never want to be mixed up in any gang stuff."

This little incident proved to me that children learn what not to do from pictures.

HILDA H. BARTLETT,
Oakland, Calif.

What a gloomy atmosphere gangster pictures have cast upon the screen. Surely no good can come from pictures in which the gangster's life is pictured as romantic and appealing. Surely they are not beneficial to any one, especially children. What can be expected when crime is glorified on every corner where there is a motion picture theater? They can not cease too soon for me.

MRS. T. J. HALE,
Batesville, Ark.

An outstanding gangster picture like "The Doorway to Hell" and "Little Caesar" would be fine now and then, but why should we have dozens and dozens of others that are boresome to the nth degree? If we don't care for gang pictures—well, we can stay home. That's just what I'm doing and there are probably many, many others who do the same thing.

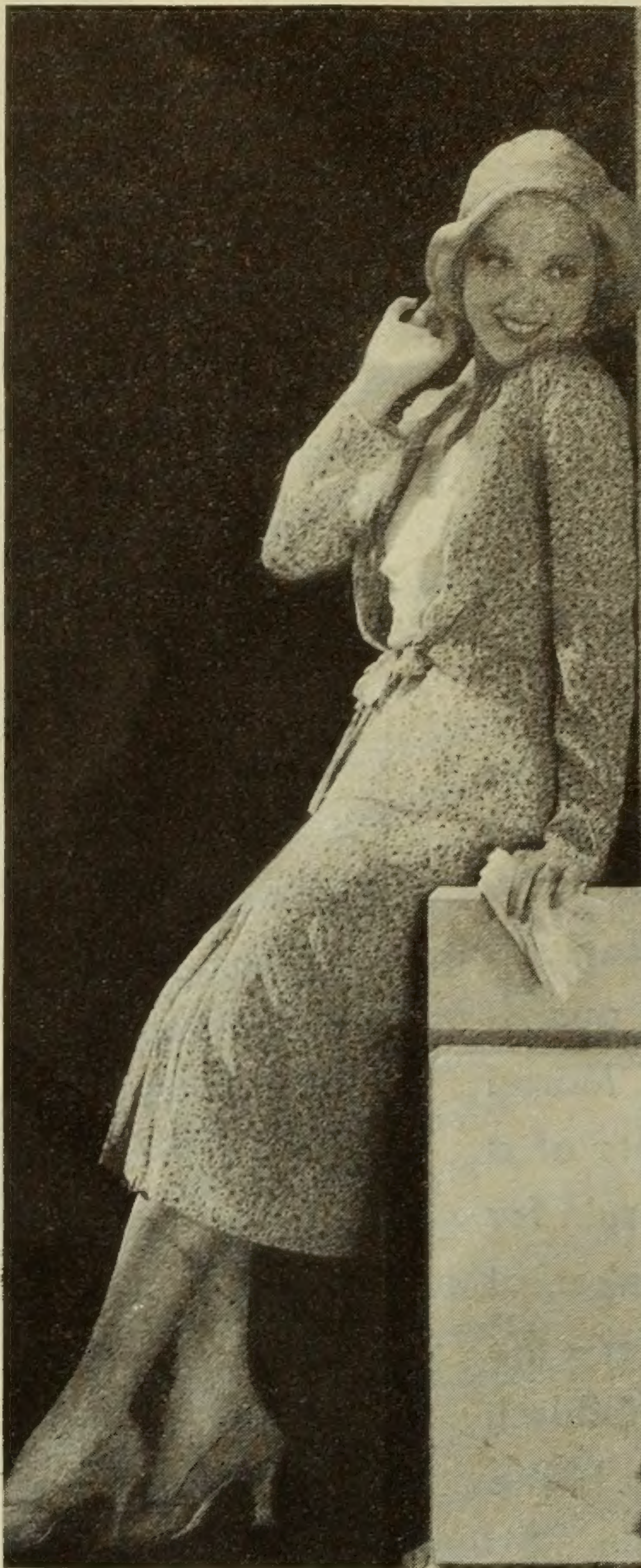
"Seed" was like a breath of fresh air after the continued infliction of racketeers.

GAIL H. GASTON,
Des Moines, Iowa

HAPPY ENDINGS?

I wish to protest against these "weepy endings" in pictures. We all like to see a sad picture once in a while, and have a "good old-fashioned cry," but nine out of ten movie fans would rather go home feeling happy.

It's mighty disappointing to attend a picture that you have been waiting months to see, and after sitting spellbound, practically living with the characters, for an hour and a half, see the



If you ask Seymour what one of the most useful mid-summer costumes is, he will say, "A silk suit." So here's a charming one worn by Leila Hyams. Brown and yellow flowers are scattered over a tan background. Note how the jacket ties—and the hand-made silk blouse is smart

heroine die in the hero's arms, leaving you with an empty feeling around your heart and tears in your eyes.

MARY REID,
N. Woodbury, N. J.

Why do people keep asking for "realistic" pictures? Who wants a heroine who is exactly like your next-door neighbor, or a hero who reminds you of your sister's husband? Don't people go to moving picture shows to forget the humdrum of everyday life?

DOROTHY FREEDMAN,
Whiting, Ind.

LOIS WILSON

Seeing Lois Wilson in "Seed" made an evening in the theater that I hope I can repeat. Her director might have made the last scene, however, truer to what one would find in a family of five children who have had a loving mother. Such wholesale desertion struck an unreal note. At least one of those children, in real life, would have preferred to remain with the devoted and heroic mother.

HERMAN B. TEMKO,
Greensboro, N. C.

THOUGHTS

Thoughts while looking over the June PHOTOPLAY: Stunning cover! . . . that little Dorothy Jordan is certainly coming along . . . glad to see a brunette forging ahead . . . getting fed up on blondes . . . The new colored gallery is simply guh-rand . . . wish a Phillips Holmes picture would adorn it . . . here's Fredric March . . . now, why do attractive men wear mustaches? . . . That "Skippy" story is interesting . . . how we did fall for that picture . . . H-h-mm, Cal York gives us some high-powered Hollywood gossip this month . . . how I'd love to get that boy off in a corner alone and make him tell *all* . . . Notice "Seed" is listed with the best pictures of the month . . . I should say so . . . Seymour certainly knows how to pick those styles . . . Well, here's the end of the book, and not an article or picture of Phillips Holmes . . . curses!

MARGUERITE DUCOING,
San Francisco, Calif.

"DADDY LONG LEGS"

After wading and struggling through the smoke and flame of the gangster picture, and the mire of the too-sexy picture, "Daddy Long Legs" arrived, and a new hope is born.

If "Daddy Long Legs" doesn't send you out of the theater full of lofty, noble thoughts, determined to go adopt a few orphans, and fill the blind man's cup to overflowing, nothing will.

I've seen this picture so often, and sent so many people to see it, that I've been accused of having a part interest in it!

CHADY LENNON,
Columbus, Ohio

JOAN CRAWFORD

After "Laughing Sinners" we have decided that Joan Crawford is a beauty and a vibrant personality, but when it comes to acting she's certainly no Garbo.

LEONA ANDREWS AND HER GANG,
LaFayette, Ind.

Joan Crawford in "Laughing Sinners" was great. But what I can't understand is why her hair was dark at the beginning and blonde at the end. Tell Joan to stick to her own red hair. That's the way we like her.

ANNE OVESKY,
Minneapolis, Minn.

CLARK GABLE

Clark Gable is marvelous. I've just seen him in "Laughing Sinners." When I saw him in "Dance Fools, Dance," I knew he would be wonderful if he had half a chance. I hope he won't be cast again as the tough, heartless gangster for he can be so kind and—yes—loving!

ALBERTA FINCH,
Zionsville, Ind.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 12]

DOROTHY MACKAILL



in

THE RECKLESS HOUR

WITH CONRAD NAGEL - H.B. WARNER

JOAN BLONDELL
WALTER BYRON
JOE DONAHUE
DOROTHY PETERSON

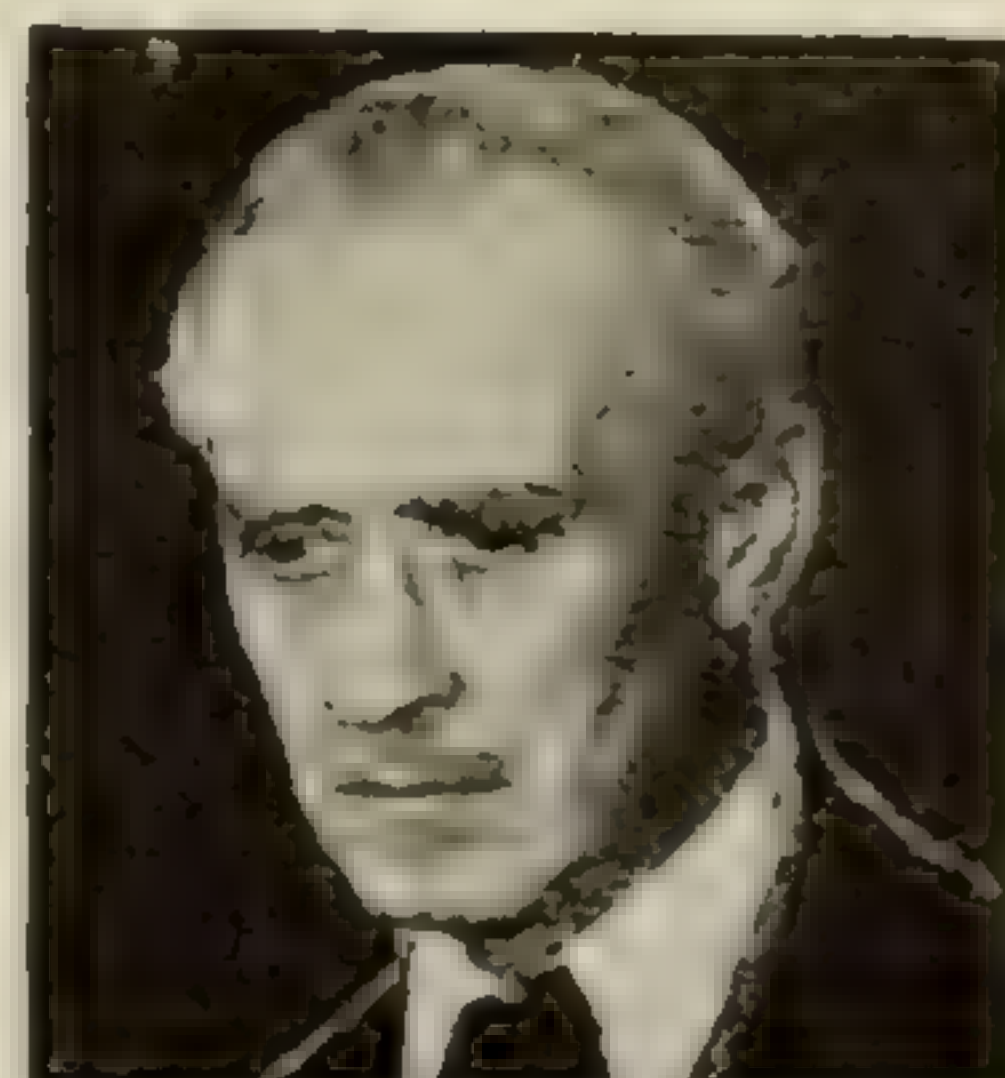
Based on Arthur Richman's play,
Ambush. Adapted by Florence Ryerson
A John Francis Dillon Production



"Vitaphone" is the registered trade-
mark of The Vitaphone Corporation

Love and lies lead her to the reckless hour
with one man—to marriage with another...

Too proud to accept a marriage bargain,
she pays the check, and sets out to collect
from the world of men... But her desires
are stronger than her hate. Gorgeously
gowned Dorothy Mackaill as the model
who makes her reckless hour pay dividends.



A FIRST NATIONAL & VITAPHONE PICTURE

The Audience Speaks Its Mind

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10]

Clark Gable's rôle in "The Painted Desert," "Dance Fools, Dance," and "The Finger Points" presaged an unusual personality, and in "The Secret Six" he dominated every scene in which he appeared.

JOAN B. OATES,
Charleston, W. Va.

SOCKING THE EDITOR

I'll bet it gave you a pain in your tummy to have to write that editorial in praise of "Skippy," a picture that has gone over big with all classes of people, without a semblance of sex appeal, racketeering or other so-called box-office characteristics.

Of course you had to take a slam at church folks and, as usual, you are wrong again. All the church folks I know helped put the picture over. My own pastor, for example, took all his children to see it.

Stop airing your own personal, narrow-minded views about prohibition. Stop knocking the censors and boost the movies. Heaven knows some of them need it.

MILTON W. STOUT,
West Liverty, Ohio

I am taking the liberty of commenting on an article in your "Close-ups and Long Shots" in the June issue, concerning Mr. Drinkwater's book, "Carl Laemmle."

No one criticizes a man who pays an artist for painting his likeness. Why, then, should a man who pays a biographer to write his story, invoke so much criticism? Don't you always find a portrait painter flatters his subject a little?

I have long admired you and your outspoken stating of facts. I presume that you are fair and open-minded and will not, therefore, resent this letter which I felt I just had to write.

EVELYN BERSON,
Hollywood, Calif.

Your "Close-Ups and Long Shots" in the June PHOTOPLAY was very delightful reading. It is so good to realize that you are not subsidized by any producers—and yet you are not a carping critic or gushing enthusiast.

GEORGO W. GAGA,
Boston, Mass.

INDOOR PICNICKERS

Do the talkies have to be ruined by people who think purchasing a seat entitles them to picnic privileges? I waited months to see "Cimarron" at neighborhood prices, but at the most dramatic moment the quiet was savagely broken by a woman next to me who lustily pushed her fist into an enormous paper bag and drew out a wrapped chew, followed by more, until the end of the picture.

MARGARET BRENNAN,
San Francisco, Calif.

GARBO

The biggest thrill of my PHOTOPLAY reading was the June Brickbats and Bouquets department. My warmest regards to all Garbo fans for defending her. There is no one like her in the whole world, and Katherine Albert should have learned that by now. Marlene Dietrich is not another Garbo, but a magnificent actress in her own right, with an unique personality and charm.

MRS. LEO MENLEY,
Houston, Texas

The idea of people saying they have purchased their last copy of PHOTOPLAY just be-

cause Katherine Albert said a few things about Garbo. The anti-Garboites have just as much right to speak their mind about Garbo as the others have. If I ever stop reading PHOTOPLAY (and I never will) it would be because of hearing too much about one person.

MARGARET WAGNER,
Dubuque, Iowa

The laudatory sentiments expressed *re* Greta Garbo in letters published in a recent issue of PHOTOPLAY so astounded me that had your reputation for integrity in these matters not been known to me, I could only have regarded them as pure fiction. My reason for feeling this way is because the position is so different here in Australia.

Personally, I think Greta Garbo a remark-



Way for a sailor! And a very smart way to be dressed for yachting. The well-cut, full trousers are white flannel. The tuck-in sweater is striped in gold threads—and the coat in navy blue flannel cut as jauntily as a midshipman's. Mae Clarke wears this in the "Good Bad Girl"

able person, but I can assure you I am greatly in the minority. Dozens of lesser stars are infinitely more popular.

FLORENCE YORK,
Sydney, N.S.W., Australia

Come, come girls, let's get our claws out of Garbo! Because it is a too-obvious fact that every single brickbat directed toward the lady is thrown from the ranks of the female contingent.

PEGGY WILLIAMS,
Crystal Springs, Miss.

Any periodical which will deliberately risk the loss of thousands of its readers by fearlessly publishing the unbiased opinions of its writers surely has the courage of its convictions. PHOTOPLAY has "run the gauntlet" thus at least twice during the recent past, and while, individually, we may or may not agree with the sentiments expressed, it certainly behooves every liberal-minded person to stand solidly back of this magazine in its crusade for the freedom of the press.

MARY DORAN,
Lindsay, Ont., Can.

OH, I SAY!

Why all this idiotic fuss about Greta Garbo? Nancy Carroll could act her off the jolly old screen, and Greta knows it.

RONALD VINE,
Liverpool, England

"SKIPPY"

After a picture portraying real child life and the problems of a child, as "Skippy" did, there is going to be a better understanding between parents and children.

LYDA WINDATE,
Indianapolis, Ind.

RANDOM OPINIONS

That soul-stirring "Cimarron" will teach a child more history in two hours than weeks of studying books would.

LOU MACKENZIE,
Milwaukee, Wis.

We want more plays for children and less childish plays for grown-ups.

JO BEYEN,
Spokane, Wash.

I read that Robert Montgomery claims to be the only "big shot" in Hollywood who hasn't had a sandwich or salad named after him. What of the egg salad and ham sandwich?

LOU STANLEY, JR.,
Waukegan, Ill.

In my opinion, Brickbats and Bouquets is the best feature in PHOTOPLAY. I like to read the characters of the people as revealed by their comments.

And it gives all of us a chance to compare our opinions with so many others every month. Please keep it up.

DOROTHY G. WEINER,
Rochester, N. Y.

Congratulations to John Gilbert for his fine work in "Gentleman's Fate." It was the first time I had ever seen him in a picture, as I would never go to his films because he had a moustache, and I detest them. Mr. Gilbert reformed me though. His performance was so wonderful.

VIRGINIA BRUENING,
Lima, Ohio

Helen Twelvetrees took my breath away in "Millie." I have never been so entirely lost to all my own world while watching a stage or screen performance.

MRS. W. G. TUCKER,
Miami, Okla.

I saw "Daybreak" four times and think it's wonderful. Ramon Novarro is still the man of the movies.

LYDIA LUNA,
Washington, D. C.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 115]



She wondered why he lost interest so quickly ...she never suspected "B. O." until— (Body Odor)

SHE could scarcely keep back the tears. He had been so devoted when they started. *Why* was he so different now?

Their romance would have speedily ended but for her new sister-in-law's helpful advice. She warned this girl frankly about "B.O."—*body odor*—the fault that so quickly steals away charm. Told her the easy way to keep fresh and dainty even on the hottest, sultriest day. And once she adopted this simple safeguard against offending, her sweetheart fell in love with her all over again.

Blame yourself—not the weather!

Perspire more in Summer? Then be *extra* particular about bathing often with Lifebuoy

and you'll *never* offend. Not even a hint of "B.O."—which others so quickly notice.

Lifebuoy's abundant, refreshing, purifying lather *deodorizes* pores—removes every trace of odor. Its pleasant, *extra-clean* scent—that vanishes as you rinse—tells you "Here's safety from 'B.O.!' "

The finest of complexion soaps!

Lifebuoy is the blandest and mildest of soaps for the face, yet marvelously cleansing. Its creamy, searching lather floods tiny pores—gently loosens clogged impurities—brings back healthy, glowing radiance to dull, sallow skins. Adopt Lifebuoy today.

A product of LEVER BROTHERS CO., Cambridge, Mass.



Lifebuoy

HEALTH SOAP

—stops body odor—

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8]

DUDE RANCH—Paramount.—Jack Oakie woos and wins June Collyer in this hilarious comedy on a dude ranch, *locale* of many complications. Not a dull moment. (June)

EASIEST WAY, THE—M-G-M.—A modern sophisticated story, beautifully directed. Constance Bennett, Adolphe Menjou, Anita Page and Bob Montgomery do some grand acting—and what costumes! (March)

★ **EAST LYNNE**—Fox.—Don't miss this one. Beautiful, artistic production of the heart-breaking old melodrama. Ann Harding captivatingly beautiful. Fine support by Conrad Nagel and Clive Brook. (April)

EVERYTHING'S ROSIE—Radio Pictures.—One of the talkiest talkies yet released. (July)

★ **FAME**—First National.—Beautifully and humanly told story of everyday people. Nothing spectacular, but full of charm. Doris Kenyon heads a perfect cast. (June)

FAST AND LOOSE—Paramount.—A pleasant little comedy about the rich girl who falls in love with the working man. Miriam Hopkins debuts successfully as the girl. (Feb.)

FIFTY MILLION FRENCHMEN—Warners.—American tourists in Paris. Moves so fast it leaves you weak. One good gag after another. Don't miss it. (March)

FIGHTING CARAVANS—Paramount.—Your old friend, "The Covered Wagon," gone talkie just a bit late. The scenes are beautiful and Ernest Torrence and Tully Marshall are on hand in their original rôles. (Feb.)

FIGHTING THRU—Tiffany Productions.—Worth the price of admission. Ken Maynard and his horse "Tarzan" do some fine work and the beautiful Jeanette Loff helps considerably. (March)

FINGER POINTS, THE—First National.—Dick Barthelmess as a reporter for one of Chicago's biggest newspapers, gets in with gangsters. An intensely absorbing story. Fay Wray and Regis Toomey give splendid support. (May)

FINN AND HATTIE—Paramount.—One long howl. *Mr. and Mrs. Haddock's* trip abroad ruined by a fiendish nephew and a daughter, played well by Jackie Searl and Mitzi Green. (April)

FLOOD, THE—Columbia.—A weak, poorly directed story which the good acting of Eleanor Boardman and Monte Blue cannot save. (July)

FOR THE LOVE O' LIL—Columbia.—Naughty in a very nice way, this story of married life manages to be reasonably entertaining. Jack Mulhall, Sally Starr, Elliott Nugent and Margaret Livingston play it. (Feb.)

FREE LOVE—Universal.—Conrad Nagel and Genevieve Tobin demonstrate what to do when a woman takes up psycho-analysis. An amusing comedy. (Feb.)

★ **FREE SOUL, A**—M-G-M.—Norma Shearer and Lionel Barrymore in a picture that will hold you, but in plot and treatment it's for grown-ups only. (July)

★ **FRONT PAGE, THE**—United Artists.—Whirlwind newspaper talkie, full of thrills, laughs and sobs. You've simply got to see it. Adolphe Menjou great as the managing editor. (May)

★ **GANG BUSTER, THE**—Paramount.—Comedy-melodrama with Jack Oakie at his best. William (stage) Boyd menaces as the gang leader and Jean Arthur is the pretty heroine. (March)

★ **GENTLEMAN'S FATE**—M-G-M.—This tense drama brings us Jack Gilbert with all his old appeal. The beautiful Leila Hyams and Anita Page support him and Louis Wolheim gives a flawless performance. (March)

GIRL FROM THE REEPERBAHN, THE (DAS MAEDEL VON DER REEPERBAHN)—Sonor Prod.—The Germans crash through with a good one. Grim melodrama with plenty of action and some good songs. (April)

GIRLS DEMAND EXCITEMENT—Fox.—Marguerite Churchill, John Wayne, Virginia Cherrill and William Janney are a fine cast wasted in a story that never rings true. (April)

GOD'S GIFT TO WOMEN—Warners.—Frank Fay is the gift—Laura La Plante the receiver, but after many hilarious complications. Well worth seeing. (May)

GOLD DUST GERTIE—Warners.—Exuberant Winnie Lightner gambols through a poor story. (July)

GOOD BAD GIRL, THE—Columbia.—The old plot of the girl who leaves the racket to marry and go straight. (July)

★ **GREAT MEADOW, THE**—M-G-M.—A stirring and exciting yarn of pioneering, with Eleanor Boardman a brilliant member of the distinguished cast. (Feb.)

GUN SMOKE—Paramount.—Great for the kids, this old-time Western melodrama, with Dick Arlen as a cowboy, Mary Brian, the girl, and William Boyd, the menace. (May)

HATE SHIP, THE—British International.—A fairly gripping old-school melodrama—thrills and mystery on board a yacht. (Feb.)

HELL BOUND—Cruze-Tiffany Prod.—Good gang story if you're not tired of them. Leo Carrillo plays the broken-Englised speakeasy operator and Lola Lane is completely charming. (April)

HELL'S VALLEY—National Players, Ltd.—Very little story, if any, but lots of riding and shooting in this Western, with Virginia Brown Faire, Wally Wales and Vivian Rich sharing the acting honors. (June)

HIGH STAKES—Radio Pictures.—Lowell Sherman as an amateur detective is the main reason for seeing this. Mae Murray is the woman in the case. (July)

HOLE IN THE WALL, THE (Nar Rosorna Sla Ut)—Paramount.—Swedish talkie brings us Sven Gustafsson, Garbo's brother, but nothing like his famous sister. Light and chatty love story. (April)

HONOR AMONG LOVERS—Paramount.—Good dialogue in this story of love between boss and secretary, with excellent performances by Fredric March, Claudette Colbert and that Ace of Cads, Monroe Owsley. (May)

HOOK, LINE AND SINKER—Radio Pictures.—That's how you'll go for this latest gem of Wheeler-Woolsey nonsense. The monkey business is perpetrated in gangland. (Feb.)

HOW HE LIED TO HER HUSBAND—British International.—George Bernard Shaw surrenders to the talkies. Amusing, if you like the Shaw wit. (March)

INDISCREET—United Artists.—Good, entertaining story. Gloria Swanson sings well. Ben Lyon and Arthur Lake great support. (June)

INSPIRATION—M-G-M.—Garbo was never lovelier than in this very modern story of the indiscreet woman and the price she pays. Lewis Stone, Robert Montgomery and Marjorie Rambeau lend Greta strong support. (Feb.)

IRON MAN—Universal.—Lew Ayres is starred as the prize-fighter but Bob Armstrong, in the rôle of manager, steals the picture. Jean Harlow plays her usual vamp rôle. (June)

IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE—Paramount.—The old stage play revamped for the talkies with plenty of speed and lots of laughs. Skeets Gallagher, Norman Foster and Carole Lombard head a perfect cast. (April)

★ **IT'S A WISE CHILD**—M-G-M.—Marion Davies' rare gift for comedy and Robert Leonard's direction make this old stage play a brand new hilarious farce not to be missed. (May)

JAWS OF HELL—Sono Art—World Wide.—Depicts the old poem "The Charge of the Light Brigade" and makes the charge a pretty thrilling business. The romantic story's a bit weak. (March)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 116]

Photoplays Reviewed in the Shadow Stage This Issue

Save this magazine—refer to the criticisms before you pick out your evening's entertainment. Make this your reference list.

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[Short Subjects of the Month.....90]

Take them to the Dentist, *Mother,* before school starts!

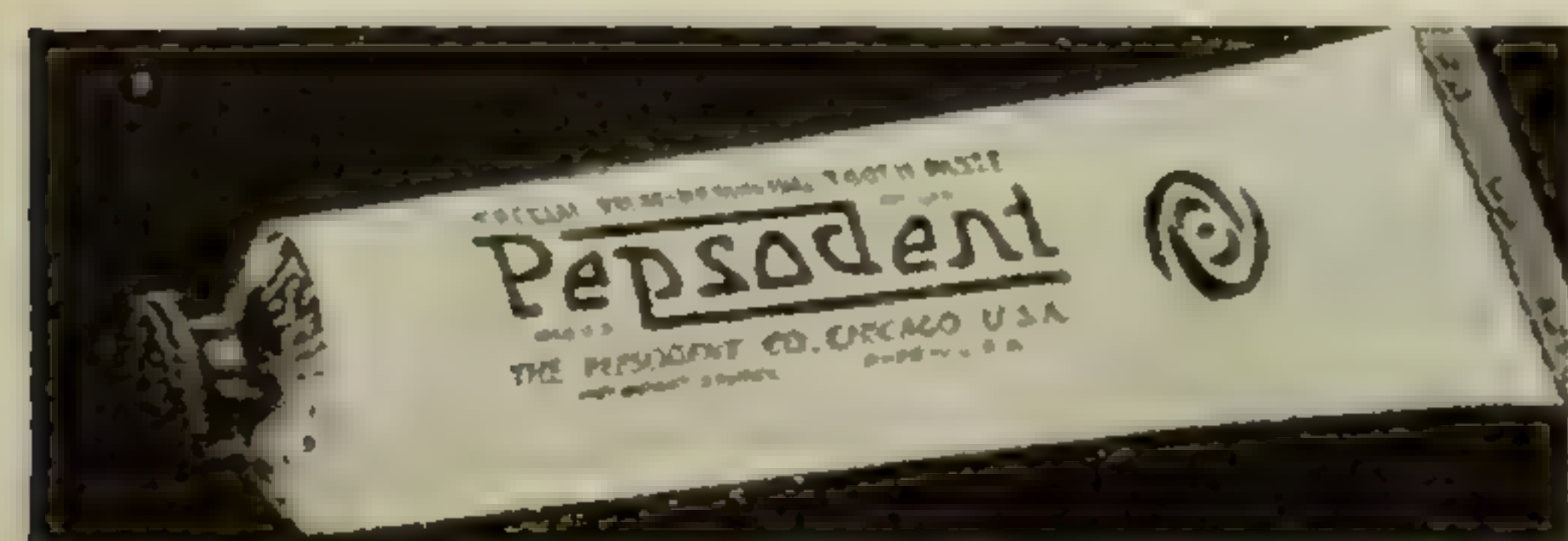
Their future health, their school work, may well depend on the condition of young teeth. Make sure they're in good repair.



IN CHICAGO nine children in every ten need dental care! That is true in Cleveland, New York and other cities. Those are tragic facts brought out by surveys.

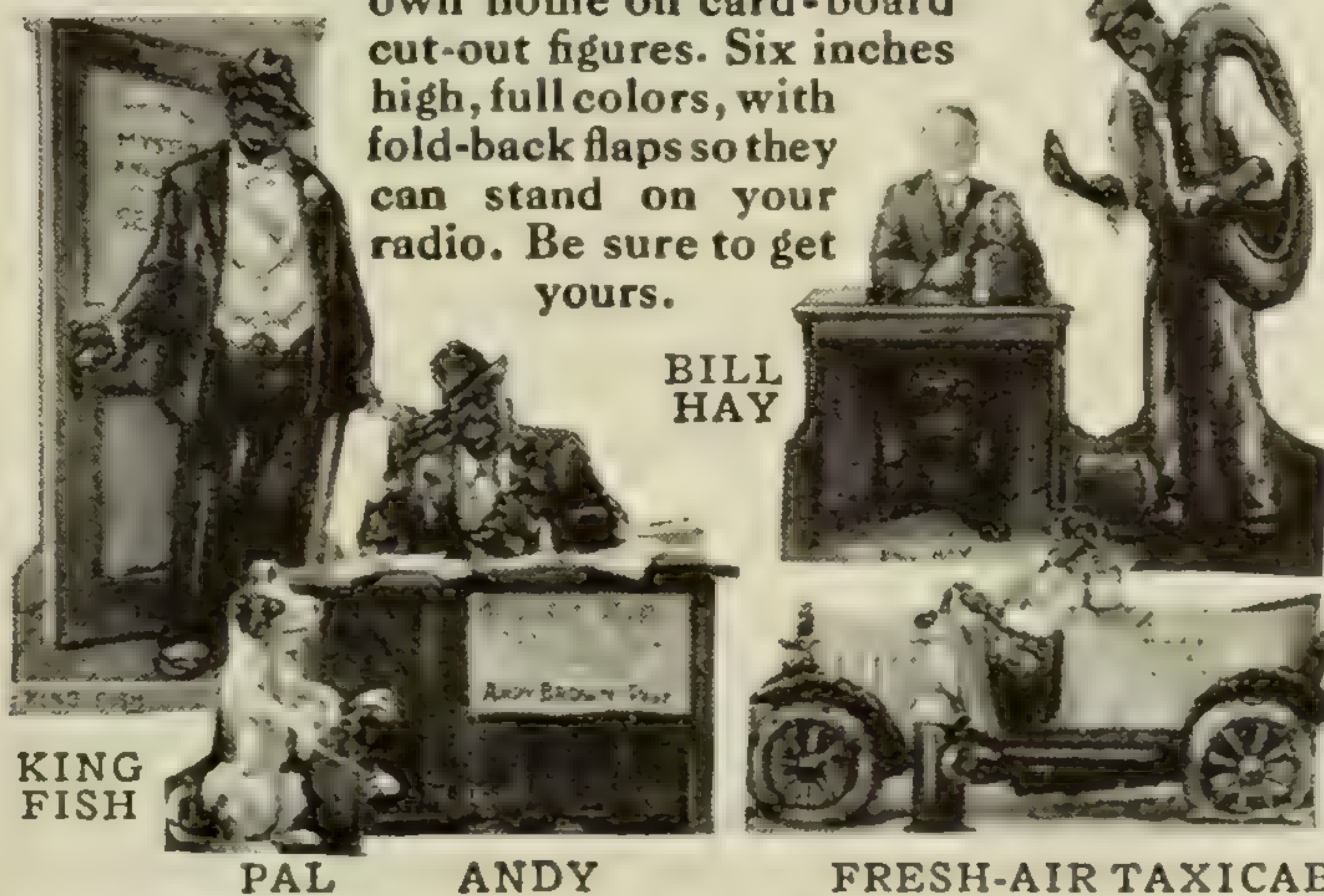
Shocking, that such conditions can exist. But don't lay it to parents' carelessness too quickly. Few people realize how rapidly children's teeth decay. Still fewer know it is important to keep first teeth repaired.

It's a wrong but common belief that baby teeth don't matter. First teeth diseased may ruin those to follow. Many systemic troubles of later years are the result. Watch them—guard them under your dentist's supervision.



FREE AMOS 'n' ANDY PRIZE

Have them right in your own home on card-board cut-out figures. Six inches high, full colors, with fold-back flaps so they can stand on your radio. Be sure to get yours.



MOTHER: Simply write a note giving your child's name and address—also name of dentist and date of visit. Address the Pepsodent Company, Chicago, Ill. The free Amos 'n' Andy prize will go forward at once. Expires October 1st.

cerned about their teeth that eventually turn to Pepsodent—the film-removing tooth paste.

What film does

Your dentist will tell you about film on teeth. That it should be removed because it harbors destructive germs of tooth decay and other troubles.

Film glues germs to teeth so stubbornly ordinary ways cannot remove it. Film absorbs the stains from food and smoking and makes teeth unattractive.

Pepsodent tooth paste removes film—gently. It embodies the finest, softest polishing agent known. Pepsodent is safe, completely safe, to the softest children's teeth. Use Pepsodent twice each day. See your dentist twice a year. Get it at your drug store today.

Why we sponsor this advertisement

The Pepsodent Company publishes this advertisement because our business is built upon the vital principle of better teeth. We know that as people go to dentists they become "tooth conscious." They pay more attention to their teeth.

Hence our interest becomes partly selfish, for it's those who are most con-

Pepsodent — *Use Pepsodent twice a day—see your dentist at least twice a year.*

Let Your Perfume Express You



Shelves of gleaming bottles in every imaginable scent fill this unique perfume nook in Bebe Daniels' Santa Monica beach home

PERFUME through the ages has lent its subtle fragrance as aid to feminine self-expression. Girls who write to me seeking to solve the mystery of that elusive thing called *personality* may be surprised to know that even the delicate touch of perfume can become so much a part of a person that its fragrance is the essence of her personality. Haven't you often picked up a scented handkerchief whose owner you identified immediately because the perfume on it told more than a monogram could?

Perfume can be badly abused—and often is. It loses its charm completely when it is obvious. Perfume shouldn't jump out at one, rather it should steal upon the senses delicately and subtly. Nothing takes the joy out of using a perfume yourself quite so much as to suddenly meet someone who flaunts it as loudly as a bright red scarf. You always feel like going home and pitching your own bottle out, regardless of how much you paid for it.

It is a real art to apply perfume so that its scent will linger. Many of the stars use an atomizer so that the fragrance is vaporized on the skin. The contact of perfume with the skin brings out the true scent—and it is more likely to last.

Creating an ensemble between your perfumes and your cosmetics is a good way to have your own particular fragrance

predominate. It is quite possible to obtain powders for face and bath, sachets for your handkerchiefs and lingerie, and bath salts, all in the same scent as your perfume. The harmony is especially charming.

The French women, who are skilled in the perfume art, have a clever way of keeping their clothes constantly scented. They have several small pads of flannel, which have been dipped in the perfume, sewed to their frocks in various places. Flannel retains perfume for an indefinite length of time. Kid also can be used for the same purpose. An idea for using up your old gloves!

YOU will discover that the perfumers are making a definite effort to promote the individual idea in perfumes. They are showing fragrances that suit every taste and type. One house has a perfume that is supposed to express color; another tries to kid you that it ties up with the stars that govern your destiny. Some are merely numbered with a description of the types they are most suited to. Other perfumes are made to be worn only on furs. And all the houses have wonderfully blended floral odors that just seem to express you as you wish to seem!

Try to decide upon your type before you start out to buy your perfume, otherwise you will be bewildered by the many scents that greet you in the shops. If you are a blonde, don't go in for pungent, exotic odors. The light, spicy or floral scents are for you. If you are the demure type, use a perfume that has delicacy to it. Perhaps something with violet or lavender in it. Brunettes can dare to tempt the oriental, heady perfumes. The animated girl should use one that has a dashing, spicy feeling to it. You will find it great fun to experiment and to find the one scent out of hundreds that seems to say "you." [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 96]

WOULD you like to know what perfumes are new and what ones suit your particular type? Send me a description of yourself and I will be glad to tell you. Also if you are overweight, send for my booklet of normalizing exercises and non-fattening menus. My complexion leaflet gives help for blackheads or acne. A stamped, self-addressed envelope will bring you either, or both, or any other advice on personal problems. There is no charge and your letters will be held in strict confidence.

Address me at PHOTOPLAY, 221 West 57th Street, New York City.

CAROLYN VAN WYCK

Blonde? Brunette? Redhead? Brownette?

What is Your Type in MAKE-UP?

*Be Like
a Screen Star*

...Have Max Factor, Hollywood's Make-Up Genius, Create Your True Color Harmony in the Society Make-Up Ensemble, and Discover Hollywood's Magic Way to Beauty.

Accept This Priceless Gift Now . . . Mail Coupon

OUT of the motion picture world which is Hollywood comes the most revolutionary beauty discovery of the age...color harmony in make-up individualized for every type in blonde, brunette, redhead and brownette. Powder, rouge, lipstick, eyeshadow...the complete ensemble called Society Make-Up...to blend with every variation in complexion coloring.

Created first for the stars of the screen by Max Factor, Hollywood's Make-Up Genius... Now you, yourself, may discover what wonders this new kind of make-up will do to enhance your beauty and emphasize the charm and fascination of your personality.

Before your very eyes, in hundreds of feature pictures, you have seen its magic influence in creating faultless beauty, for Max Factor's is used exclusively in all big Hollywood studios, in all Technicolor Pictures, and by 96% of all Hollywood's Screen Stars.

Colors in powder, rouge, lipstick, etc., so alive with natural beauty as to give a new radiance to the star herself. Texture so fine as to blend undetectably with the skin. Adherent qualities so wonderful that make-up appears always as a part of nature's artistry. And the make-up ensemble so lovely in color harmony, so exquisitely emphasizing every natural bit of beauty that even the blazing motion picture lights, bright as the sun, cannot find a flaw to expose to the searching lens of the camera.

What a revelation in new beauty your own color harmony in Society Make-Up will be to you. And Max Factor, who for twenty years has been personal make-up advisor to Hollywood's stars, will analyze your complexion and chart your own individual color harmony, for both daytime and evening wear, in Society Make-Up.

A priceless beauty gift for the asking...just mail the coupon.

MAX FACTOR'S Society MAKE-UP

Cosmetics of the Stars ★★ **HOLLYWOOD**

96% of all make-up including Technicolor used by Hollywood's Screen Stars and Studios is Max Factor's.
(Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce Statistics) © 1931 Max Factor



JOAN CRAWFORD
M-G-M Star in
"Laughing Sinners"

You'll Discover

Why all Blondes or all Brunettes should not use the same color harmony in make-up.

Why Brownettes and Titians may ruin beauty with "off-color" make-up.

How to acquire a perfect skin for faultless everyday make-up.

How to make-up a dry skin.

How to make-up an oily skin.

The difference between theatrical and street make-up.

Three secrets of successful everyday make-up.

Answers to twelve troublesome make-up problems.

How new beauty effects are created in the laboratory for the screen stars.

"It is a real pleasure to recommend Max Factor's Make-Up, which has been a great aid in both my screen work and social life."

Joan Crawford



JEAN HARLOW
in M-G-M's "The Secret Six"
with Max Factor—Hollywood's
Make-Up Genius—applying
face powder in the correct color
harmony tones.

Amazing Book Free...
Read what 60 famous
stars say about make-up.



MAIL FOR YOUR COMPLEXION ANALYSIS

Mr. Max Factor—Max Factor Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

1-8-41

Please send me, without obligation, my complexion analysis, my make-up color harmony chart, and your 48-page illustrated book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up". I enclose 10c (coin or stamps) for postage and handling.

Name _____	COMPLEXION	COLOR EYES	LIPS
Address _____	Light		Moist
City _____	Fair	COLOR LASHES	Dry
State _____	Medium		SKIN
	Ruddy	COLOR HAIR	Oily
	Dark		Dry
	Sallow	AGE	
	Olive	Answer with Check Mark	

She had "IT"

[The wrong kind]



SHE was such a pretty girl, with so much fascination and charm, that if you didn't know her you would half-way suspect that every eligible man in the club was in love with her.

As a matter of fact, they avoided her. They dodged her on the course and in the club house, feeling that if they met her they would be forced to ask her to their parties. The women felt the same way about her. They admitted her charm, but they didn't want her around.

The truth is, the girl had "it." But the wrong kind of "it." The kind of "it" that people don't desire. The kind of "it" that the victim never realizes. In the medical world they call it halitosis. In plain language, it is unpleasant breath. Under any name, it is the one unforgivable fault. Unforgivable because inexcusable. There is a remedy, and it's simple and pleasant.

LISTERINE promptly overcomes odors other antiseptics fail to mask in 4 days

Medical men pronounce it ideal antiseptic because safe to use

Searching scientific tests show that Listerine, always the safest of antiseptics, is now the swiftest of deodorants—the ideal solution for oral hygiene.

It is your safest, surest, and most delightful aid in overcoming halitosis (unpleasant breath), the unforgivable social and business fault. Use it every morning. Every night. And between times, before meeting others.

Ninety-five per cent of all halitosis is caused by fermentation of tiny food particles the tooth brush has failed to remove. Another 5% is caused by oral infections. Listerine, because highly germicidal, instantly halts fermentation and attacks infection.

Immediate deodorant effect

"Listerine immediately overcomes odors that ordinary mouthwashes fail to conceal in 4 days," says a noted analytical chemist.

"Such amazing deodorant power, coupled with swift, germicidal action, makes Listerine the superior solution for oral use."

Pleasant to taste

In addition to these qualities, Listerine has a pleasant taste and invigorating effect in the mouth.

What a delightful contrast to sickish, flat-tasting mouthwashes so harsh that they must be diluted before using.

Won't harm tissue or teeth

What a comfort to realize that, no matter how often Listerine is used full strength, it does not harm the tissue, nor attack tooth structure or metal fillings, as some antiseptic mouthwashes do. Indeed, Listerine's effect on both is beneficial. Send for our free Book of Etiquette, Dept. P. 8, Lambert Pharmacal Company, 2101 Locust Street, St. Louis, Missouri, U. S. A.

THE SAFE ANTISEPTIC . .

KILLS GERMS IN FASTEST TIME ACCURATELY RECORDED BY SCIENCE



HERE is Lupe Velez' "Garee" looking genial in spite of the fact that the frivolous frijole said, "I nevair marry heem." So Big Boy Cooper packed sombrero and lariat and is off to Italy to convalesce from a recent illness and forget his little tamale. But his latest film is "I Take This Woman"



AFTER her first few films everybody said Joan Bennett was through in pictures. But the younger and paler of the amazing sisters remained to show Connie and the rest of the world she had her share of Bennett talent. She's a fixture now in Hollywood—with a big home and a big contract



JANET GAYNOR crosses her heart and hopes to die that it's Goodness and Light from now on. Her fans simply doted on her in sugar-coated "Daddy Long Legs," so her next will be "Merely Mary Ann" with her old friend and screen lover, Charlie Farrell. And her marriage? Everything seems fine so far



THEY'RE making a big fuss over Ruth Chatterton's contract. Will she go to Warners or remain with Paramount? Who cares who's her boss as long as she continues to make good pictures? Ruth has held her place as one of the First Ladies of the Cinema despite some unfortunate breaks in screen vehicles

FACE POWDER

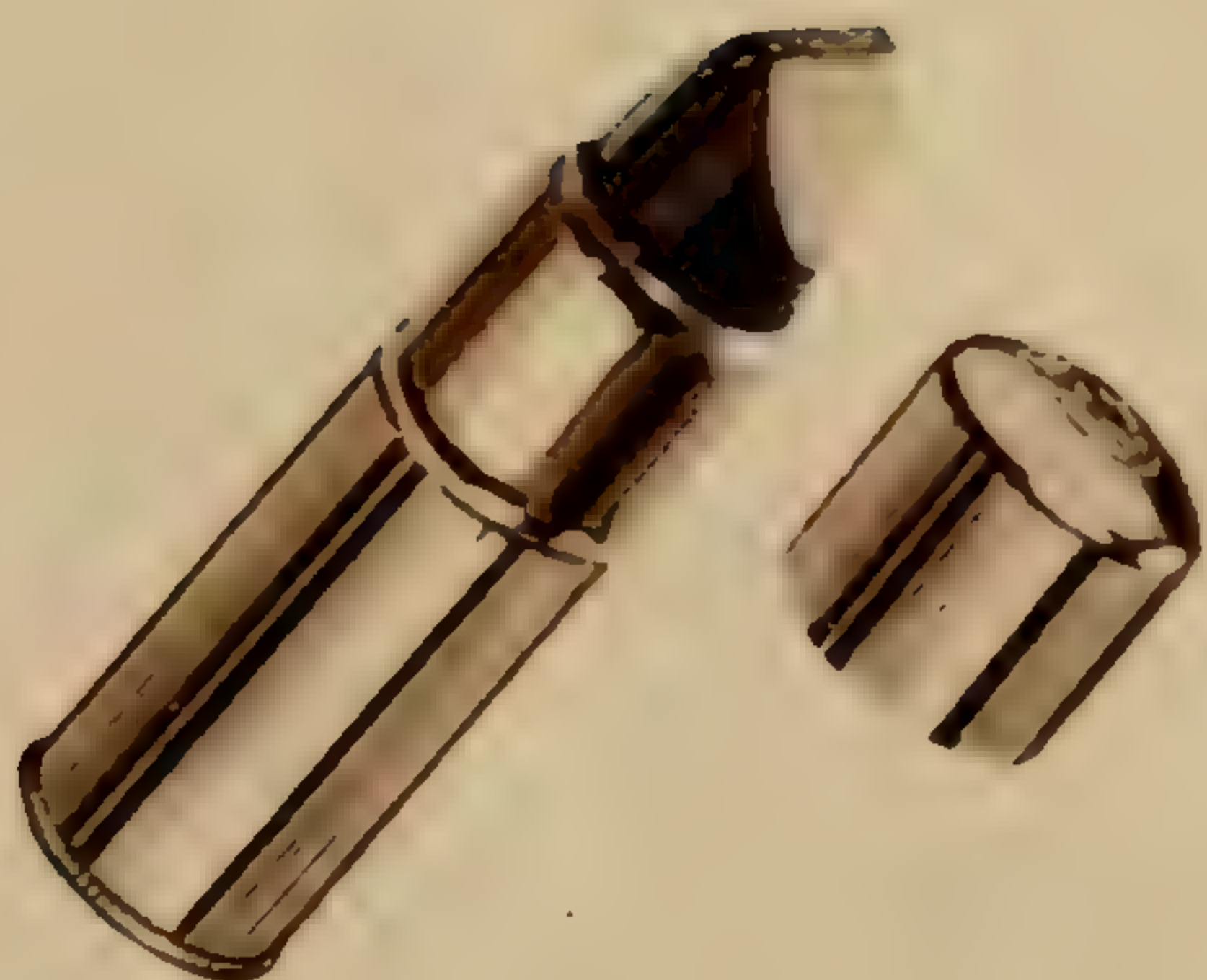
It delights new users daily—the way Coty matches every complexion tone and the varying needs of the changing seasons! The powder you use in Winter is usually too pale for a natural match in Summer. Choose from Coty's twelve exquisite tones—make people admire your face; not notice your powder! In the gay golden box with white powder-puffs . . . one dollar.



MAKE-UP

THAT MEETS THE TEST OF OUTDOOR DAYS

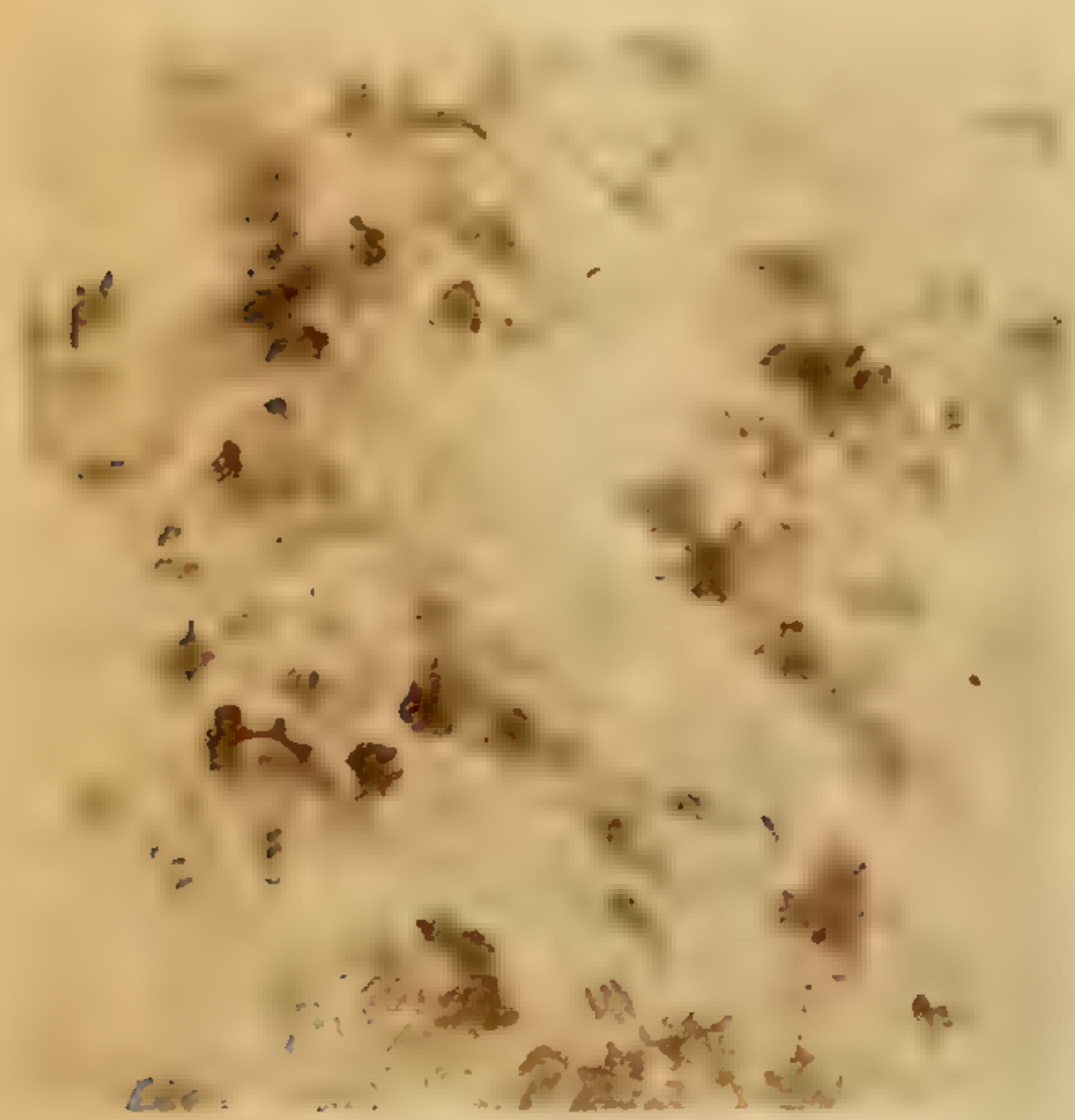
Coty



LIPSTICK—brilliant, vivid, natural, and indelible with complete safety! This Coty Lipstick—Permanent—is the most exciting lipstick news of the season! You'll adore its rich, creamy consistency, a caress to the lips. Three shades—round, etched case . . . one dollar.

ELINOR GLYN *says* *"Color is your magic key to Romance"*

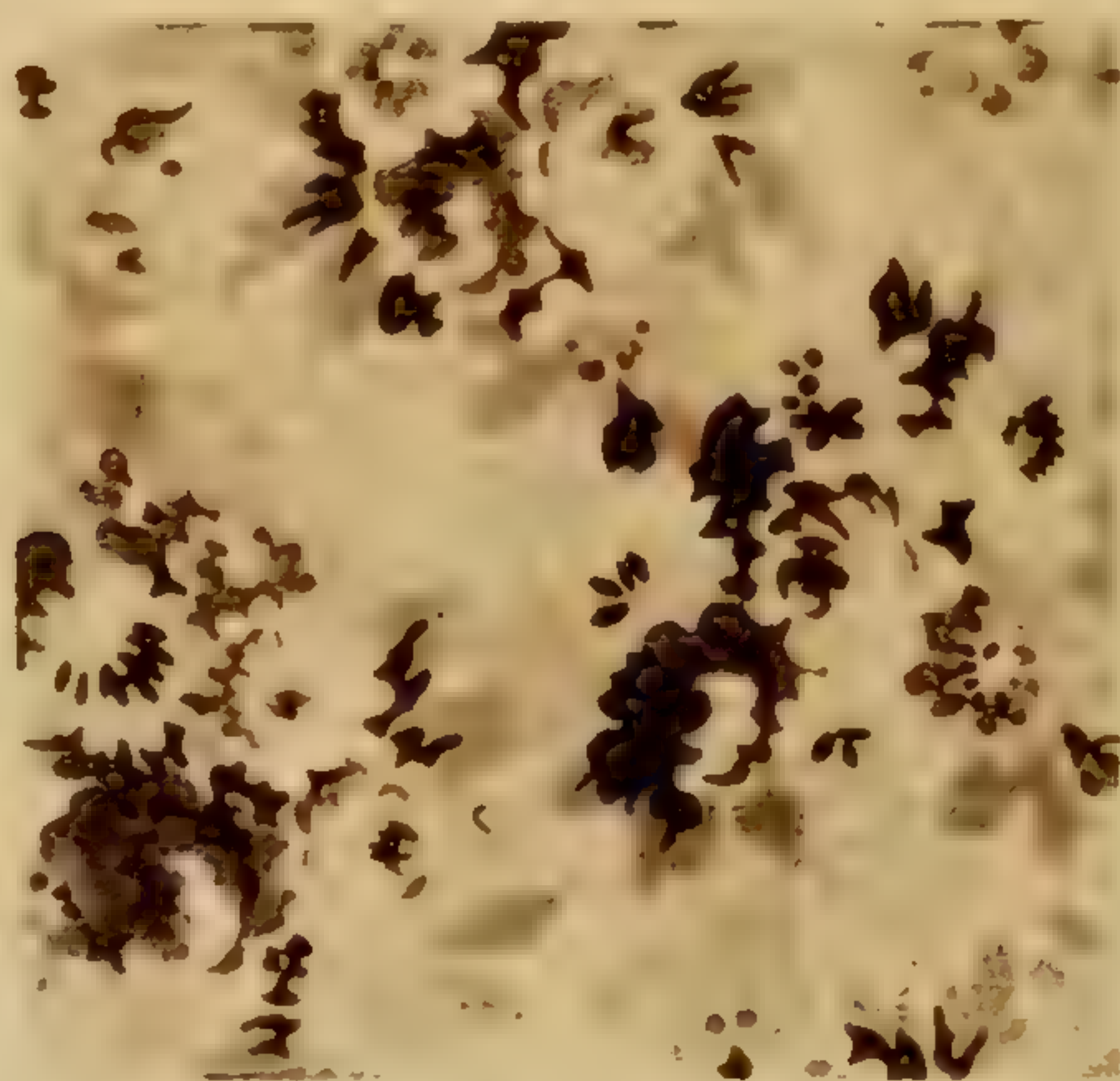
Before you wash
another dress or bit of lingerie
study these photographs



With ordinary soap

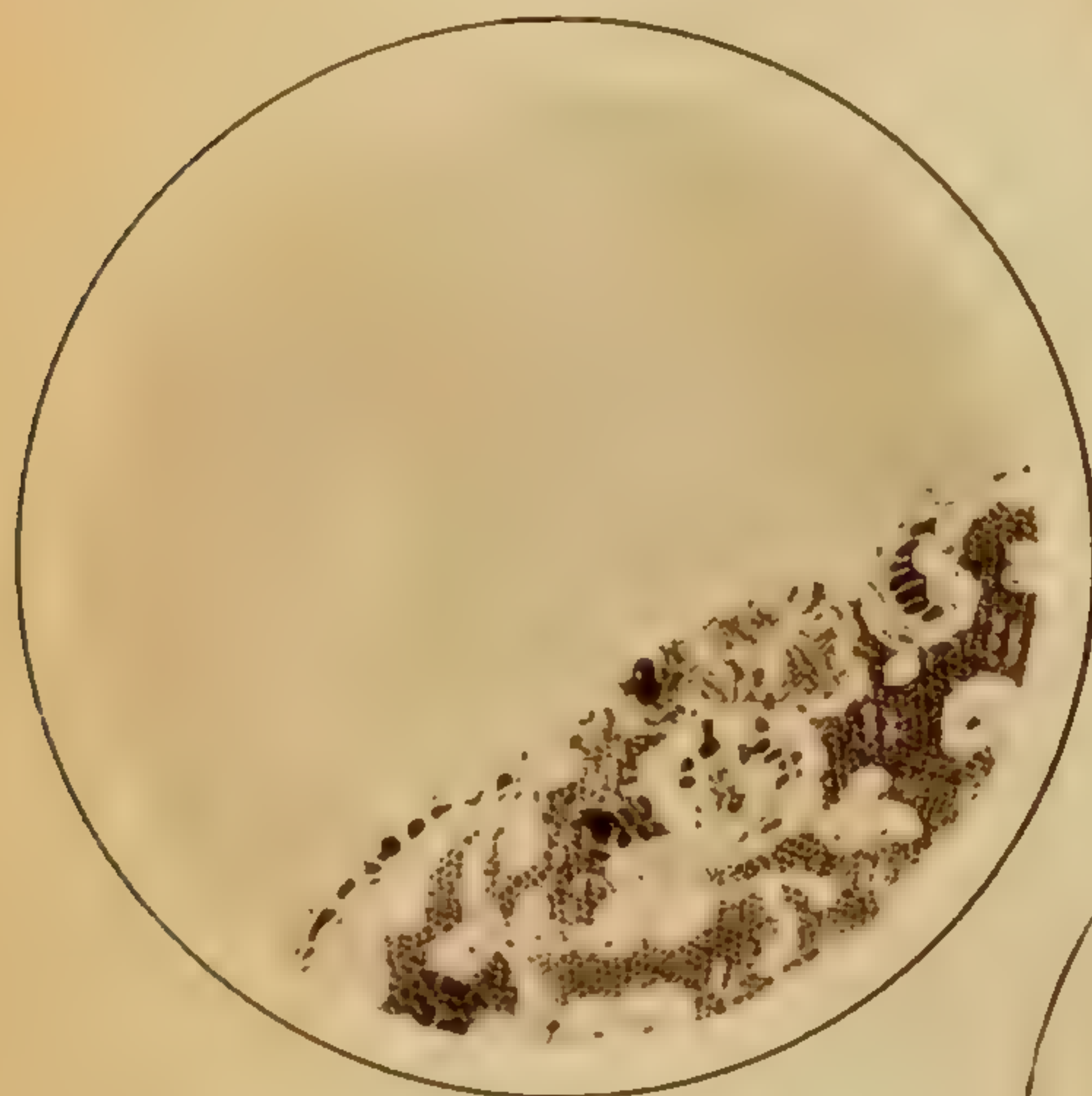
Six washings in ordinary soap have left this charming printed silk (above) faded and streaked.

These photographs based on laboratory washing tests show the tremendous difference between Lux and ordinary soaps in their effect on color. Look at these 2 pieces of the same flowered silk.

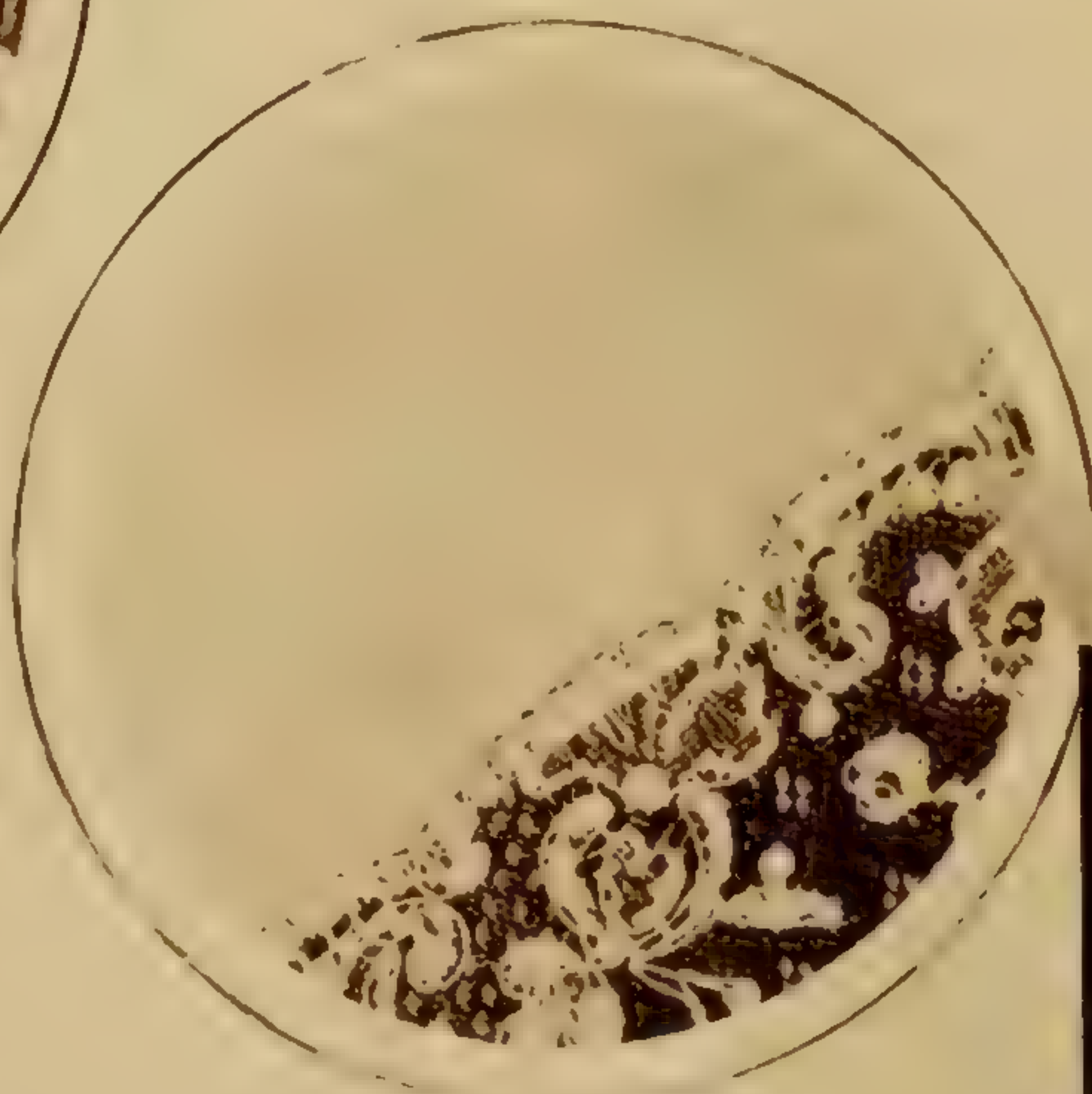


With gentle Lux

Another piece of the same silk, Luxed 6 times, is color-perfect; not a bit of fading or streaking!



The lingerie above, washed 12 times in ordinary soap, is faded, streaked and worn. Duplicate lingerie, at the right, *Luxed* the same number of times, is still unfaded, lustrous, like new!



"**C**OLOR is magic! It can transform even a plain little Jenny-Wren sort of girl into a starry-eyed beauty . . . be her key to romance.

"Be careful to wear the colors that suit *you* best. And after you've chosen your colors, do take care *never to let them fade*, because—

1. Even a little fading robs a color of its 'live,' thrilling quality and —
2. may change it into a shade that is actually *wrong* for you.

"One tone of green, for example, will make you sparkling-eyed, clear-skinned. A slightly different tone makes you sallow. So never, never risk color fading!

"But, after all, it's very easy to prevent fading! Lux is especially made to *preserve color*. One is never sure of the ordinary 'good' soap. It so often takes out at least a little color as it cleanses, but Lux is *always* safe.

"And remember, too, that not only in your clothes but in your *surroundings*, color casts a magic spell!

"So cherish the beauty of color in your surroundings . . . in draperies, slip covers, even the linens on your dinner table . . . keep it utterly perfect with Lux."

Elinor Glyn

No matter what the color . . . if it's safe in water alone, it's just as safe in LUX

August, 1931

PHOTOPLAY

Close-Ups *and* Long-Shots

By
James R. Quirk

WATCH young Doug Fairbanks. I firmly believe that lad is going places and doing things in motion pictures. A short time ago I sat all one Saturday afternoon with him, listening to his aspirations, his theories of motion pictures, and incidentally to his praise of his wife, Joan Crawford, and his expressions of admiration for his dad. I was fascinated with the agility of his mind, his humility, and his sound and clear thinking.

I hope Hollywood doesn't get him, and I do not think it will.

AND while we are engaged in the precarious task of picking comers, there is Carole Lombard who, by this time, according to the announcements, is Mrs. William Powell.

The girl has a definite personality, and a year should see her away up with Garbo, Bennett and Dietrich.

Maybe numerology, changing the spelling of her name from Carol to Carole, had something to do with it. But we are more inclined to think it is because the girl is attractive—Powell certainly thought so—is a natural born actress, and has an all-abiding faith in Carole Lombard.

FOUR-FIFTHS of the average gangster pictures depict the criminal living a life of indolence, silk bath robes and Jean Harlow embraces. In the other one-fifth, the tough one must, automatically, go to jail or be painlessly rubbed out by a bullet. To say that most of these pictures preach a moral lesson is pure bunk.

I was coming out of a theater after "The Secret Six" was shown and happened to overhear two lads discussing it.



"What saps those guys were," said one of them. "If they'd used a little sense they'd have gotten away with it. Dumb—all of them."

JACK GILBERT'S million dollar document with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer runs out this year.

Wonder what will happen to the boy?

He has had a pretty miserable two years of it, with an unsuccessful marriage and a collection of weak pictures to struggle through. His company has tried all types of stories for him, but nothing has quite clicked.

I am afraid bidding will not be too hectic for Jack's time and manly beauty when the Metro contract expires. He's in a tough spot, and we must all pull hard for him, for he's a fine actor and a swell guy, too.

Yes, it's been a trying couple of seasons for Mr. Gilbert. At that, you can wipe away a lot of tears with a ten-thousand-dollar pay check every week!

THEY are sneaking up on us with a picture to be called "The Mystery of Life," which will tell and show us what Clarence Darrow and a college zoologist think is the right dope on evolution.

They promise to give us more pictures of this sort if we demonstrate box-office interest in this one. If they'll put Mickey Mouse and a Sennett comedy on the same bill, I'll see it.

ONE of the things Hollywood has indubitably to learn is that expenditure is no substitute for brains. More courage, more brains—and less money: There is the prescription."

We are quoting Professor William Orton in *The*

Atlantic Monthly. The professor is now occupying the chair of economics at Smith College, telling the young ladies how the affairs of the world should be adjusted.

WELL, Professor, how about you going out there and applying your academic brains to the proper adjustment of picture problems? Those poor glove salesmen and trouser pressers, as you call the producers, would be delighted to pay you twenty times your present salary. But you would have to click at the box-office or your options would not be renewed. Academic theory is one thing that the public will not pay money to see and hear.

AND along comes a Frenchman who commits a half-baked book called "America the Menace," in which he drools this:

"The cinema is a pastime for slaves, an amusement for the illiterate, for miserable creatures . . . stupefying and destroying the mind. . . . any people subjected to the actual influence of the American 'movie' are on the way to the worst decadence. . . . everything is arranged so that in no event shall the spectator be bored."

Well, M. Georges Duhamel, that last is more than we can say for your book.

AND while we are quoting, Henri Bernstein, one of the greatest of all living playwrights, recently said: "In a few years it will be an anachronism to see a flesh and blood actor performing."

That sounded fine until he pulled this one:

"The Greek tragedies would make the greatest talkies."

Shades of Euripides!

IT is all right and quite proper for Ronald Colman to carry that bored expression on the screen where it may or may not give the girls that feeling that he is utterly unattainable and all that sort of thing, but there is a limit to it.

Mr. Colman, according to George Shaffer of *The Chicago Tribune*, who is quite an accurate reporter, insists when he is invited out to dinner that he be furnished with a list of the guests before he accepts. He fears that some of those unmannerly persons, who earn a lowly living by writing for the press, might be present and spill ketchup on his waistcoat.

The worst of trying to pull this sort of thing is that it gets into one's screen personality. And dash it all, Ronald old top, these beastly persons who are paying your salary by pushing half dollars through little holes in the glass at the ticket boxes have sent more than one screen star to limbo because they got tired of players who seemed unutterably bored with it all.

"WE shall always be good friends just the same." Don't you get sick and tired of that stock phrase? Good friends, my eye!

Why don't they tell the truth and be interesting? What a relief if the Hollywood lady would say:

"He's a dirty so and so, a drunken bum and a loafer. He won't work and he gives me a black eye every time he comes home plastered."

And if he would say: "My God, what a relief to be rid of that dame. She spends every cent I can get. She flirts with every man she sees. She's a nagger and it's worth every dollar I have to be rid of her."

"SEED" is a splendid picture. It's as clean and fine as any picture in years. But why advertise it like this: "Girls, 'Seed' is your story! It is made up of the thoughts you think in secret—good and bad."

SPIES from overseas tell me that the French censors nearly succeeded in snipping Jean Harlow entirely out of "Hell's Angels" in Paris.

Evidently they considered her a little too hot and toasty for those broad-minded and moral Parisians.

About all that was left of the picture was a lot of airplanes, Ben Lyon and Jimmy Hall.

Incidentally, Howard Hughes' office announces that he has already gotten back the huge cost of the big picture and expects to turn a neat little profit on the runs all over the world.

You have to give Hughes credit. He gambled with four million dollars and won. That makes the little Saturday night stud game look pretty small!

WHEN will United Artists—shades of Chaplin, Pickford, Fairbanks and Talmadge—change its name to what it has turned out to be, The Divided Artists?

HERE'S one told by Eugene Manlove Rhodes, the author. . . . He's in Hollywood now.

Several weeks ago, a studio executive approached him with a year-old magazine which contained one of Rhodes' early stories.

"I think this'd make a good picture," began the executive. "I'd like to buy the rights."

"Sorry, but they've been sold," said Rhodes, after glancing at the story. The producer looked hurt.

"Too bad," he lamented. "Has it ever been filmed?"

"No," said Rhodes.

"Good! Then I'll buy it from the outfit that originally bought it," chortled the producer.

"Can't do that, I'm afraid," interjected Rhodes.

"Why not?"

"Because," ha-ha-ed Rhodes, "you are the fellow that bought it four years ago!"

THERE are about 17,500 extras listed at Hollywood's Central Casting Bureau. Only 833 of them averaged one day's work per week during a year. Better stay home.



WILL this English beauty, recruited from the musical comedy stage, click or flop? Lilian Bond has looks and one of those figures. See her opposite Menjou in "The Great Lover" and decide for yourself. We've given up trying to pick 'em

Mitzi On The Job

IF there's anything you don't know about the lives of the stars, it isn't our fault. But there's one star in Hollywood you can't give an account of, I'll bet. And it isn't Garbo, either. I'm going to give you a peek into the very personal and very private life of Mitzi Green. Here's how a real baby star (and not one of those who have ten seventeenth birthdays) lives.

Mitzi resides in Beverly Hills with her mother, her father and (during his summer vacation) her seventeen-year-old brother.

On working days she arises at eight A. M. and dresses herself without any help from anybody. She puts on the costume she wears in the current picture and, of course, doesn't have to bother about make-up or marcel. She has breakfast immediately. Orange juice, cooked cereal, milk and a poached egg.

At nine o'clock she is on the set ready to work. Her father and mother take turns driving her to the studio and remaining with her during the day. They have but one servant, a cook.

IF the picture is one in which there are a lot of other kids, Mitzi plays every minute she's not actually before the camera. "Jinx" is her favorite game. It is done like this. At any time during the day one of the kids may rush up to any other and call "Jinx." If you don't have your fingers crossed you can be made to do anything the catcher commands, such as climbing up the electricians' parallels, sitting in the director's chair or something equally hazardous. "Hide and Go Seek" and "Follow the Leader" are also favorites. Think of all the amazing places to hide in a studio!

If Mitzi is the only child on the picture, she amuses herself with the grownups working puzzles or playing "Cities." They

By Frances Denton

are usually worn out long before she is. When she is called for a scene she is always ready, letter-perfect in her

lines, and she has the rare gift of being able to walk immediately before the camera without a second "to get into the mood."

Occasionally she has luncheon with her mother in the commissary, but usually she is dated up days in advance by some youth, Leon Janney seeming to be head man at the moment. He buys her luncheon with his own money. Then again, she eats with the director of the picture or with the adult players. She has soup, a peanut butter (which is her favorite) or chicken sandwich, two vegetables including spinach (which she detests) and fruit jello or ice cream.

AFTER luncheon she goes with the rest of the cast to see the rushes. As she watches her work, she often calls out, "Oh, I'm bad in that scene. I'm sure that if you'll let me do it over again my father will stand the expense on it."

Back on the set, she repeats the activities of the morning. She has never been known to be tired. She is invariably in the midst of a strenuous game when she is not actually working.

The law requires that she work but five hours a day and go to school for three. When she can be spared from the set for any length of time, Mitzi is sent to the schoolroom on the lot. Otherwise the teacher, Rachel Smith, is on the set and instructs her between scenes. Mitzi is ten. She has sixth grade arithmetic, ninth grade spelling, seventh grade history and English.

Spelling is her favorite study and in that she excels. English is second and history third. She doesn't give arithmetic a thing. In fact she often argues with the teacher about it. "Why should I learn it?" she asks. "I'm going to be an



Those good old school days—in the Hollywood manner. California school regulations require child actors to have at least three hours of school work daily, so Mitzi and Jackie Searl get a dash of their readin', writin' and 'rithmetic from teacher right in the shadow of a Paramount set

Though this little girl is a movie star, she has to eat her spinach just the same

actress all my life. Why do I need it?" When she is told that it teaches her to concentrate, she says, "But I concentrate on my lines. Isn't that enough?"

At five-thirty, never later—sometimes earlier, she leaves the lot. At home again she must rest until dinner (she has her own room) at seven o'clock. If she has night work to do she must go home and sleep all afternoon. For dinner she usually has a lamb chop, baked potato, salad and some green vegetables. Then a pudding, tapioca or junket. She likes raw vegetables and, when the adults of her company have afternoon tea, she, like Lillian Gish, nibbles a raw carrot.

After dinner she works with her father learning her next day's lines. She is what is known in the theater as a very quick study. After this she does her "home work" so she may be prepared for next day's



It's quite all right for an actress to sit on the arm of her director's chair and lean against his shoulder—quite all right, that is, when the actress is just ten years old. Mitzi is watching Norman Taurog direct a scene in "Forbidden Adventure"



"Home work" of another kind. Here's Mitzi going over a script with her father, Joe Green, in their home. In addition to knowing how to bound Europe and what the capital of Greece is, Mitzi has to know her lines in order to get that \$800 a week

lessons. She is in bed by eight-thirty, never later than nine.

When she is not working, her days are very much the same. She arises at the same hour because she has to go to the studio school from nine until twelve. She has her luncheon on the lot if there is a publicity picture to be taken, otherwise she goes home and plays outdoors all afternoon. There is a large yard at her home, made gay with gnome statuettes. Sometimes she is taken to the beach with Mike Levee's children (Mitzi swims very well) or with Leon Janney, Junior Coghlan, Billy Butts, Jackie Searl, Anita Louise or Nancy Crawley.

SOMETIMES she plays outdoor ping-pong or tennis. She learned to ride horseback in "The Santa Fe Trail" and occasionally she rides in the afternoon.

Two days a week she takes tap dancing lessons and one day a week she has French.

As there is no school Saturday and Sunday her parents usually take her away for the week end—to Arrowhead or La Jolla. She sees at least one picture a week, as part of her work, and occasionally on a Friday or Saturday night she attends an opening. When she does this, she must have a nap in the afternoon.

As a matter of fact, Mitzi has a pretty swell time. Everything is done to make her happy and comfortable.

And for having so much fun she receives \$800 a week!

The Enemy of Beauty—

No athletic type of girl has ever so much as reached first base in motion pictures

THERE is more sheer physical beauty in Hollywood than in any community in the world.

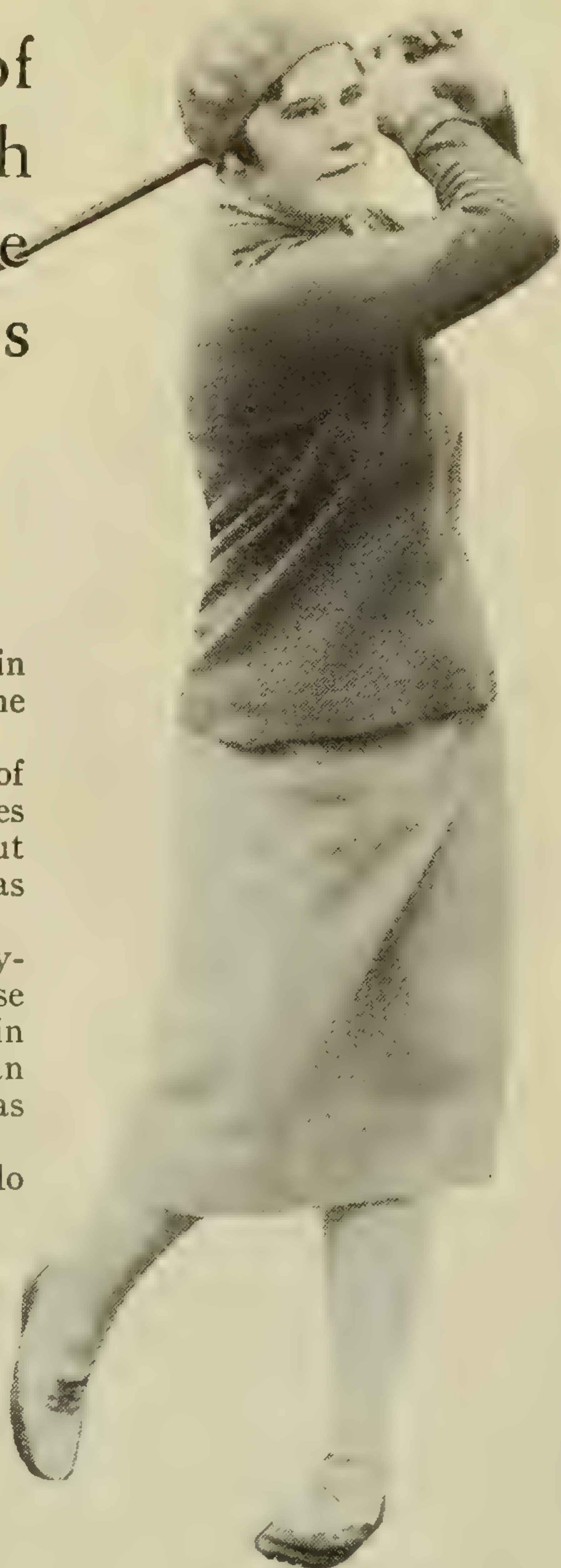
It is vitally necessary for the women of the films to remain beautiful. Their food, clothes and shelter are dependent upon it. Without symmetry of form their screen lives are dead as the gangster who squealed.

As a result there is a beauty cult in Hollywood. The quest is all consuming. These modern goddesses have set the pace of beauty in America. Hollywood has glorified the American girl more surely than Ziegfeld. The standard has absolutely and definitely changed.

Compare the measurements of the Venus de Milo with those of the average film star. Venus was a pretty big gal, wasn't she? Recall the description of Helen of Troy—tall, statuesque, queenly. She couldn't get a job in the movies today. Diedre, the Celtic goddess, had a powerful frame. The Amazons were great, muscular women. So were the Valkyrie of German legend. Ziegfeld's famous beauties are long limbed, broad shouldered.



Compare the shoulders of these two women—Gertrude Ederle and Bebe Daniels. Gertrude is a champion swimmer—Bebe, a Hollywood beauty. The muscles of the athlete made it possible for Gertrude to swim the channel, but they'd never win her a beauty prize. Swimming is fine but shouldn't be overdone



For the first time in the history of the world the small woman occupies the pedestal. Screen stars must be small because the one eyed camera enlarges. And screen stars are taken as the mark of perfection.

Gloria Swanson is only five feet, one half inch tall.

Joan Crawford is extremely tall at five feet, four.

Mary Pickford is not five feet.

Ann Harding is five feet, two.

Ruth Chatterton is five feet, four.

Garbo is considered a giantess at five feet, six.

No more amazing Amazons, no more glorified Ziegfeld girls.

But how to get that way? How to remain petite, slight and yet well rounded? Listen to

This is good form for golf but not for beauty. Helen Hicks, links champion, is an example of what Sylvia means when she says over-exercise is ruinous to beauty

your old friend Sylvia Ulbeck, masseuse extraordinaire of Hollywood, the flesh sculptor who pounds, beats and curses the stars into shape.

Says Sylvia: "If



Here's a girl who indulges in no athletics. Take a look at those hips and shoulders to be convinced that golf club and racket are beauty foes. Constance Bennett is the example

Over-Exercise

By Lois Shirley

you want to be beautiful—don't over-exercise. No woman athlete is beautiful! Swimming, riding, golf and tennis are fine but shouldn't be overdone. Muscles are horrid things that must be pounded off. I allow the stars under my care to take no violent exercise in any form!"

And the stars under Sylvia's care are legion. But they must obey Sylvia. Marie Prevost came to Sylvia. Marie was overweight and besides she loved to swim. "Those awful muscles," said Sylvia, "those broad shoulders—nothing can be done about them. The muscles are too near the chest to be pounded away."

Sylvia asked Marie to give up strenuous swimming. But Marie didn't. "And now look at her," says Sylvia.

Dorothy Mackaill loves to swim miles a day but when Sylvia said "Stop," Dorothy did. She now swims much less than before. Her figure is much improved.



"If you want to be beautiful—don't over-exercise. No woman athlete is beautiful," says Sylvia, Hollywood's flesh sculptor

Tennis makes one arm larger than the other. Golf brings on an ungainly stride and without a lovely carriage no woman may claim beauty. Sylvia says she can spot a golfer like a beacon light. Her long steps, her mannish stance, her shoulder slouch give her away.

Too much serious swimming develops chest, shoulders and thighs to an alarming degree. Horse back riding works as a hip spreader. And professional dancing ruins the legs.

When Constance Cummings came to Sylvia she had just finished a season's dancing. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 112]



When Sylvia told Alice White that tap dancing was ruining the shape of her legs, Alice gave up tap dancing, for the little White figure is one of the best in Hollywood and Alice's job depends upon it

Here is Helen Wills, the fiend of the tennis courts, in action. Note the muscles in her arms, legs and neck. Tennis did that and Helen doesn't care. But her figure does not measure up to Hollywood standards

A Wet

If you want anything investigated, put Inspector Leonard Hall on the job in Europe. He may not get the exact facts, but he brings home the brandy



"Charlie," I said, pulling my trusty notebook on him, "give me the dirt on the Russian movie situation"

Cafe Coupole, Montparnasse, Paris

DEAR MR. QUIRK:

YOU may remember the writer—the name is Hall—H-A-L-L. Len Hall. I have been working for you several years now, you may recall. You may also remember that several weeks ago, wearied of seeing my ugly mug around the office, you told me to get the heck to Paris, raise a beard in the Latin Quarter, and give you a change of scenery—even if it only consisted of a scrubby red hedge.

It seems to me you also hinted that it might be a good idea to

write you the star-spangled, gilt-edged low-down on the motion picture situation in Europe, inasmuch as I was planning a grand tour of the Continent on a high bicycle. You also said you'd like to know the European attitude toward Greta and Marlene (the Battle of the Giants), Sir Charles Chaplin, the engagement of Bill (Wild Willy) Powell and Carole (Numerology) Lombard, and Joan (Hotsy-Totsy) Crawford's luscious leggerly.

Well, sir, here is the low-down on the motion picture in Europe—its care, feeding, people and general state of debility. This, sir, is my report. (Well, if you insist, Emile, I *will* try just another half-gallon of that export Pilsener.)

I began my researches in the motion picture field in Berlin—

Report

CAFE



He's right here looking over my shoulder, the rascal.
And can that be "beer" he's carrying?

to be exact, at the bar of the excellent Adlon Hotel. There I found Gus, a most excellent fellow. After ordering a large schooner (almost a battleship, really, for I was choked with soot after the long ride from Bremerhaven) I went to work at once. You know me, Mr. Quirk—business is always first.

"Gus," I said, after burying my seven-inch nose in the creamy foam, "give me the absolute inside on the movie situation *auf Deutschland*." (I speak the language like a native—of Indianapolis.)

"Wunderbar!" Gus replied. Inasmuch as this means "terrible" in English, I had the whole thing cleaned up right there. No use in my charging way out to the UFA studio just to get kicked around by gate-keepers, eh, Mr. Quirk? Gus also told me that Fraulein Greta Garbo was *die heis* shot of the moment in "Anna Christie," and that the Berliners couldn't get lathered over *Unser Marlene*, as she was a home-grown product and they had seen plenty of her legs already.

As you can see, I cleaned up that situation (and a few kegs of something they call "beer" over here) in about three days, so I allowed myself to be siphoned aboard a train for Paris. Naturally enough, I awoke the next morning in Warsaw, Poland. Well, my job was easy there. The Poles suffer enough without making movies. As a matter of fact, a lot of their suffering is caused by looking at old prints from America. Believe me or believe me not, Mr. Quirk (yes, Emile, you can *encore* with a little of the *meme chose*), in Vilna, Poland (I don't quite remem-



So with Emile working for me, I dug up all the
dope on French movies in about a week

ber how I got way up there), the suffering Poles were being shown Emil Jannings in "The Way of All Flesh" and Pola Negri's prehistoric Paramount, "A Woman on Trial." The judge—er, I mean, the mayor—told me that those citizens who didn't blow their brains out from chronic melancholia, invariably went blind from looking at the original print of Charlie Chaplin's "Easy Street." It's a jolly country.

As you can see, Mr. Quirk, I mopped up Poland in no time at all. Then, making my will and putting the last fifty dollar bill in my left shoe, I was hurled aboard a train for Moscow.

ONCE in the Red capital, I went right to bat for good old PHOTOPLAY—you know my zeal! Without even leaving a card at Mr. Stalin's office, I dashed right to the United Press office, presided over, at the moment, by Mr. Charles Malamuth. Robert W. Service immortalized him, you recall, in the poem beginning "A bunch of the boys were hitting it up in the Malamuth Saloon."

"Charlie," I said, pulling my trusty notebook on him, "give me all the dirt on the Russian movie situation. How do you feel about Eisenstein, Pudovkin and the use of the ruble as shaving paper?"

"Wait, Hall," said Charlie. "Before I can answer that, try this."

He then practically forced into my hand something in a glass. I tasted it. The top of my head flew off and hit Mr. Malamuth over the right eye, raising a nasty bump.

Several hours later I found that what I had so innocently sipped was a vodka cocktail, an invention of Charles (Edison) Malamuth. Ingredients—vodka, a little lemon juice when you can get it, and a spot of sugar. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 108]

Cal York

Announcing-



Off for a European holiday after finishing "Alexander Hamilton," beautiful Doris Kenyon, widow of Milton Sills, and her son, Kenyon Sills, wave to the camera-man upon arriving at Penn Station, New York

BARBED wire is becoming popular among the exclusives of Hollywood. When Mary and Doug left for foreign parts, they closed their house and had barbed wire strung around the swimming pool.

And they say that Greta Garbo is surrounding the grounds of her home with barbed wire, and even go so far to say that it's charged with electricity.

THOSE amazing Bennetts—Dad (Curtain Speaker) Richard, Joan and Constance—are always sure to do the spectacular. Constance has been causing a little trouble on the First National lot, in spite of her enormous salary (or maybe because of it).

The publicity department wanted to take a still of her father and herself holding a make-up box together. But Connie thought it was silly. The portrait artist on the lot tried to secure photographs of her and she promised to sit, but she always forgot her appointments.

She would not allow interviewers to come on the set, so the executives finally barred the sacred precincts to all visitors. This may have been in deference to Connie and again it may have been for the visitors' sakes, for the fair lady's language when she's hot and bothered is something to make a sailor's parrot blush with envy.

But the publicity department pulled a swift one. Connie's picture was finished on Thursday. Her contract called for salary and work for Friday and Saturday. She was notified that if she wanted that pay she'd have to sit for photographs.

THE baby at Connie's house is another source of gossip for Hollywood. The child is about three years old now.

In New York Connie told reporters it was an adopted child, but Hollywood believes that Phil Plant, Connie's ex-husband, is its father.

However, when a Hollywood reporter asked the lustrous lady about it, Connie's set was barred to interviewers.

NOBODY, with the possible exception of Greta Garbo, is given such a free hand as Constance Bennett.

Connie, who is still not as big a box-office attraction as many another star, *says* and the studio *does*.

During a recent film she did not like the clothes the wardrobe had designed, so she was allowed to buy her costumes elsewhere.

One producer admitted that the reason she does exactly as she pleases is because she is said to have a million dollars as a result of a settlement with her husband.

Even in Hollywood a million dollars has authority.



This is mothers' and daughters' month! You will have no trouble recognizing Alice Joyce above, but would you believe her daughters are such young ladies already? Alice (Mrs. James Regan, Jr.), Peggy, left, and Alice Moore, center, posed this way before sailing for California recently

SUPPOSE you'd been away from your wife for months. Suppose you were in England, and your wife was arriving at such-and-such a time on the steamship so-and-so.

Where'd you be?

Well, anyway, when Mary Pickford debarked from the steamer in England after her trans-Atlantic trip to join Doug, he wasn't at the pier to meet her.

So she put in a telephone call to where he was stopping in London. But they told her they were sorry, Mr. Fairbanks was out playing golf. He was right in the middle of a match, it appears, and she just couldn't reach him.

So—

P. S.—As usual, the Fairbankses are denying all separation and divorce reports.

"DOUg is the kindest, best man in the world and the perfect husband for me," at least that's what Mary Pickford told somebody in England. The somebody was a newspaper reporter.

Mary further goes on to remark that after

The Monthly Broadcast of Hollywood Goings-On!



The proudest moment of Irene Rich's life was when she watched her daughter Frances graduate from Smith College. She came all the way from Hollywood to be present, giving up several parts to do it. Jane, Irene's other daughter, is also shown in this happy family group



Here's Gloria Swanson on the deck of the Leviathan wishing Corinne Griffith *bon voyage*. Note the difference in photography between Corinne, who has a heavy coat of tan, and Gloria, who has not

Doug has been having story ideas and leaves his room in the morning you'd think a first class cyclone had struck it. But she hastily amends that he's a tidy person by nature and would not go away with his room in that condition unless he had an excellent man-servant.

Getting very chummy with the interviewer she broke down and confessed that in China Doug ate hundred-year-old eggs and birds'-nest soup, great delicacies there, and that he seemed to enjoy snails when he was in France.

BREAK-DOWN-AN'-CRY note: Joe E. Brown is really sensitive about his mouth. He gets mad when he's kidded about it.

A SURPRISE, which need not be prefixed by "pleasant," awaited Doug and Mary when they arrived home, via airplane, from their European holiday. White ants had eaten into Pickfair to such an extent that it will cost \$10,000 to repair the damage they did to the stars' mansion. Since her return, incidentally, Mary has been on a wild sport spree. She's

been playing golf, tennis, and swimming at every opportunity.

MAYBE you've been wondering—or maybe not—about how the Charlie Farrells and Lydell Pecks would get along when the Farrells returned from honeymooning in Europe.

Everything is hunky-dory! There has been no hard feeling between Mrs. Farrell (Virginia Valli) and Mrs. Peck (Janet Gaynor) in spite of the rumors that both ladies were interested in Mr. Farrell. In fact, they're so friendly that the Farrells loaned the Pecks their yacht for a week-end trip recently, and the Pecks paddled over to Catalina in it. Janet is settling into matrimony happily now, and hubby Lydell asks her to buy his ties for him!

ROBERT MONTGOMERY'S the boy who's been satisfied with small cars, you know, and given out publicity about staying in the little car class, remember? But the first thing he did to celebrate his new contract was to buy a swanky sixteen-cylinder car.

Then friend wife gave him a surprise birth-

day party. The women were asked to dress formal, but the men were to come in white flannels.

When the guests were all assembled, Robert, to you, now, appeared dramatically on the stairs, clad in an all-white suit with huge buttons—you know, *a la* Buddy Rogers, band master.

ONE of the guests exclaimed, "Oh, boy, wait until Buddy Rogers sees you"—and Mr. Montgomery didn't like it!

The dinner was so formal that butter was omitted from the menu—the latest wrinkle in smartness, you know.

But Chester Morris, guest, insisted upon butter. The butler brought a pound wrapped in a napkin.

Chester took a hunk, put it on his service plate, and then refused to allow the butler to remove the balance.

You see, it was all in a spirit of fun, but the fun was poked at the Montgomerys' new swankiness celebrating the new weekly income.

PARAMOUNT and director Joe Von Sternberg outdid themselves to show Marlene Dietrich how big a star they considered her by presenting her with one of the most elaborate dressing-rooms on the lot, stunningly decorated in pale blue and gray. It was all to be a great big surprise.

When Marlene saw it, however, she merely raised her eyebrows another notch and said:

"The color is bad. Give me a deep blue and a rich henna instead of these pale shades!"

Tune in, Folks, on Cal York's



Now you can watch where your money goes. Karen Morley shows her new illuminated purse with a small light that flashes on when the pocketbook is opened. The battery is kept inside

JOAN BENNETT and John Considine are now at that stage of post-romantic activities where they do everything they can to annoy one another.

You remember the Palm Spring episode, when Joan raised her cultured voice to the high heavens because John went there to see Carmen Pantages.

Now Joan's home at Malibu is separated from John Considine's only by the house of Jack Gilbert, who plays the rôle of oil on troubled waters. All summer he's been trying to bring about peace, and the only thanks he's gotten is a lot of publicity about himself and Joan.

IN one of the scenes in Warner Bros. "Alexander Hamilton," starring George Arliss, *Hamilton* and *Count Tallyrand* are toasting a picture of George Washington.

"A great big heart—a great big soul," toasts *Hamilton*.

"—and a great big nose," finishes *Tallyrand*.

This bit of dialogue caused a deafening explosion in the ranks of the elegant ladies who make up the Daughters of the American Revolution. Their blue blood reached the boiling point and they told Warners plenty. But—and we can hardly wait ourselves—wait until they see the headline *Variety*, the theatrical weekly, put on the story. It reads:

RIB AT GEO. WASHINGTON'S
SCHNOZZLE BURNS D. A. R.

LOVE, divorce, and things like that: Ina Claire, who is still Mrs. Jack Gilbert, is being beau-ed around by Robert Ames, and

Ina wants him for the lead in her next picture.

. . . Lupe Velez said she and Gary were all washed up before Gary went to Europe, but a friend of ours who witnessed the parting reports: "To watch those two say good-bye was enough to bring tears to the eyes of a rocking horse." . . . Joel McCrea laughs and Connie Bennett looks haughty when asked about the rumors of their wedding, but their best friends tell us it's all on the up and up and you can hear the wedding bells any day now.

. . . Larry Gray is eating out his little heart over Lady Mountbatten. He's just one of the many who fell in love with the beautiful titled English woman. . . . They're trying, and succeeding, in rumoring the separation of Ann Harding and Harry Bannister. But 'tain't so, 'tain't so. And somebody who should know told us. . . . Fifi Dorsay, herself, announced the fact that she'd broken her engagement to Terrance Ray. But everything's all rosy again.

JUST to squash the rumors that he and Lola Lane were at outs, Lew Ayres gave her a wrist watch set with thirty-two diamonds. We know lots of girls who'd quarrel with the boy friend for that. . . . Wes Ruggles, who directed "Cimarron," had a nervous breakdown after that picture. He's feeling fine now and the reason is he's all that way about Arline Judge, a Broadway comedienne now working for Radio Pictures. . . . Mervyn LeRoy, who directed "Little Caesar," and wife Edna Murphy told it to the judge. . . . Walter Huston and Una Merkel are spooning. The little gal from Kentucky just "adohahs" him. . . . Dorothy Jordan has a boy friend. Name's Donald Dillaway, and he plays juvenile rôles in pictures. . . . Rex Lease, who beat up Vivian Duncan, and Eleanor Hunt had a quarrel. They're living apart, but won't call it a separation.

FRIENDLY-LIKE, Nancy Carroll and Newspaperman Jack Kirkland start divorce proceedings in Sonora, Mexico. . . . A final

decree is granted to the wife of Roy D'Arcy, who was once very much in the limelight as the possible fiancé of Lita Grey Chaplin. . . .

Josephine Dunn's hubby, oil-millionaire's son Clyde Greathouse, sues for divorce and says wife scratched his face and called him awful names. . . . Pauline Starke, suing husband Jack White for divorce, must get along on \$400 a month, pending settlement of the suit, court decrees.

SALLY PHIPPS, Wampas Baby Star in 1929, in Philadelphia marries Benedict Gimbel, Jr., son of the department-store Gimbels. . . . "Peaches" Jackson, child star of years ago, turns out to be eighteen now, and the wife of Joe Grasse, and they're living in a cottage in Long Beach, California. . . . At last, at last, at last, William Powell and Carole Lombard announce publicly that they're going to be Mr. and Mrs. William Powell as soon as they get time off to be married. . . . PHOTOPLAY told you about it long ago. . . . In Nice, France, reporters ask Charles Chaplin whether it's true that he's going to marry Mary Reeves, a girl he's been out with on his foreign tour. And Charlie retorts: "Me? Marry again? Again? Not Me!" . . . Ralf Harolde, film villain, admits he and his piquant wife Ann have come to the parting of the ways because of temperamental clashes. . . . And the Robert Armstrongs are to have a marital vacation, after rumors that all was not going well within the marital circle. Mrs. Armstrong is to go to China to fulfil a professional dancing engagement at the American Club in Shanghai. And Bob stays in Hollywood making movies. . . . Ian Keith and Ethel Clayton have separated. "I drink too much and Ethel gets fed up," explains Ian.

CHARLES MURRAY and the Missus celebrate their twenty-fifth wedding anniversary, and Buster Keaton and Natalie Talmadge celebrate their tenth. . . . Keep your eye on handsome young David Manners and newly-



If you could read what Sylvia Sidney is writing in her diary it would go like this: "Here we are, dear diary, just you and I alone." And when you see it on the screen in "Confessions of a Co-Ed" Sylvia will be alone. This is just an informal "still" of a scene actually being shot. Notice the expressions on the faces

Hollywood Station—N-E-W-S

back-in-Hollywood Pola Negri. Dave's a cousin of Lady Diana Manners, you know, and Pola likes 'em attached to the peerage somehow. . . . Lloyd Hamilton owes his wife \$12,500 alimony, but goes into bankruptcy court and says he's broke and can't pay that, and a lot of other things. . . . Bull Montana has a tiff with his wife, makes up with her, and feels so happy about it that he drives his auto through a stop signal and gets fined \$2 and doesn't know whether it was worth it. . . . Ona Munson and Ernst Lubitsch going places together and wedding bells being readied for when divorces are final. . . . The Reginald Dennys expect Ol' Doc Stork this fall, and the former Mrs. Denny sues him for the balance of a property settlement she says he hasn't paid.

TRY these two little items on your Depressionola: Ann Harding's new RKO-Pathe contract will bring her \$960,000 in the next three years. . . . And John Barrymore's price to any producer who wants to sign him is \$17,500 a week.

IF this sort of thing keeps up Dorothy Mackaill will be known as the Cleopatra of Hollywood.

Engaged three times in eight weeks, Dot, after a brief stay in Hollywood, sailed for Honolulu and told reporters, "Here is the man I'm going to marry."

With a gesture she indicated Horace Hough, an assistant director at Fox. The reporters swooned. Four engagements and four different men!

But the laugh was on them. Hough already has a fond wife and Dorothy was just ribbing the press.

Horace has come in for his share of plain and fancy kidding.

Dot denied that she and Walter Byron were that way about each other. "Just good friends," she said, "but I feel that I ought to make my next picture in Reno, so I'll have a

chance to divorce all the men I'm supposed to have married in Honolulu."

POLA NEGRI had no contract when she came to Hollywood. Nothing was signed with Radio. She took a gamble and won. Radio had told her if the tests were okay, they'd give her three pictures. When they saw them, they signed her for three years. One up for Pola!

YOU'D think she would be somewhat chastened by her long absence from the screen, wouldn't you? Not a bit! She still wears the queenly crown.

A writer went to interview her. Pola kept her waiting, and when she entered she held out her hand—palm downward. But it didn't get kissed. This is an old trick of *la* Negri. Once before she kept two famous interviewers waiting while she took an hour's nap.

But, even so, it's good to have her back. She puts the ooh! la! la! into the old town.

NOW, here's the way our old pal Pola Negri feels about her work. "I will not," she says, "play the type of siren that Garbo is on the screen. I admire Garbo and think she is a great actress, but I want to be different. I will not play the woman who coaxes men with her voice and the beauty of her body. I have a different idea."

Well, Pola, we're waiting with bated breath to see your different ideas.

AT a very large and formal masquerade party given recently, Billie Dove and millionaire-producer Howard Hughes were not speaking.

Mr. Hughes flew—after this party—to a house party in the Northern part of the state without Billie. He returned to Los Angeles on business and flew to the party again—still without her.

We understand Mr. Hughes was a bit burned up when Billie went walking in the garden with



Stage royalty Hollywood bound. Alfred Lunt and his wife, Lynne Fontanne, New York Theater Guild stars, snapped en route. Their reputations, which preceded them, have awed the film capital

another gentleman. He's kinda funny that way.

We also know Billie was going to announce her plans for the wedding about this time. But she hasn't.

However, it will, no doubt, be love and kisses again by the time you read this.

GRANT WITHERS, Loretta Young's cast-off hubby, is Hollywood's outstanding broken heart. Though he's been out places much with Betty Compson—so much so that Hollywoodheads not in the know have thought he's not much bothered by Loretta's attitude—Grant is really taking the separation "big."

Withers is still deeply in love with Loretta. Yes, he *has* been out with Betty Compson. They think a lot of each other—Betty and Grant. But Betty's big crush is really Hugh Trevor, even though she does fight with him occasionally.

And Grant's is still Loretta, even though she'll have none of him.

AND so, when people twit Grant about Loretta and Betty and himself, you can understand why he gets mad. That's what happened in a Hollywood—well, call it a night club—the other evening. A certain ex-screen-jvenile brother-in-law of one of the better known directors was in a loud state of being. He concentrated on making audible remarks about Grant, who was in the room, and Grant's affairs.

Grant got tired of it. He walked over to the loud one and told him to put 'em up. There was a flurry, a couple of smacks and the talker was on the floor dreaming of birds.

So people aren't talking about Grant to Grant any more.

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Remember when *Skippy* had to put on a show and rob his bank to get *Sooky's* dog out of the pound? Well, those days are over. Here's Jackie Cooper being shown his contract with M-G-M by Louis B. Mayer, production head of that company. He gets \$75,000 a year, and it's a five year plan, too



Lonesome

THE portly gateman at the studio kept a bright and watchful eye directed toward the corner of the street. He had been doing this for more than an hour and a half, and at least half a dozen times anxious directors and assistants had rung the gate telephone to inquire if the magic car which was expected had yet arrived. An air of expectancy lay heavy about the studio entrance through which Clarinda Covelle soon would pass. Clarinda was the pride of the lot; the bright star of the movie firmament. So the gateman watched.

Two full hours after the time specified, a Rolls-Royce turned slowly into the street and headed toward the iron gate. Instantly the attendant there threw wide the portals and waved a signal to someone inside the lot. The Rolls was a gorgeous affair of lavender and purple with the headlights, radiators and door handles of gold. It was common knowledge that this was genuine gold plate.

Seated on the front of the town car was a chauffeur in plum-colored livery. Beside him was a footman similarly garbed. They sat stiffly erect as the great car swept into Movie Land.

Clarinda left the car at the door of one of the stages where she was greeted by two maids and an obsequious assistant director. She went hurriedly and somewhat breathlessly to the set where her picture was being made.

"SO sorry to have been held up," she gushed to the director. "Is everything ready to shoot?"

"Ready!" he exploded, "is everything ready, you ask? Good Lord, Clarinda, we've been waiting here more than two hours for you!"

"So sorry," she smiled again. "I was delayed, you see. Unavoidably delayed."

She turned then to one of the maids who waited at her side and took from her fingers an enormous square-cut emerald and diamond ring. From her ears she removed emerald earrings, then carelessly unclasped from her throat a necklace of genuine pearls. These fabulously valuable trinkets she handled as might a child who casts aside a toy in the nursery. Money had ceased to mean much in the life of Clarinda Covelle. It was commonly known that her salary was \$15,000 a week.

Her home in Beverly Hills was one of the show-places of the movie colony. She was a girl who had attained fame and riches. Yet deep in her eyes there lurked, for the knowing, a flicker of desolation. Her life, it commonly was admitted, was incomplete.

She had, of course, had a love affair. Several of them, as a matter of fact. Twice she had been married. Each time a divorce had followed. There never had been direct scandal attached to Clarinda and it commonly was agreed that her failure in the marital state was attributable entirely to her temperament.

"A man likes to come in and find his wife there making a home for him," Tommy had told her. "Maybe we'd be happier if you didn't become a big star. So many of those marriages break up, and it isn't the fault of either one"

Clarinda was regarded by most motion picture producers as a genius. Her appeal on the silver screen was undeniable. Her public was without number. But the wise were wont to remark that Clarinda had everything under the sun but what she wanted most.

"It'll take me only a

Glory

By

Charles Francis Coe

Illustrated by Frank Godwin

moment to make up," she said, breathlessly. "I'll be right back." She slipped into a temporary dressing-room which had been erected on the set for her convenience. As she did so, she turned and smiled happily upon Tommy Marvell. Tommy was what is known as a promising juvenile and he was playing opposite Clarinda in this current production.

There was that in the smile of the star which caused the assistant director to glance inquiringly at his senior. The director in turn nodded and winked. Then he shrugged his shoulders. There was a suspicion that Clarinda Covelle might perhaps find the love for which she sought in the person of Tommy Marvell.

"IT would be a great break for Tommy if she fell for him," the assistant whispered.

"Well, it might make him in pictures," the director agreed. "I don't think he'd find much happiness, though. Clarinda is no bargain to get along with."

The assistant director laughed. Tommy Marvell started toward them and so terminated their bit of gossip.

"What'll we shoot first, Mr. Parks?" he asked of the director.

He was an earnest lad, this Marvell, and handsome. He considered this part opposite Clarinda Covelle as the greatest opportunity that had come during his career in pictures. As a result, he was striving with every bit of his talent to make good in it.

Apparently, he was unsuspecting of the situation between himself and Clarinda. What fervor she was able to put into the love scenes, he attributed to her tremendous histrionic ability. She was a goddess to Tommy; an unapproachable deity firmly entrenched in the glittering success of Hollywood. The lad would have considered any personal feeling toward the girl presumptuous.

Shortly, Clarinda left her dressing-room and came onto the set. There ensued the business of setting lights and rehearsing. The scene to be played was a love-scene in a garden, and Clarinda came at once to Tommy and caught him by the hand. She led him across the stage to a marble bench near a beautiful fountain, and seated him there. If her fingers clutched his own somewhat ardently, Tommy again attributed it to the fact that the genius was composing herself and preparing for the simulation which lay ahead.

They went through the scene three times

"We will make more pictures together, Tommy," Clarinda said, a dreamy light in her eyes. "We do inspire each other." And Tommy had gone home to tell the great news to the little extra girl who put his happiness before her own



and Tommy, inexperienced by comparison with this famous star, drew from her ardency inspiration of his own. The result was a most convincing shot. When they had done and found a moment to rest while the set was being rearranged, the feeling the star had engendered during the performance lingered within her.

"You have a marvelous future in pictures, Tommy," she said earnestly.

Tommy flushed with delight. "It's not so difficult to play a part well when you are the inspiration," he returned gallantly.

"Do you really feel inspired," Clarinda asked breathlessly, "when you are with me?"

"Of course I do," Tommy answered. "Who wouldn't, Miss Covelle? You are one of the greatest actresses the screen has ever known. Of course I'm inspired by you."

Clarinda was a few years older than Tommy and she looked at him now through the eyes of a wisdom he did not possess. "How wonderful," she said softly.

"I draw inspiration from you, too, Tommy. Does that surprise you?"

Once again the lad flushed happily. "Of course it surprises me," he admitted. "I had no idea that I could inspire such a famous person as you."

"But you do," she said, her fingers still clinging to his. "We will make more pictures together, Tommy. As a result, you will climb to the stardom you deserve."

Tommy laughed. "We all dream of our home in Beverly Hills . . . That is, all of us but those who have them."

"A home should be so much more than just a building," Clarinda answered slowly.

"Of course," Tommy said doubtfully. "Yes, of course it should. I think yours is the most beautiful home in Beverly Hills, Miss Covelle."

"It is nice," she admitted. "Yes, it's nice. And of course I have many friends who come there."

"All the world would come if you'd let them."

There was a dreamy light in Clarinda's eyes and she seemed heedless of the confusion about the set. "Yes," she repeated, thoughtfully, "we will make other pictures together. I'll see to that, Tommy," she promised. "We do inspire each other. I'm sure that will be evident on the screen."

"YOU make me very happy," Tommy answered.

"And you make me happy, too, Tommy. . . . That is, you could."

"Well," Tommy promised, "I certainly will, Miss Covelle. I never worked with anyone just like you. But then," he hastened to add, "there isn't anyone just like you!"

"I hope you'll always think so," she said.

Tommy wet his lips and pulled thoughtfully at his collar. "Of course I will," he responded. "How could I think anything else?"

"You must come up to my house for dinner soon, Tommy. I'll name a day."

"Wonderful," he promised. "Indeed I should love to come." Sensing perhaps that they were attracting attention, Clarinda Covelle patted the lad's hand and smiled. "Very well," she said, "I'll name a day soon, Tommy. Now we must get about our work."

After three hours of work, Clarinda Covelle had reached that point where she advised the director she could not think of continuing that day.

The result was that the troupe was dismissed and Clarinda caught Tommy Marvell by the arm and offered to drop him at his apartment.

Tommy went directly to his dressing-room and removed his make-up. He was a little breathless at the thought of riding in that lavender Rolls-Royce and letting all



Clarinda Covelle was in love, and all Hollywood whispered about it. Tommy was doing his best to act the rôle of lover sincerely

Hollywood know that Clarinda Covelle had placed upon him the stamp of approval.

Nothing, it seemed to him, could mean more to his career in pictures.

An immeasurable happiness and satisfaction filled him. In spite of the fact that he hurried, he found Clarinda already in the car and awaiting him. It seemed somewhat strange that she held his hand as they rode to his apartment. This he thought was due to the animation of her conversation and the outlook she had towards the future.

She told him of various stories that she always had been anxious to make into pictures but never had made because she had been unable to find the right person to play opposite her. She intimated that Tommy was the right person, and these great vehicles soon would find expression on the silver screen.

So all-important had this conversation seemed to the young man that he was somewhat ashamed of the very modest quarters he occupied, before which the mighty Clarinda soon would stop. The famed star, however, seemed not to take notice of anything but the fact that their ride was over. This she seemed to resent. As Tommy prepared to leave the car, she laid both hands over one of his and looked earnestly upward into his eyes.

"ALL these things, Tommy," she said, "we must talk over at great length. A good picture is always the result of very careful preparation and thought. I suggest that you come up to my home tomorrow night for dinner."

"I'd be delighted," Tommy said uncertainly, "delighted, Miss Covelle. What time shall I come?"

"Oh, we won't be formal about it," the star answered. "When we finish on the lot, we'll just get in the car and ride up there. We'll have dinner and spend a quiet evening. There's so very, very much to talk about between you and me, Tommy."

"Yes," he nodded, "yes, there would be. I can't tell you how I appreciate the opportunity you're giving me."

She laughed gently and squeezed his hand. Then the footman opened the door and Tommy stepped out, doffed his hat and stood somewhat overwhelmed as the great Rolls-Royce pulled away and the great star smiled at him and waved her tiny hand.

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Reviewing Screen Fashions with *— Seymour*



EVEN though she makes infrequent appearances on the screen these days, Alice Joyce will always be remembered for her outstandingly good taste in clothes. I asked her to let me show this latest photograph here because her hat illustrates the newest millinery trend—the dip over the eye. For Fall the tilt will be more exaggerated and the back of the hat will not rest so low on the head.

MORE and more we are depending on our weekly screen's-eye views of fashion to guide our smart destinies. Over the tea cups you hear, "Did you see that stunning thing Gloria Swanson wears in her new picture?" or "Really, you know I think you could wear a dress just like one Connie Bennett wears in her last picture."

I find that certain stars are followed as much for their striking tastes in clothes as for their acting ability! In reviewing the current picture fashions here every month, I pick not only good fashions but ones that you can see on the screen.

HAVE you seen this in "Seed"? If so, you probably have one like it by now—and smartly so. The white Chantilly lace is cleverly moulded to Bette Davis' slim figure but flares out below the hips in rows of tucked tulle. Nice earrings, inherited from an old French ancestor of Bette's. Grand hairdress, too!

Seymour Shows How—

The Stars Adapt Clothes From

EVERY star has her little pet theories on chic. Each likes to give her costumes a striking or individual twist that stamps them as hers. Recently, comparing the studio designer's sketches with the costumes as they appeared in the picture, I decided that you would be interested in seeing how it is done. The costumes shown here appeared in "The Common Law"—the sketches are those by the studio designer; the photographs show what Constance Bennett and Hedda Hopper did to them before they wore them on the screen. Both Constance and Hedda are famous for their good fashion sense. Which costumes do you think are smarter, sketches or photographs?



HERE'S a nautical outfit that has all the zip of a salt breeze. Constance did not change this greatly from the original design. Just a little detail here and there was altered. Look close! She had the jacket revers made narrower and took off the contrasting facings. A good idea. She changed the seaming in the white flannel skirt so that it hangs straighter—another good thought. And she wears a medium-brimmed felt hat trimmed in the blue of the jacket, instead of a turban. Altogether a jaunty outfit.



I THINK Connie wins on this one! The changes aren't radical but they certainly improve the costume. There's the business of all the intricate seaming—she does away with a lot of it. Again she makes her skirt straighter. The fabrics are different. And I must say I think her arrangement of the turban is smarter than that of the sketch.

The Studio Designer's Models



HEDDA must have taken a firm stand on this costume. Can't you hear her say, "No, no, I don't want that all bunched up around my neck!" Anyway, whatever she said, the results are better. Much smarter without that extra fur on the sleeve and with the neckline of the cape tied at one side and held by a clip at the other. Sheer crepe with fox is the combination—a very popular one for more formal afternoon wear this season. As you can see the hat was not changed very much except that the feather arrangement is more flattering to Hedda the way it is worn in the picture.



CONNIE had a fitter's holiday on this dress! It has only a few recognizable points in common with the original. This time I will have to give the medal to the designer, however. I like the longer line of the blouse, the softer arrangement of the scarf and the tweed patterned fabric rather than the smooth woolen. Also, the contrasting belt instead of the self-fabric one. Sorry, Connie, to be so critical. I think you usually know what's what.

Three Smart Fashion "Shots"

From New Pictures



I VOTE this a perfect mid-Summer frock. The touches of white organdy give the softly colored print a crisp, cool look. The shallow crowned white panama with its contrasting band is one of the most popular hats of the moment. Virginia Cherrill wears this in her new picture, "The Brat."

— Seymour

THE ways of contrast are infinite! Lita Chevret uses French blue and flesh colored silk to advantage in this Summer dinner ensemble. I like the brief jacket with its full sleeves. Notice how the bodice is light and shirrs up in front—clever touch. The length is right, too. Worn in "Everything's Rosie."

You girls who are looking for the perfect tennis or golf dress, choose this. It is white cotton mesh done in trim, tailored style. The pocket effect is jaunty. The beret is yellow. All to be seen on Carole Lombard in "I Take This Woman."





Ursula Parrott had never worked until a divorce made it necessary for the support of herself and her child. Then her novels brought her fame and money beyond her highest hopes. But with them came added responsibilities

The effort and hard work that are required to build a successful career should be balanced by certain compensations. But these compensations are for the man who succeeds, not for the woman, says Miss Parrott. And she tells you why

Should Women Work?

NO woman really wants to work." "Marriage is shot to the devil."

"The women who, in the last generation, painted china, might have painted great canvases, had there been the necessity. But what difference would it have made in the long run?"

"My career stood in the way of happiness for me. Is my career worth that?"

"Is the knowledge that she must spend a lonely middle-age a drawback to the professional woman?"

"The manners have changed, man's instinct has not. A man is still annoyed by the fact his wife earns more than he does."

This, gentle seeker after truth, is the litany and the creed of Ursula Parrott, authoress of "Ex-wife," "Strangers May Kiss," and the unpublished novel, "Love Goes Past," which Samuel Goldwyn has bought as a probable vehicle for Gloria Swanson.

Miss Parrott is young, little, dark, with a small, intense mouth that cuts a crooked caper upon her face, and straight, dark hair with a scattered bang over her forehead.

Her words are important to the modern woman. She faces squarely the vital problems of this new existence.

"I am not a feminist," she said. "In

The clever girl who wrote "Ex-wife" and "Strangers May Kiss" speaks her mind

fact, I resent the feminists—they are the ones who started all this. I wonder if they realized what they were letting us all in for. We don't want this freedom. We only work when we are forced, by pressure, to do so.

"Mary Roberts Rinehart, Kathleen Norris—and many more who come to mind, worked because

they *had* to work and for no other reason.

"When a woman cannot look to marriage as the end and aim of her existence, she turns to her career. She takes on the support, as a rule, of her family. I didn't go to work until I was divorced and it was necessary for me to support my child. Now I have many responsibilities—but without the compensations. I do a man's job and earn much more than the average man, but when I've finished my working in the evening I come home to what?

"A man completes his day at the office and finds, waiting for him at the door of his home, a little clinging vine to comfort him and tell him he's a fine person. I find, after dinner, a handsome and expensive coffee service that I bought for myself. I'd prefer a cheaper and less beautiful one had it been given me by someone who loved me.

"The zero hour for the professional [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 101]

By Cal York



IF she gets the right breaks in stories and direction Tallulah Bankhead will become one of the really outstanding personalities of motion pictures. On the opposite page John S. Cohen, Jr., one of New York's leading picture critics, paints a vivid picture of a vividly interesting woman

Alabama & London

IT is the opening night of "Tomorrow and Tomorrow," the Gilbert Miller production of Philip Barry's new play, which is still running.

Tallulah Bankhead, granddaughter of the late Senator John Hollis Bankhead, daughter of Congressman William B. Bankhead and niece of Senator John H. Bankhead, all of Alabama, where for more than one hundred years and not less than five generations the family has been socially, politically, and, as Southern wealth goes, financially important, is to attend the play with George Cukor, the director of her first, and at the time, unreleased American talking picture, "Tarnished Lady."

She has just returned to America following her ten years in London, where she established herself as the most popular stage star England has had for many years. All sorts of stories have preceded her return to America, stories of her imperiousness, stories of her temper, stories of her irresponsibilities, stories, in fact, establishing her as a modern of moderns in the matter of individuality, in the matter of living her own life.

"I'M going to be a paragon of dignity at this opening," she told one of her secretaries as she was being dressed. "It is my first public appearance since my return. Dress me in white, you fool (this is delivered with an infectious playful spirit) and fish out that diamond necklace given me by some member of the aristocracy, whose name I cannot recall!"

The theater is well filled, as they walk in. The lights are about to be dimmed for the rising of the curtain.

At least three-fourths of the lower floor audience is looking at Tallulah, in white, relieved solely by diamonds, her mocking eyes gazing over the house, her hair, her ash blonde hair—which Ethel Barrymore has described as the most beautiful she has ever seen and a color that the French cannot dye—lovelier than when she left America ten years before. She is a glamorous figure, a well-poised goddess.

When suddenly and accidentally George Cukor steps on her train, Tallulah tore loose on him in her own language, and a blue haze went up. At least three-fourths of the downstairs audience heard all.

"Oh well, what's the use, my dear," she said after the show, and with an air of relief at having promptly destroyed the new dignified Tallulah and having thereby uncovered the ebullient, domineering, irresponsible, fun-loving person that she is underneath.

That is Tallulah Bankhead today—mercurial, independent, funny, tempestuous, and caring little for public opinion provided she is giving a discussable show at all times.

Today, she is a positive, definite

Conventional Southern aristocracy and the ultra-sophistication of Mayfair evolve a remarkable personality



The only time Tallulah was in danger of having a scene "stolen" from her in "Tarnished Lady" was when this baby platinum blonde appeared

personality, ruthless when she wants something or someone in the lines of her career and her emotional life, but generous to the point of complete carelessness towards those whom she likes or for whom she feels some degree of sympathy.

In other words, she is the modern American woman who has caught up the new freedom of her generation and made it a part of herself; and in still other words, she has the mind of a man, the mind, in fact, of an adventurous, reckless, pleasure-loving man with a ruddy Elizabethan vocabulary.

"She knows all the answers!" So stated the placards advertising her first talkie, "Tarnished Lady," wherein she made a personal triumph despite a wavering film.

She does, indeed, know all the answers; and the wordings of those answers are expletives and dynamite.

That is Tallulah Bankhead today—

IT is late afternoon at the Fairmount finishing school for girls in Washington, D. C., which Tallulah and her sister, Jean, one year older, are attending preparatory to their début parties to be made in Washington society. Tallulah, who is today twenty-nine years old, is then sixteen. Jean is the flapper of the two; Jean is the pursued and pursuing one; Tallulah is rather plump, a bit of a tomboy and trickster, but very conventional morally and a bit man-shy. In other words, Jean has all the beaux and Tallulah has only a slight scattering. She has, in fact, only one young man whom she really

likes and who really likes her. Jean has set eyes on him and wants him for herself.

"Jean, now you can't, you mustn't take him away from me! So many boys are crazy about you! He's the only real beau I've got! Please, Jean—!" This last was uttered plaintively, pleadingly, but Jean paid not the slightest attention.

And that plaintive, second sister was the Tallulah Bankhead of today as a growing girl, there being practically no connection between the two Tallulahs, save a gnawing theatrical ambition.

THAT was the Tallulah Bankhead of sixteen, who was, at the age of seventeen, to make her début in Washington society, where political, social, and diplomatic worlds meet, and who was five months later to throw away the conventional life, to throw away the conventions of a Southern girl of good birth and family and embark for New York on a stage career. The South is family and tradition ridden and young girls of Tallulah's station are groomed to grow, behave, marry, and settle down to a life of Southern society, in other words, to dance as grandma used to dance. In Tallulah's generation, there have

been various rebels, but very few of these younger rebels have carried the rebellion [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 110]

By John S. Cohen, Jr.

Inside Politics of *the Studios*

By Ruth Biery

Famous feuds of
players — Intrigues
of the lots—How
stars are made and
ruined by their use
of political sense

IT wasn't that Gloria Swanson liked cats; it was that Pola Negri hated them.

It was back in 1922. The construction superintendent at Famous Players-Lasky, now Paramount, was a cat enthusiast. No stray but could find a home on the lot. At high noon he fed them. The number of free boarders reached 103. They kept the premises free from rats but as the number mounted and multiplied, no one could deny that the pets became pests. Undoubtedly, the officials would soon have had them exterminated when Pola Negri entered and decided to handle the extermination.

"They must go!" she ordered. "I hate cats."

And the next noon Gloria Swanson began feeding them. Now, I can find no one who remembers Gloria's "lily white hands" actually doing the feeding but there are many who recall dozens of cats congregating before her bungalow to receive delicate morsels of raw hamburger.

"They must remain!" Gloria ordered. "I love cats."

And with these cats began one of the greatest political battles in the history of a city and an industry where politics rule—

where politics make or unmake fortunes more rapidly than do either the national Republican or Democratic parties.

Success in politics gives President Hoover a salary of \$75,000 a year.

Success in politics gives Gloria Swanson, today, approximately, \$500,000 a year for two pictures. But if Gloria had not played her cat-cards correctly she might be making one zero rather than five. For it was with Gloria as it is with all of Hollywood's people: politics build or destroy their fame and their fortunes.

Negri was a new personality. She had been brought to this country on a calliope of international publicity. Until her arrival, Gloria had been Queen. Negri threatened her reign.

Pola was dynamic; Gloria was dynamic. Pola was sensa-



Gloria Swanson, astute veteran of the early days, knows her politics as well as her camera angles. Her historic battle with Pola Negri proved to the film world her studio shrewdness



Pola, dramatic, exotic, dynamic, and a good actress, lacked the political sixth sense which is essential to survive in Hollywood. The result: she didn't survive. Is she smarter now?



That little Mexican spitfire, Lupe Velez, may lack the political finesse of some of her contemporaries, but she has her own system with directors



As smooth as the satin she wears so well! That's La Tashman who successfully campaigned in her own behalf. A woman with sense—political sense!



The ethereal, virginal qualities of Lillian Gish seem to belie the presence of any guile in her girlish make-up, but that's the trick. Look out!

tional; Gloria was sensational. Pola was dramatic; Gloria was dramatic. They played the same type of rôles. Gloria must fight not only for her place in the arc-light of world fame but she must fight for it in studio prestige.

If Negri became the more powerful on the lot, she would get first choice of stories, directors, casts, cameramen, electricians—get the first notice from producers. Acting made comparatively little difference. With the best stories, directors, cameramen, one would seem to act as well as the other. Two people could not have *the best*, however. Gloria knew this. So did Pola.

GLORIA could not let this new rival clear the lot of cats. It would immediately establish her power—prove to all of the workers (from producers to stage sweepers) that when Pola spoke, her words were orders.

So Gloria decided to love cats.

The battle raged until Pola departed. Pola hated loud music; Gloria had a brass band play on her set—next door to Pola's. Both were invited to the famous salesmen's banquet of 1922; both waited for hours to outwit the other and gain the last and most brilliant entrance.

Gloria had the most gorgeous dressing-room on the lot; Pola maneuvered until she had Frank Woods, head scenarist, turned from his bungalow that she might move in and outlavish the Swanson headquarters. Gloria climaxed the battle by announcing she would never step foot on the lot again while Pola was there—and had herself propelled in a wheel chair to keep her promise.

And today, Lilyan Tashman is having the most elaborate dressing-room furniture possible designed for her new headquarters on the same lot! Less than a week after Tashman signed her new contract with Paramount, everyone on the lot was talking of La Tashman's "new fixings." "You must see them," half a dozen people told me.

"Not yet!" Lilyan smiled mysteriously. "I am going to have a tea. Sort of a housewarming—"

A tea for the press, of course. A tea which will impress not only the writing congregation but Paramount that Tashman is a Queen and to be given a Queen's consideration.

Lilyan would be the first to admit it, incidentally. She once told me: "Clothes are my stock in trade. Being known as the best-dressed woman has been politically important!"

Being the best-dressed woman and an adroit social entertainer!

Lilyan has, to an acute degree, that sixth sense so essential to Hollywood climbers. The *political sense!* I can call Lilyan a climber because they are all climbers. Every person in the picture profession. There are only two differentiations between them: Those who continue to mount and those who commence to slip. The one is really politically minded; the other isn't. It is exactly the same in professional politics, in the medical profession, in law, in banking or any other business.

Lilyan was a Follies girl. Her background is foggy but no foggier than that of many others. She had intelligence; she developed poise. But these attributes would not have placed her at Paramount at approximately \$1,750 a week. Meeting the right people—the people who would think *Lilyan Tashman* the moment a rôle of the Tashman type was conceived—would

She met the right people. It took years to do it. Lilyan Tashman was not accepted when she first came to this city. She has made herself accepted. Fortunately she was a capable actress and could credit the opportunities she made for herself, but being an actress could not and did not secure the opportunities for her.

And what Lilyan has done for herself, she has also done for Edmund Lowe. It is Lilyan who plans the campaigns in that family. She reads every script suggested for him; she handles his money as well as her own. Undoubtedly it was Lilyan who suggested that Edmund Lowe tell his press-agent that his salary at Fox ranged between \$3,500 and \$4,000.

TO be considered in the "big pay" is good box-office politics. It has been proved that fans like to believe that their heroes make fabulous sums of money. I believe an intimate check of the Fox payroll would show that Edmund Lowe gets a little less than \$2,500.

Social amenities are commonly political sallies in Hollywood. But they must be used craftily. I know a press-agent who begs to entertain writers. She urges them to go to the homes of clients. But immediately after such a visit, or sometimes even during it, she suggests a story centering around the person visited. That is not crafty; it is not truly politically minded. On the other hand, another representative sees that writers meet her clients—that they are amused [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 106]

One of the most interesting inside stories of Hollywood ever printed—Read it through to the end



WILLIAM FAVERSHAM, one of the old stage evergreens, told Robert Montgomery he should be tending a gas station, anything but acting. Now more people flock to the cinema to see Bob than ever heard of Mr. Faversham or read his old pal, Mr. Shakespeare

He Kept On Working

Told he wasn't an actor, Bob Montgomery set out to prove he's a good one

By James M. Kahn

SEVEN years on the stage and never in a hit was the rather forlorn record Bob Montgomery took to Hollywood with him. Not the best recommendation with which to begin a career in the talkies, but Bob stood by it with the alibi that it wasn't his fault the plays had flopped. They were bad plays.

Still there were those who didn't blame it all on the plays. William Faversham was one. He thought Montgomery was a bad actor as well, and told him so, none too kindly, in his first stage appearance.

It was in a play called "Mask in the Face," in which Faversham was interested. After witnessing the first night performance in which Montgomery played six small bits—at five dollars a bit—he wrote Bob a note, insisting he try bond selling, auto selling, even apple selling—anything but acting.

Likewise, when Montgomery, signed by Samuel Goldwyn to play opposite Vilma Banky in "This Is Heaven," reported to Al Santell, the director, Santell fired him after a couple of days, saying he didn't know how to act.

To anyone less cheerful and less confident of his own ability than Bob Montgomery, this might very well have been the final blow. But not Bob. Disregarding Santell's opinion quite as blithely as he ignored Faversham's many years before, he kept right on plugging, and today, two years after he made his first appearance in Hollywood, he is one of the M-G-M headliners, right up on the same level in fan mail, popularity

least, was something a little more romantic. Dipping up and down in the briny was adventurous and exciting, but deck handing as a career still didn't seem the right thing.

It was upon his return to New York that he was definitely set on the upward climb. He roomed with another boy his own age, Sam Janney, who has since died. Sam was an ambitious would-be playwright, who put both the acting and writing bee into Bob's

bonnet. These twin ambitions still buzz as enthusiastically in the Montgomery *chapeau* as they did when Janney first planted them there.

It was Janney who got Bob the chance to play those six bits in "Mask in the Face." Our hero played a butler, a valet, a mourner at a funeral, a guest at a party, an old man and a voice off-stage. You already know what William Faversham thought of his acting.

[PLEASE TURN
TO PAGE 110]



Remember this scene from "Untamed"? It was what started the fans clamoring for "that new leading man of Joan Crawford's." And it was Bob Montgomery's big break in the films. Now he's a star in the best Horatio Alger fashion!

and box-office appeal with Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford and other Metro stars.

His rise has been meteoric, so meteoric, in fact, that one is inclined to forget he ever knew failure. In twenty-four months in Hollywood he played in seventeen pictures and was idle only eleven working days. He is a tireless, intelligent and ambitious hard worker, which explains his present stardom. He didn't high jump to prominence with one explosive, dazzling display of genius. He isn't that kind of actor. He got there because he didn't let seven years of failure and discouragement slacken his steady, even pace. He just kept on working, and today, at twenty-seven, he has arrived.

GOING back ten years, to the foot of the hill he has successfully climbed, one sees with what stumbling steps Bob Montgomery began the slow, steady progress to his present heights.

Bob, a student at Pawling School in Pawling, New York, had just learned that his father, vice-president of a rubber company, had died and that the family fortunes were insufficient for him to continue at this fashionable school. He had to get out and work.

Like other normal boys of the prep school age—he was just seventeen—Bob's ideas of what constituted the first step towards a successful career were none too sound. He didn't know just where to turn, so he turned to the first thing at hand, which was being a mechanic's helper in a railroad yard. This job consisted in going around hitting Pullman car wheels with a hammer. He doesn't know yet what the idea was.

Then he went to work in an iron foundry. That didn't seem to be getting him anywhere, either, so he shipped as a deck hand on the Standard Oil tanker "Caddo." Here, at



V A N I T Y

"Why do actors make themselves miserable by pretending to be important?" Paul mused aloud to Camille. "No more bluff for us after this!"

By

Matt
Taylor

Illustrated
by
Everett Shinn

PAUL GRANTON twisted his way with haughty dignity through the crowded tables of Mori's, scowling as he saw his favorite corner occupied. He returned half a dozen bows with gracious smiles, condescended to chat a moment with a friend or two, and ignored with some disdain the tourists, who were there to stare at the great and near-great and to exchange shrill, giggling whispers.

Nellie, the waitress, took his cane and swank gray hat as he found a place. "Crowded again," he complained to her. "Nothing but tourists—gaping if they see an extra girl in make-up, or a character man with a beard!"

"You oughtn't to let them bother you, Mr. Granton," Nellie said, with a smile as dazzling as her golden hair. "None of 'em seem to recognize you." He looked at her sharply. He felt she had been about to say "remember you."





*Love gets involved
with camera angles
and close-ups in this
real life story of
Hollywood*

"The ox joints," he ordered gruffly, throwing aside the card. Then, with a sigh, "I don't know why I come here."

Which wasn't true, for deep down in his heart Granton knew why he was a regular at Mori's. For one thing, he came with the secret hope that the tourists would be rude enough to point and stare at him. Fifteen years ago, when he was broader of chest and narrower of waist, and when the aggressiveness of his chin and the brilliance of his smile were attained without effort, they would have crowded around his table begging autographs.

For the tired, middle-aged man with the worried circles under his eyes, and the artificially darkened hair, was *the* Paul Granton of a past movie generation. There had been a dozen "great lovers of the screen" since his day. Granton could match press clippings with most of them.

But, more practically and definitely, he came to Mori's with the hope that some of the directors and executives who lunched there would see him and give him a job. His first hope was granted occasionally; the second but rarely.

His eyes wandered coldly over the room. Camille was sitting against the wall, lunching with May Spring. Their eyes met and she smiled broadly, to show the dimples which had once made her famous. He attempted his gayest salute, and bowed to May.

He hadn't seen Camille for months, and had been wondering if she was trying vaudeville again. But after all, he mused, there was no more vaudeville—and there was no more Camille.

Not the old Camille, at any rate, who had been his leading lady and whose name had shone with his in electric lights. Her face was flabby, she had done pretty well with her figure, but the effort had brought a strained, nervous look about the eyes.

He had loved Camille when they were married seventeen years ago. He even loved her, he thought, when they were divorced fifteen years ago. But of course no man could live with a woman who had said the things Camille had said, that fatal evening after the preview. She had said, with deliberation and unmistakable sincerity: "Of all the lens hogs I ever worked with, you are the darndest!"

And approximately two minutes later she had added: "I've stood all I can! Who do you think's been putting this team over? Not you—you fifth-rate stock leading man!"

"Camille!" he had cried, dramatically. "After all I've done for you!"

"All you've done for me," she snapped back, "is grab three close-ups to my one, and back up on me in all our love scenes. The back of my neck has been photographed from every angle. And you do everything but shadow-boxing in my biggest scenes, trying to steal 'em!"

THE divorce proceedings that followed had made the front page everywhere, and he had received thousands of letters offering sympathy and advice. He and Camille had not worked together since. But they were friends again, and she had been kind when he was so sick and almost died.

He had been able, fortunately, to keep his head up and successfully bluff her. No one, much less Camille, knew how tough the sledding had been for him in recent years. She, poor thing, was trying to bluff, too—but of course he saw through it. She was clinging with a feeble hold to the outermost fringe of the movie world, and grabbing at infrequent vaudeville tours. He was sorry for her. There was, he admitted, a bit of his old Camille left as she chatted and laughed with May Spring there against the wall.

Lou Leddy, his manager, slapped him suddenly on the back and grinned down on him. "Come over to the office when you're through," he said.

Paul did not conceal his eagerness. "Ah! Something coming up?"

"Maybe," said Lou, laconically. "See you later."

Paul finished the ox joints, and wandered out on the Boulevard toward Lou's office. He hoped it was something definite this time. He wished he could make another test—in the last he had been photographed miserably, and been made to work with an inexperienced girl.

Lou was still lunching, and Paul stretched out in the red leather easy chair and waited. The office walls were a mass of framed photographs, all autographed. Everyone who had ever been in pictures, it seemed, had wished Lou luck at one time or another, and had sworn undying friendship. Paul found his own portrait—the pose where he held the pipe, lowered just

out of the mouth, and wore the open sport shirt. It had been made fifteen years ago, when Lou was just starting in the business.

Paul turned as the door opened. It was Lou, and on his arm—Camille. She stopped short as Paul rose stiffly to his feet. "Why! How—how goes it, Paul?" she asked, surprised. "I'll wait outside, Lou, as long as you're busy."

Lou shook his curly head vigorously. "Wait a minute!" he commanded. "I want to see you kiddies together."

Camille laughed lightly and seated herself, while Lou lit his cigar. Paul studied the head of his cane casually.

Lou turned to Paul and leaned on his desk. "You know R-G-U is going to make 'Ex-Convict,' the Broadway play?" he asked.

Paul nodded.

"Think you could handle the father part in it?" he asked sharply.

Paul could not conceal a sudden start. He realized it would be one of the big pictures of the year. "I—I don't see why not," he answered, successfully casual. Then, quickly: "Of course, I might have to gray up a bit for it."

"I'll wait outside," said Camille again, rising quickly.

"CAMILLE!" Lou called, sharply. "This is about you, too. Would you like that mother part?"

"Why—why—naturally," she said, unevenly, sinking back in her chair. "Can—can I get it?"

"It's a little early yet," Lou was terse, "but I've been sounding them out."

Paul studied the cane head. "Ah! And—er—their reactions?" he asked lightly.

"Unfavorable!" answered Lou sharply.

Paul arose with dignity. "I don't get the gag, Lou," he said stiffly. "Your idea of comedy is—"

"Sit down! I'm trying to help you." He paused, scowling at Paul like a lawyer who has his witness cornered. "I want to ask you something. How many pictures have you worked in, during the past four years?"

"Really, Lou!" began Paul, clearing his throat. "I don't see—"

"Maybe four," continued Lou [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 123]



Ronald Colman's personal choice in *femmes* remains a mystery but his screen heart must be blonde, so when Fay Wray was chosen for him in "The Unholy Garden," she got out the peroxide bottle and this is the result. Like it? Judging by that almost-smile upon the cynical Colman lips, Ronnie does. Three guesses what's in the note he's handing her. Only the scenario writer knows



Freed from that "ole devil" microphone, which helped to shatter her nerves, Clara Bow and Rex Bell, the broad-shouldered cowboy actor who is her present steady, are photographed as they arrived at his broad-acred ranch at Nipton, Calif.

And Clara, going platinum blonde while recuperating, seems to like the idea of having someone to cling to while the question of her future settles itself. Those slave bracelets on Rex's right and Clara's left arm look rather significant

Where Now, Clara?

Paramount sadly writes "finis" to the little Bow girl's golden days. Can she come back—or is it curtains?

TELL me, wise ones—do they ever come back?

Ask old Jim Jeffries—ask Pola Negri—ask Trotsky—ask me, and I'll shrug my shoulders. But we've got to know.

For Clara Bow, since 1925 the idol of America's jazz babies, has toppled off her pedestal.

In the fall, her slippers came off, and there were the feet of clay!

Paramount, after stupendous efforts to keep her on the wall of public favor, decided that Clara had done a complete humpty-dumpty—settled what was left of her contract—allowed Clara to go into the desert and try to patch and caulk her nervous system.

The Bow belle has had a bad fall. Can all Hollywood's horses and all Hollywood's men put poor little Clara together again? It's the one question that now agitates the ranks of the nation's cinemaniacs.

As this powerful piece is tapped off on my palatial estate at Beverly-on-Harlem, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is said to be about to take on the job of gluing up the pieces of Clara Bow.

The boys are said to figure that with

By Leonard Hall

proper handling, smart casting and a lot of road work, the Brooklyn Smudge can be made to blaze all over again.

It's a great idea and a laudable effort. So good luck all round! It may be that Metro knows the lucky numbers, and that the little fire-brand who made old fans young in '26 will set eyes a-popping in '32.

And yet—there's a horrible and

understandable suspicion that Clara's present debacle isn't a mere skid from the highway of public favor, but a headlong brodie into the deep ditch whence no stars return in full glory.

This horrid doubt wouldn't oppress us if it weren't for the fact that Paramount did everything to keep her going, save buy our way into the theaters to see her pictures.

They gave Bow every break and every chance.

B. P. Schulberg, Clara's Paramount sponsor, fought for her, tooth and nail. Through bad publicity culminating in the sad De Voe mess, through a sad succession of boy-friends, through a welter of the talkie revolution, Schulberg stayed in there punching on Clara's side. Schulberg—and the company—kept faith right up to

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 113]

THE NATIONAL GUIDE TO MOTION PICTURES

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)



★ ALEXANDER HAMILTON—Warners

A MAZING man, this Arliss!—the variety of his characterizations is something to marvel at.

Here he steps back into the sort of thing that made "Disraeli" a masterpiece—humanized portrayal of an historic figure. And here, again, Arliss breathes the warmth of life into a cold history-book character; makes him understandable, likable, sympathetic.

It is the tale of how his political enemies intrigued Hamilton into a scandal. And of how Hamilton sacrificed his personal happiness rather than his patriotic principles. Splendidly cast, it features Doris Kenyon as a charming *Betsy Hamilton* and lovely June Collyer as a woman any man—even Statesman Hamilton—would fall for. Here, too, are Washington and Jefferson, interestingly portrayed.



★ THE MIRACLE WOMAN—Columbia

YOU will recognize this as a slightly camouflaged take-off on a well-known female evangelist who has had her name in the papers a lot. It's boldly, daringly done. With its foundation of fact, and its development with plenty of melodramatic license, "The Miracle Woman" is a thrill picture that will give you a warm evening's entertainment.

Barbara Stanwyck, as *Sister Fallon*, scores another fine screen characterization. Opposite her, as the blinded war aviator who comes to scoff and falls in love with her instead, David Manners does the best work of his career, in an unusually difficult rôle. Sam Hardy and Beryl Mercer are splendid. The picture is well staged, directed, and photographed. The final thrill—the burning of the crowded tabernacle—is a fine piece of film realism.

The Shadow Stage

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

A Review of the New Pictures



★ FORBIDDEN ADVENTURE—Paramount

HERE'S one for the kids and the grownups, too. It has that same spontaneity and youthful *élan* that touched "Skippy" with magic fingers, as well as an underlying ironic theme you won't forget.

Jackie Searl and Mitzi Green, already well known to you, are the leads, but Bruce Line, a new kid, completes a perfect juvenile trio. Edna May Oliver (whose haughty sniff is as good in this as in "Cimarron") and Louise Fazenda furnish the adult laughs.

The story—it is Sinclair Lewis' "Let's Play King" considerably changed for picture purposes—deals with two child movie stars who, tired of never being allowed to play like other youngsters, run away with a boy king in London.

Norman Taurog, who directed "Skippy" held the megaphone on this. And how he makes those kids act! Their technique is perfect and while adult actors *talk* about correct tempo, the juveniles pitch in and actually achieve it.

The Hollywood stuff is a howl and take it from one who knows movie mamas, it is not entirely burlesque. You're admitted right into the inner workings of a movie lot and get the inside on how movies are made. Don't miss this entertaining picture. It's an evening well spent.

SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

The Best Pictures of the Month

FORBIDDEN ADVENTURE NIGHT NURSE
ALEXANDER HAMILTON THE MIRACLE WOMAN
AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY THE GIRL HABIT
LE MILLION THE SQUAW MAN

The Best Performances of the Month

Barbara Stanwyck in "Night Nurse"
Joan Blondell in "Night Nurse"
George Arliss in "Alexander Hamilton"
Doris Kenyon in "Alexander Hamilton"
Barbara Stanwyck in "The Miracle Woman"
David Manners in "The Miracle Woman"
Sam Hardy in "The Miracle Woman"
Phillips Holmes in "An American Tragedy"
Sylvia Sidney in "An American Tragedy"
Irving Pichel in "An American Tragedy"
Charles Ruggles in "The Girl Habit"
Bruce Line in "Forbidden Adventure"
Jackie Searl in "Forbidden Adventure"
Mitzi Green in "Forbidden Adventure"
Edna May Oliver in "Forbidden Adventure"
Louise Fazenda in "Forbidden Adventure"
Warner Baxter in "The Squaw Man"

Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 126



★ AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY—Paramount

IT doesn't matter how strictly this follows the book, the meat of it is there. Every bit of the cruel tragedy that Dreiser wrote into his story, Von Sternberg has poured into the picture. You'll probably say of it: "A great film—but I don't know whether I like it or not . . ."

There is photographic beauty that has seldom been equalled. There is a glorious cast: Phillips Holmes, Sylvia Sidney, Frances Dee, Irving Pichel, Charles Middleton—each one of whom does praiseworthy work. Directorially, Von Sternberg's wizardry is manifest always. In the suspense of the courtroom sequence, he sets new standards. "An American Tragedy" is one of the month's best pictures—artistically and technically. But it might have been better without Mr. Dreiser's interference.



★ NIGHT NURSE—Warners

A REPRESENTATIVE from another studio announced after the preview of this: "Several states will bar it. They won't have any more gangsters." All we've got to say is: we feel sorry for them. The states will be the losers. You don't get entertainment like this very often.

And it isn't Barbara Stanwyck, Joan Blondell, Ben Lyon or Clark Gable. It's the combination of them all, plus a fine story, splendid direction, humor, novelty—oh, what's the use! Drag out your pet adjectives, go see this and use 'em.

Yes, Ben Lyon's a bootlegger who knows a couple of fellows who get rid of other bootleggers. Which means "gangster," we suppose, even though he only has them bump off real villains. Barbara's a nurse who's out to clean up unethical practices of unethical physicians. You can't help but feel bootleggers are preferable to doctors who help kill tiny children for money.

There's the hospital ward, the true leveler of humanity, which evokes many a chuckle. There's the ambulance room which gives a glimpse into the pathos and the humor of emergency treatments—and a too-short glimpse of a clever young interne played by that funny boy, Eddie Nugent. And there's a whole lot more worth seeing!



★ THE GIRL HABIT—Paramount

AN uproarious farce that not only boosts Charlie Ruggles to stardom, but lets him squeeze every bit out of a hilarious part cut to his measure. As a wealthy young bachelor who has a great facility for getting himself involved with the ladies, Charlie successively gets in trouble with his fiancée, his intended mother-in-law, a lady blackmailer, her gunman husband, the police and the jail warden's wife. Everything in the way of hokum is in it, except the U. S. Marines, but adroit adapting, skillful directing and the fine acting of the entire cast lift it above the ordinary.

Donald Meek, Sue Conroy, Margaret Dumont, Allen Jenkins, Tamara Geva, Douglas Gilmore, Jerome Daley and Betty Garde splendidly support Ruggles.

It's all laughs. See it!

Here's Your Monthly Shopping List!



LE MILLION
—Tobis
Soundfilm



YOU don't have to understand French to get all the fun and flavor out of this French musical farce, a gorgeous burlesque on all other musical farces, but adept and hilarious in its own right. Two English-speaking players are ingeniously woven into the story to explain the action. Please bring Rene Clair, the director, to America to teach some of our directors. This should open their eyes.



THE SQUAW MAN
—M-G-M



THERE'S everything in this version that has been in former ones, only it is more plausibly done. Warner Baxter does a magnificent job. Lupe Velez, with scarcely a dozen words of dialogue, holds sympathy every second. Eleanor Boardman, Charles Bickford and Raymond Hatton offer excellent support. See it, no matter if you have already seen it on the stage or silent screen.

REBOUND
—RKO-Pathe



INA CLAIRE and Robert Ames do some splendid acting; the production is well directed and at times the story is funny, but somehow it just misses the big amusement class. The plot is a bit jumpy; the dialogue hard to understand in spots and the change of situations from the stage play bewildering and not an improvement. Nevertheless, the film overrides these faults and is worth seeing.

THE VIKING
—Varick
Frissell
Production



RE-TAKES on this picture cost Varick Frissell and twenty-five others their lives when an explosion destroyed their ship, "The Viking," off the coast of Labrador. There are some amazing shots of Arctic sealing, fascinating adventures on that writhing sea of ice, some grand baby seals and lots of other things for your money. But the attempt at story hampers the film considerably.

I TAKE THIS WOMAN
—Paramount



THAT wheezy old plot about the pampered society darling who falls for and marries the rugged cowhand on pappy's ranch comes alive again. But not very. Gary Cooper, looking none too well, and Carole Lombard, miscast, do their best. But when it's all over, it's just another movie. You'll get a surprise, though, seeing lovely Carole's beauty sunk as the ranch drudge-of-all-work.

THE MAN IN POSSESSION
—M-G-M



HERE'S another fast one of that new crop of naughty comedies, that depends for its lines and situations upon what happens when a strange young man and a strange young woman occupy the same apartment overnight. Some people will laugh, some will blush, and most will enjoy it. Robert Montgomery does delightfully clever work in his second starring picture. Irene Purcell is a fascinating trick.

The First and Best Talkie Reviews!

**THE NIGHT
ANGEL—
Paramount**



**SON OF
INDIA—
M-G-M**



IF this sort of thing keeps up Nancy Carroll's name at the box-office won't be worth an apple. All about a Czecho-Slovakian lass (are they lassies over there?) who is bad, just bad, until the noble district attorney comes along and helps her find herself. Fredric March is the hero and struggles pitifully with the stupid story. But it's a hard day's work and no glory. Allison Skipworth is splendid.

IF you like Romance spelled with a capital R—the kind which overcomes family, race and religious prejudices, you will enjoy this. The story is a nice little fairy tale. Ramon Novarro has never been more handsome or love-inspiring. He's an Indian who drops from riches to rags and rises to riches again. Madge Evans is delightful as the girl who believes love transcends all.

**FIVE AND
TEN—
M-G-M**



**THE
COMMON
LAW—
RKO-Pathe**



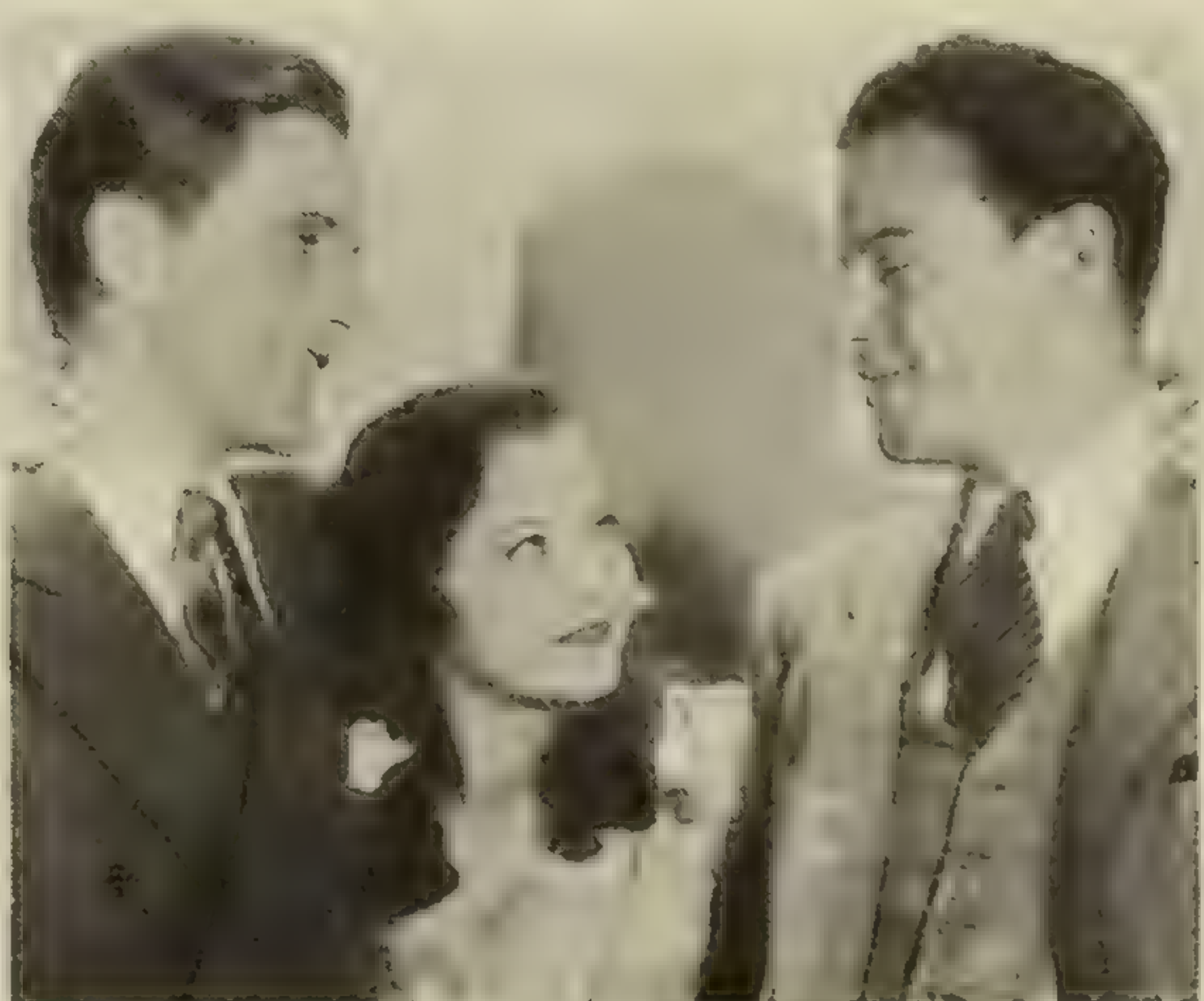
THE natural, unaffected acting makes this interesting. Marion Davies goes dramatic in splendid fashion; Leslie Howard is delightful and Irene Rich, Kent Douglass and Richard Bennett score also. The story adheres a little too strictly to the Fannie Hurst novel for movie purposes. It takes in so much that the first half is jerky. The heavy drama of the last half is better.

KEEP the kiddies away from this sophisticated yarn where the man actually decides to take a lady of easy virtue as his wife. Constance Bennett is the lady and she's easy to look at, too. Such clothes, ladies! Don't miss them. Gentlemen won't want to miss the little beneath them. A poor adaptation of Robert Chambers' best seller. Excellent acting by Bennett, Joel McCrea, Hedda Hopper and Lew Cody.

**EX-BAD
BOY—
Universal**



**CONFES-
SIONS OF A
CO-ED—
Paramount**



IF you like gag-farce, you'll get a kick out of this. Adapted from John Emerson and Anita Loos' "The Whole Town's Talking." It deals with the frantic efforts of a wealthy father to keep his daughter from marrying the gigolo type. Robert Armstrong, boob clerk, is substituted for the gigolo when daughter (Jean Arthur) discovers he's had a supposed affair with a movie actress (Lola Lane). Fine comedy acting.

SYLVIA SIDNEY as the co-ed who marries the other man in desperation because her true lover has gone away at a most awkward time. For three years, Hubby Norman Foster doesn't know the baby's not his—then Real Lover Phillips Holmes comes back. Neither very convincing, nor very good, although there are excellent moments. College atmosphere.

[ADDITIONAL REVIEWS ON PAGE 103]

\$5,000⁰⁰ in Prizes

1. Seventy cash prizes will be paid by PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, as follows:

First Prize.....	\$1,000.00
Second Prize.....	750.00
Third Prize.....	500.00
Fourth Prize.....	300.00
Fifth Prize.....	200.00
Twenty-five Prizes of \$50 each.....	1,250.00
Forty Prizes of \$25 each..	1,000.00

2. In four issues (the June, July, August and September numbers) PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE in publishing puzzle pictures of well-known motion picture actors and actresses. Eight complete puzzle pictures appear in each issue. Each puzzle picture will consist of the lower face and shoulders of one player, the nose and eyes of another, and the upper face of a third. When completed, eight portraits may be produced. \$5,000.00 in prizes, as specified in rule No. 1, will be paid to the persons sending in the nearest correctly named and most neatly arranged set of thirty-two portraits.

3. Do not submit any solutions or answers until after the fourth set of puzzle pictures has appeared in the September issue. Completed puzzle pictures must be submitted in sets of thirty-two only. Identifying names should be written or typewritten below each assembled portrait. At the conclusion of the contest all pictures should be sent to PICTURE PUZZLE EDITORS, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill. Be sure that your full name and complete address is written on, or attached to, your entry; that your entry is securely packed to guard against damage in transit; and that it carries sufficient postage to avoid delay.

Read the Rules Carefully Before Starting Work

4. Contestants can obtain help in solving the puzzle pictures by carefully studying the poems appearing below the pictures in each issue. Each eight-line verse refers to the two sets of puzzle pictures appearing directly above it. The six-line verse applies generally to the four sets on that page. Bear in mind that it costs absolutely nothing to enter this contest. Indeed, the contest is purely an amusement. You do not need to be a subscriber or reader of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE to compete. You do not have to buy a single issue. You may copy or trace the pictures from the originals in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE and assemble the pictures from the copies. Copies of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE may be examined at the New York and Chicago offices of the publication, or at public libraries, free of charge.

5. Aside from accuracy in completing and identifying puzzle pictures, neatness and originality in contestants' methods of submitting solutions will be considered in awarding prizes. The thirty-two puzzle pictures, or their drawn duplicates, when completed, must have the name of the player written or typewritten below.

6. The judges will be a committee of members of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE's staff. Their decision will be final. No relatives or members of the household of anyone connected with this

publication can submit solutions. Otherwise, the contest is open to everyone everywhere.

7. In the case of ties for any of the prizes offered the full amount of the prize tied for will be given to each tying contestant.

8. The contest will close at midnight on September 20th. All solutions received from the time the fourth set of pictures appears to the moment of midnight on September 20th will be considered by the judges. No responsibility in the matter of mail delays or losses will rest with PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. Send your answers as soon as possible after the last set of puzzle pictures appears in the September issue, which will be for sale on the newsstands on or about August 15th. The prize winners will be announced in the January, 1932, issue of PHOTOPLAY.

9. Because of the time and labor required to re-pack and re-ship thousands of entries, it will be impossible to return any of them. They will be sent to hospitals and orphanages to gladden the hearts of sick and homeless children.

Suggestions Contestants should study the poems appearing in connection with the puzzle pictures. These are the indicators for identifying the contest puzzle pictures and winning prizes.

It is suggested that contestants merely pin their solutions together until the four sets of pictures are complete. This will permit the shifting and changing about of pictures as the contest progresses—and will give time for lengthy consideration and study.

Each puzzle picture is a portrait of a well-known motion picture actor or actress.

70 Readers Must Win

Follow the Arrows





HERE is Warners contribution to the Dietrich-Garbo glamor school. The name is Lil Dagover. Do the legs remind you of Frau Dietrich's? Lil is a dramatic star from Germany. She was in Hollywood four years ago, but didn't make a picture. She's been studying English and has now joined the studio foreign legion

This Way to Puzzles



Turn Over

Photoplay Magazine's New \$5,000.00 Puzzle Contest



Upper

The hair was with Wayburn, a dancer was she;
The eyes—despite protest—eloped.
The mouth is a blonde, but of Spanish descent,
By Cupid she's never been roped.

Lower

The hair had a part in a Bessie Love hit,
The eyes had a short stage career,
The mouth knew applause when she was but a tot,
And she went to a convent, we hear!

Upper

The hair in the stronghold of Mormons was born,
The eyes may be married by now,
The mouth's a New Yorker, she went there to school—
And in "Cheri Bibi" she's a wow!

Lower

The hair had for parents a vaudeville team,
The eyes—wide and blue—came from Flushing;
The mouth played in "Irene," and "Yes, Yes, Yvette"—
We can say she is good, without blushing!

RESUME

Three girls are quite blonde, and all four have light eyes,
In the talkies they seem to be set.
Three came from the stage, and one right from school,
And each might be called a safe bet!
Two use their right names, and two of them do not—
And, oh, what we'd give for the future they've got!

Complete Rules for Competition Appear on Page 60



Upper

The hair came from England, he looks the part, too—
The eyes have two boys and a girl.
The mouth played in stock for no less than twelve years,
Then he gave New York theaters a whirl!

Lower

The hair went to night school, he learned a lot there—
The eyes got his learning in college;
The mouth broke our hearts in a play of the war,
He'd the greatest war rôle, to our knowledge.

Upper

The hair was a part of an orchestra, once;
The eyes have a girl and a boy;
The mouth is in pictures just over three years—
And his work has brought fame, and much joy.

Lower

The hair plays the banjo, also the guitar;
The eyes are quite new to film fame—
The mouth wrote short stories ere he was a star,
And the London stage thrilled to his name

RESUME

Three of them are married, and one's un-engaged;
Just one of the four has dark eyes
And two are old timers, as screen matters go—
And two've had a quite recent rise
Two of them have children—and (this is a riddle!)
Two come from a state that is high in the middle



DOES this smart young woman look high hat to you? Mrs. Joan Crawford Fairbanks is not the same girl she was when she came to Hollywood. The colony accuses her of being ritzy. On the opposite page you'll find a story that tells you how this idea grew. But nothing stops Joan's remarkable journey to success

Why They Said Joan Was "High Hat"

IF she had been a great dramatic star on Broadway and had come to Hollywood with a blare of publicity ballyhoo it never would have happened. Joan Crawford could have been herself—the self she is now—without any of those comments one hears, "Yes, Joan has gone 'high hat.'" First it was her marriage to young Doug that went to her head and now it's her success as a dramatic actress. Who does she think she is—Garbo or somebody?"

But Joan came to Hollywood as obscure as a producer's story idea. She was plump, gauche, shy and ill at ease. Her chorus experience—the only theatrical training she had had—served only to give her a hard boiled veneer and an easy manner that was not her own. Joan is a Hollywood product. If ever a girl has been through all the phases of a career this amazing girl has.

I have now, somewhere in my desk, funny little notes from the old Joan that would give you an insight into the Crawford who was. There is one very pitiful one, written to me on Christmas Eve, on the back of an envelope and sent over by a prop boy from her set. "Everybody is so happy," Joan scribbled, "I feel as if I'm no part of it. What makes me unhappy? Why can't I enter into the fun they're all having?"

That was many, many years ago.

Strangely enough, Joan *told* me the superficial things. She *wrote* the things that were near her heart. She seemed to feel some need of expressing herself on paper. She could talk by the hour of her newest boy friend, of her financial troubles, of her chance—maybe—at a good part, but her struggles to adjust herself to life, of the keen misery that was always within her, even when she was most gay—these things she wrote. Just a few lines, between scenes or in her dressing-room or the studio commissary.

SHE met life, you see, unequipped. Doyouremember her when she was Lucille Le Sueur? You do remember, of course, all the un-wanted but not unwarranted publicity she received then. Joan—the dancing girl, the hey-hey Charleston kid who haunted the night clubs and bore from them a silver dancing cup or a sleek-haired sheik with equal ease and with just pride in the winning thereof.

Joan was all gayety and life and movement—to the outside. She had no smallest notion of self containment. If you asked her for an autographed picture and had known her for only half an hour she would write in her strong girlish hand, "To the sweetest, dearest boy in the world—With all my love." Now

Here's an object lesson
from real life that should
help any girl struggling
against odds

By Katherine Albert

she wishes that she might recall all this as a publisher may recall an inaccurate book.

Joan was always in a mess. Mike Cudahy — a handsome young cad who danced with Joan and called her endearing words and dragged her name, along with his own, over the scandal sections of the newspapers. Jimmy Hall—another youngster who called her constantly and 'squired her around to all the smart places. The boys on the set, the boys she met at parties. She was named as co-respondent in a couple of divorces. And upon both occasions Joan was the innocent victim of those endearing and meaningless scrawls across her photographs. One of the men was an unprepossessing set musician to whom she had given a handsome sweater for Christmas. She had made a gift to everybody on her set.

She was always lavish with money. In those days she was always drawing ahead of her salary, seldom able to pay her bills and yet, when she was in the most desperate financial circumstances, she gave an elaborate luncheon party at the then smart Montmartre for twenty girl friends—to celebrate her birthday.

EVERYTHING she did was printed in the papers. Her quarrel with her mother, her escapades with her then intimate friend Shirley Dorman, her romances. Joan was not "taken up socially" in the colony. She was considered a little ex-chorus girl with a pair of swell legs.

And yet—if you were at all discerning you could look into those great eyes and know that Joan wanted something more of life than she was getting in a Charleston contest. But who'd believe her—who'd believe she was anything but a dumb, crazy kid who got herself into a lot of jams?

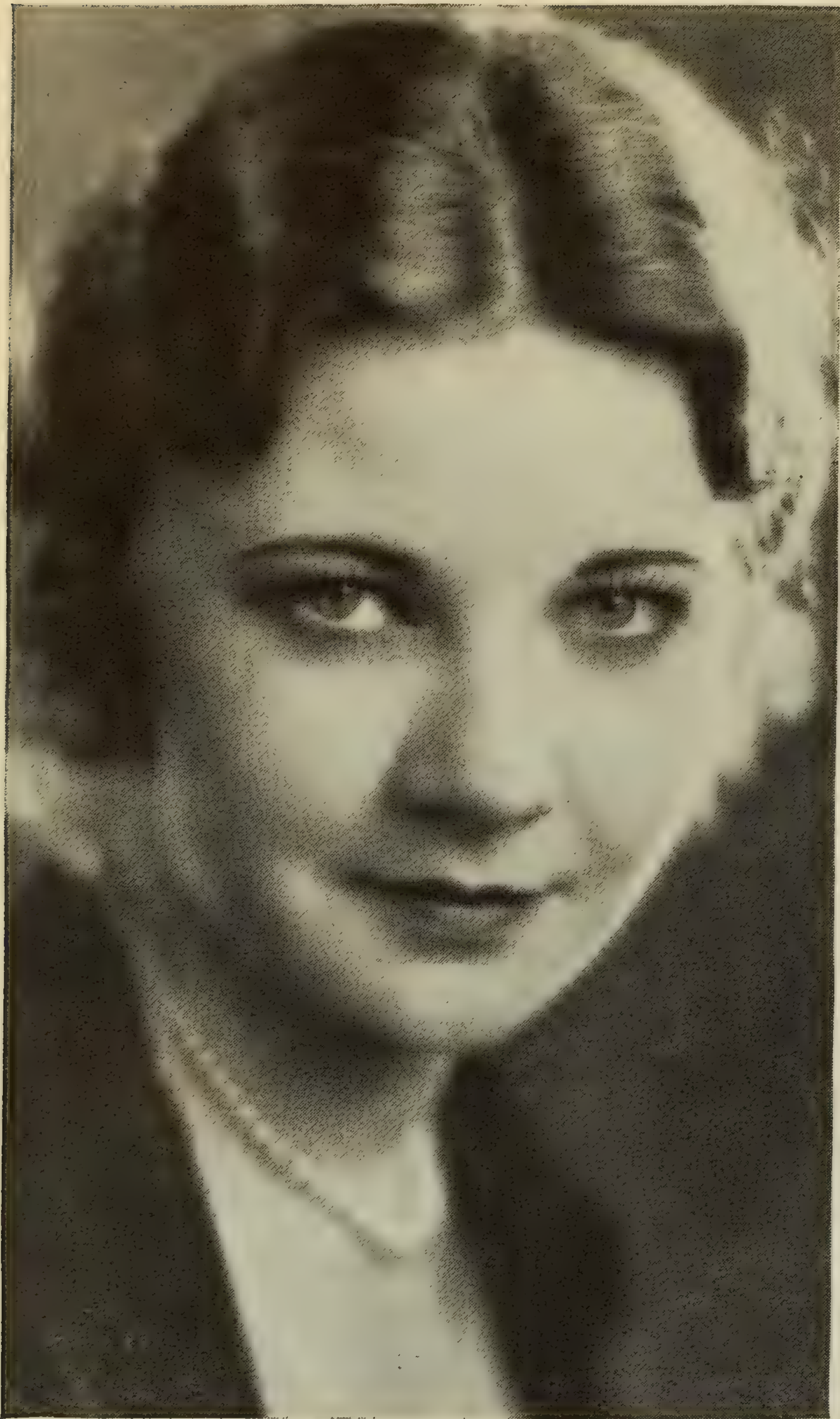
But there was one person who did believe her. There was one eye who saw the deep, latent powers of the girl, the fine, uncultivated brain she had. He is a little man, known in Hollywood for his eccentricities and his unfailing habit of finding miserable glamorous women to help. His name is Paul Bern and he was, at the time, an associate producer at M-G-M. He knew that Joan was miserable and he began the awakening of her mind—a task that Doug Fairbanks, Jr., carried on and that Joan, herself, is completing. Without Paul—who played seemingly so slight a part and yet such a truly important one in her life—Joan would not have been ready for the love she eventually lavished upon young Doug.

Paul taught her things
[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 112]



"The Charleston Champ" of Hollywood. Joan and some of the cups she won at dancing contests when she first struck Hollywood

Two Ladies Who



Una began her film career as one of those starry-eyed heroines, but somebody remembered that she was really a comedienne, so instead of crying with her you can laugh at her now. Praise be!

THREE rousing cheers and a couple of first class huzzahs! D. W. Griffith, the old maestro, has been cheated. Oh, he cast a wistful eye upon the gal but she escaped his saccharine clutch. The world has lost a Gish. But boy, oh boy, it's got a comedienne. Which is what this country needs.

In case you hadn't heard, I'm talking about Una Merkel. And to show you just what Fate can hold for a girl with blonde hair and blue eyes—she was almost a dreamy heroine, pursued and suffering. (And how a gal who looks like that could have suffered!)

If Una had happened in silent film days nothing would have stopped Griffith. But honestly, a woman who talks like the

Una Merkel was snatched from "Ole Massa" Griffith who thought she was a second Gish

By Jeanne North

Merkel just couldn't be a Gish. She comes from Covington, Kentucky, and she sounds it. Fancy her saying to the hero, "Now jus' you listen heah, I cahn't go on." That's how Una talks and so instead of a wan, pale lily of a woman, we have a swell laugh-getter and may all the gods of the drama be praised.

Here's how it almost happened. Eight years ago Una was in a dramatic school. She was tall, fair, slim as a willow, with hair like spun gold and eyes blue as a Mediterranean sky. One day a producer came to the school. He looked at Una. He suddenly remembered that he was going to make a picture starring Lillian Gish and he cast her immediately in the prologue, but when it came time for shooting she was given another part to run through the entire picture and she was also assigned to be Gish's understudy. That in itself is enough to ruin any girl who looked like Una did then. The Gish influence got her—and got her right, but Fate stepped in and the picture was never released.

DURING the days while they were working it was the habit of D. W. Griffith to come on the set and watch the shooting. He watched Una and I know he could visualize her in a big scene with a sleek, moustached villain. But something kept him from his deadly purpose.

In the due course of time and tide Una grew up and went on the stage. There, of course, she was allowed to work out her own salvation and to be the comedienne she should have been, but again she was threatened. She happened to go to a studio where tests of some of the Broadway lights were being done. And who should be making those tests but D. W. Griffith? Griffith stopped right in the middle of work to look at Una. His eyes lit up.

"Ah-ha," said he to himself. And again, "Ah-ha. Why, she'll be lovely in gauze and a black eye." So he asked her to have a test. There wasn't much time so Una went before the camera

without make-up. But she took the test.

After that she went back to the stage and kept on being a comedienne until there came a telegram from United Artists Studio asking her to come West at once and play *Ann Rutledge* in Griffith's "Abraham Lincoln."

She left the stage and arrived in Hollywood. She was given a contract. She worked for Griffith and the studio began making still pictures of her with maline around her head and a soulful look in her eyes. She was all dewy and forgiving. You know the type—the Griffith type. When they talked about her, little tears trickled down cheeks. She was going Gish and going fast.

It didn't help any when she was [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 105]

Make You Laugh

The face that launched
a thousand laughs even
if Edna May Oliver did
come from Boston to
show it

By Harry Lang

IT took Lon Chaney a Thousand Faces to become immortal. It takes Edna May Oliver only one—and that's her own.

Of course, you know Miss Oliver. The moment you looked at the picture that accompanies this story, you recognized her. That face . . .! You saw it in "Cimarron," of course, and now you're going to see it starred in a series of other Radio Pictures, the first of which will be "Fannie Foley Herself"—all in Technicolor.

But there may be a lot of things about Edna Oliver—off-screen—that you don't know and would like to.

You probably don't know, for instance, that off-screen she's almost exactly like what she is on-screen! That inescapable face is there—and Miss Oliver knows it. She's gotten used to it.

Besides, even in off-screen conversation, that nose-twisting sniff is there, too. When you or I might emphasize a conversational point with a wave of the hand, or a lift of the eyebrow, Edna May Oliver does it by squeegeeing her nose leftwards, lifting the left side of her lips and sniffing mightily. You know the gesture—you've seen and heard it on the screen. It's her own mannerism. And she's getting afraid of it!

"YES, I know I do it a great deal," she says. "I know that people are beginning to expect it when they see me walk into a scene. But I don't want them to. I'm trying to get away from that sniff. It'll be fatal if I don't. When people know what to expect from you, it's fatal."

So, fans, you may expect to bid the Oliver sniff good-bye. If you want it to stay on the screen, better write her!

Edna May Oliver, herself, is a rather tallish woman, with a decidedly comfortable manner. She lives alone—save for a devoted maid that's been with her for years—in a house off the beaten track in Hollywood.

It's the first home she's ever had since she took to acting—and she's more than revelling in it.

She was born in Boston, and because she had a remarkable voice as a child, had dreams of the operatic stage as a career. Even Edna May Oliver's face wouldn't have halted that, because opera is opera. But it was halted, nevertheless, by economic circumstances. After getting a fair start in open air opera in New England, financial reverses scrapped her plans for voice study in Europe and forced her to join up with a dramatic stock company in Boston. Good-bye opera!

Because, good singer though she was, she proved a better actress. And so it came about that there ensued a series of stage successes that lifted her from the obscurity of Boston stock to the eminence of New York's comedy favorite. "Cradle Snatchers" and "Show Boat," perhaps, were her two out-



One guess. Who is this here lady above? She earns a pretty penny for sniffing at folks and there's no better sniffer in Hollywood, where in private life there are some champion sniffers

standing hits on the stage. For three solid years she bossed the "Show Boat" as *Parthy Ann Hawks*. Ever see her?

And that brings us to pictures. Naturally, with talkies raiding the audible stage, Edna May Oliver got her share of attention. In Chicago, one day, she got a wire from William LeBaron, Radio Pictures' head.

"How much will you take to sign with Radio?" it asked, in effect.

"So I wired back what I wanted, and LeBaron wired back 'nothing doing!' " she narrated. So she stayed on the stage some more.

A long time later, he wired again. This time her figure was different. And LeBaron wired [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 104]



YOU'VE never seen Dolores look better, have you? She is completely recovered from her recent illness, very much in love with her husband, signed on a long term contract and there's no place for a jinx in the gorgeous modernistic home that Cedric Gibbons designed for his bride

Dolores *vs.* the Jinx

Tragedy played the leading rôle in Del Rio's life, but Dolores does the starring now

By Katherine Albert

INTO the years of the brief life of Dolores Del Rio there have been crowded the glamour and drama, the madness and tragedy, the emotion and fire of a hundred glittering women.

The sensational high points of her life have leaped out at you from a thousand newspapers. She has been accused of:

Breaking her husband's heart, thereby causing his death.

Being responsible for the divorce of Edwin Carewe and his wife, Mary Akin.

Providing the incentive for a duel between Carewe and her husband, Jaime Del Rio, which was never fought.

Sending Lila Lee to a sanatorium because she won the heart of her sweetheart.

Poisoning a wife's mind against her husband and thereby causing a separation. (Attorney Gunther R. Lessing and wife.)

Being unkind and ungracious to her fellow countrywoman, Lupe Velez.

So devastatingly fascinating Cedric Gibbons that he neglected his most loyal and dependable friend, Aileen Pringle.

And every charge one hundred per cent wrong!

These are but some of the charges made against Dolores Del Rio, whose fantastic career has been woven into the pattern of Hollywood.

Several months ago she was through in Hollywood. And this occurred at a dramatic moment, as everything has occurred to her, just after her gay wedding to Cedric Gibbons. There were three staccato events. She married Cedric Gibbons.

A few weeks later she became seriously ill. One month and three days after that she was without the famous United Artists contract that had brought her \$9,000 a week while she was working. Her picture, "The Dove," was scheduled to start before she became ill. And it was on the eve of the shooting that doctors told her to remain in bed.

There was a clause in her contract which provided that if she should be away from the studio for one month for whatever cause at all, the contract was automatically null. They gave her three extra days. One month and three days—and she had no more contract than a bearded lady has sex appeal.

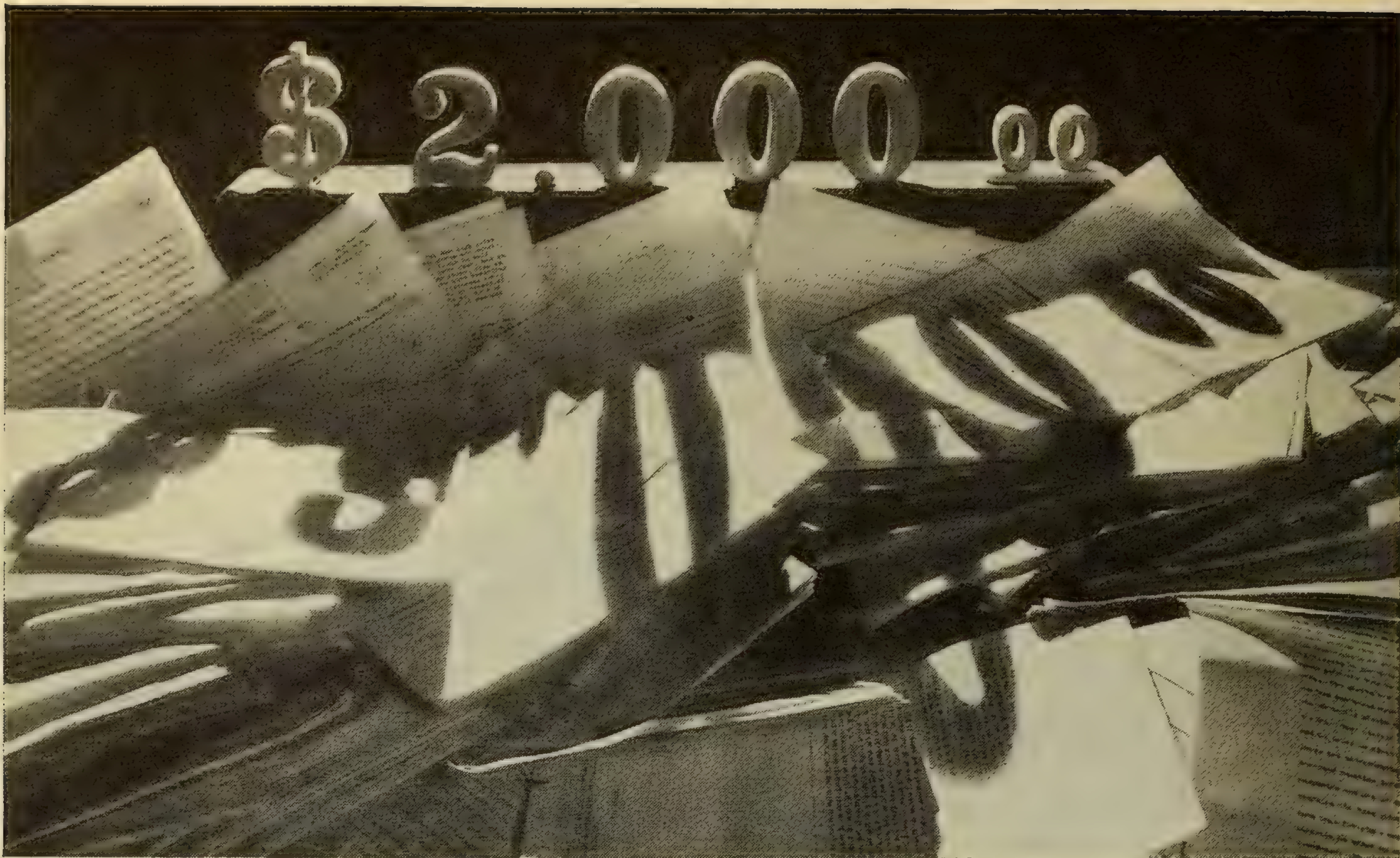
The time dragged on. Dolores was through—washed up—finished. She was also ill, disheartened, discouraged. Gay parties were given—but she was not among the group. Occasionally someone asked, "What's happened to Dolores Del Rio." And someone suddenly remembered, "Oh, she's ill." And the usual line followed, "I think she's pretty well washed up in pictures."

A few weeks ago came the announcement that Dolores Del Rio had signed a long-term contract with Radio Pictures and that her first film will be the ill-fated picture, "The Dove."

Now the inside newshounds were ready to peddle their vicarious information. Rubbing their hands in glee, they announced that United Artists and Sam Goldwyn were delighted with the deal. In one lucky stroke they had rid themselves of a star whose last picture, [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 102]



A detailed view of the second floor living room in the Del Rio-Gibbons modernistic mansion. That bookcase upon which Dolores is reclining is a davenport in disguise and what looks like a counter in the foreground is the rail of a secret stairway leading to the boudoir. Tricky?



Story Contest Judging Begins

THE appearance of this issue of PHOTOPLAY marks the close of the PHOTOPLAY-Warner Bros. contest for picture story ideas to fit the title of "Beauty and the Boss," as well as the deadline for all manuscripts competing for the \$2,000 prizes offered.

As specified in the rules, midnight of July 15 was the closing hour of the contest. All manuscripts received at the office of PHOTOPLAY after that time will not be considered. The competition is over.

What remains now is the vastly important task of judging the thousands of stories that have been received since the contest opened on May 15, and finding the winner, or winners, of the \$2,000 checks offered.

This is a gigantic task, for the response to this opportunity by amateur picture story writers assumed unexpected proportions. Stories came in from all over the country, and from European countries as well. We received manuscripts written in French, German and Spanish, and while most of the writers fashioned their stories around the suggested title of "Beauty and the Boss," there were hundreds with other titles that covered a wide variety of situations and settings.

Despite the great number of stories that were submitted, the greatest care will be exercised in reading and judging them. Every manuscript entered in the contest will be given a careful and thorough reading. Contestants are assured that their stories will be read from beginning to end—every one of them.

Because of the time and consideration that will be given to the reading and judging of the stories, the announcement of the winners may be delayed for a month or more. Accordingly, we ask all those who have sent stories to be patient. Every effort will be made to announce the winners as soon as possible, but the judging will not be completed until every story has been carefully read.

Thousands of stories, submitted for \$2,000 prize, being read by judges, who will name winners soon

While awaiting the decision of the judges, we ask those who have submitted stories not to write in to ask what decision has been made about their individual manuscripts. Future announcements will tell you all this. Every possible amount of speed will be utilized in completing this huge task and to tell you what you are

anxious to know as soon as possible, but the judges cannot undertake to engage in correspondence with those who have sent in stories.

If your story fails to win one of the prizes, PHOTOPLAY cannot return it. You probably know this because it was plainly set forth in the rules of the contest every month. There are far too many stories to make such an undertaking practicable, much as we would like to do it.

THE rights to these unsuccessful stories, however, still belong to their authors. A great many writers, confused on this point, have written in to ask if Warner Bros. still have the rights to their stories even though they don't win a prize.

All stories accepted by Warner Bros. will be paid for at the rate of \$2,000 each.

The rights to the unsuccessful manuscripts will automatically revert back to their authors as soon as the announcement of the winners is made.

In the judging of the manuscripts no one but the judges and those assisting them will read the stories. Every story will be read and judged on its merits, and the decision of the judges will be final.

And now, we ask you again to be patient until the announcement of the winners is made.

PHOTOPLAY appreciates that you are anxious to know if your story was successful, and will make every effort to give you the answer quickly.

"Elegance is the new watchword"



BRIDE OF A GRANDSON OF THE LATE MR. AND MRS. POTTER PALMER... THE FORMER SEÑORITA EUGENIA MARTINEZ DE HOZ

says *M^{RS} POTTER D'ORSAY PALMER*

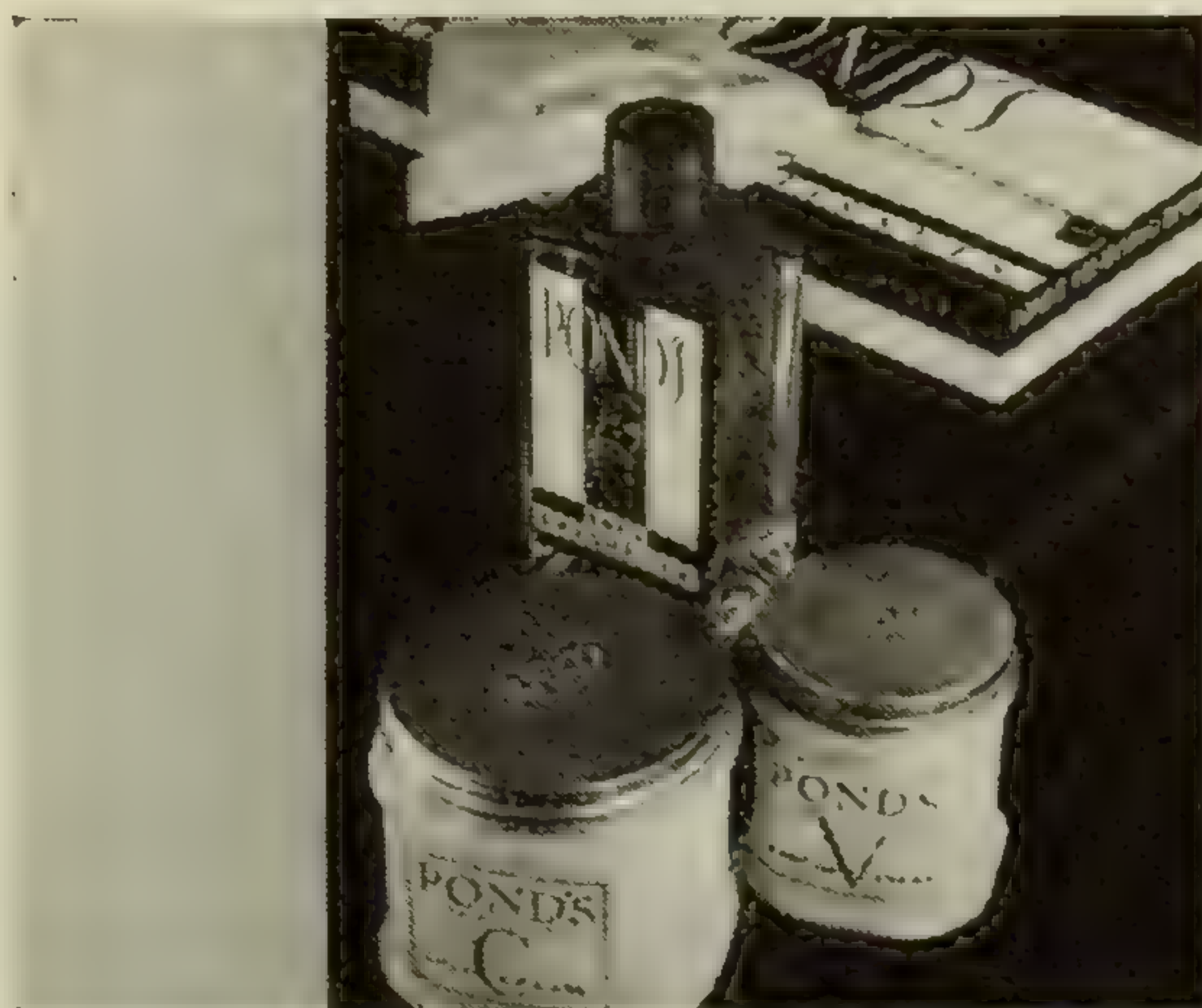
A SPANISH BLONDE! Velasquez would have thrilled to paint her... imagine the exotic charm of clear pale olive skin with golden hair and amber eyes...

She is the captivating young bride of a grandson of the late Potter Palmer, famous in Chicago history... and her elegant distinction recalls that of the celebrated Mrs. Potter Palmer, who ruled as arbiter of Chicago society some two generations ago.

Fresh from Paris on her recent first visit to America, with trunks and trunks full of chic frocks and hats, and all the rest of a trousseau in the grand manner, Mrs. Palmer talked of fashions, of beauty care in France.

She summed it up in one vivid phrase. "Elegance," she said, "is the new watchword. More than ever, women are groomed with fastidious attention to detail."

"But your wonderful skin?" we asked. "How do you ever keep it so smooth and fine of texture?"



POND'S EASY WAY TO A LOVELY SKIN

"Daily treatment!" replied Mrs. Palmer, with her flashing smile. "Yes, that's all-important, but it's really very simple... for Pond's four preparations are all one needs to keep one's complexion exquisite."

Follow the four steps of Pond's Method:

1—Amplify apply Pond's Cold Cream for pore-deep cleansing, several times daily, always after exposure. Let the fine oils sink into the pores and float all the dirt to the surface. At bed-

time, repeat this all-important cleansing to remove the day's accumulation of grime.

2—Wipe away with Pond's Cleansing Tissues, softer, more absorbent. White or peach color.

3—Pat cleansed skin briskly with Pond's Skin Freshener to brace and tone, banish oiliness, close and reduce enlarged pores.

4—Always before you powder, smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream to make the powder go on more evenly and last longer. This disguises any little blemishes in your skin and forms a wonderful protection from sunburn. Use this exquisite Vanishing Cream not only on your face but wherever you powder—neck, shoulders, arms. And it is marvelous to keep your hands soft and white!

Tune in on Pond's Friday evenings 9.30 P.M. E.D.S.T. Leo Reisman and his Orchestra. WEA and N.B.C. Network.

SEND 10¢ FOR POND'S 4 PREPARATIONS
POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. V
114 Hudson Street New York City

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Address _____

City _____ State _____

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NAZIMOVA

"I am

NAZIMOVA

Who would guess looking at these recent photographs that she is over 40! More fascinating than ever she seems, this star who won early stage fame in *The Doll's House*, became a favorite of the screen in such hits as *Salome*, and returned to the stage recently in *The Cherry Orchard*.



SAYS,

over 40 years old!"

*Famous stage and screen star declares
years need not rob you of Youth*

"ONLY the woman who *looks* it is afraid to admit her age," says Nazimova. "But I am proud of mine—look at me—I am over forty!"

"It is easy to be lovely at sixteen, but to be still lovelier at forty . . . well, that is easy, too, if a woman is wise! Actresses rarely look their age, you notice. Like me, they guard their complexions with Lux Toilet Soap.

"It is a marvel, that soap. For years I have been faithful to it—and my skin is so soft, so smooth. A woman's age is not the measure of her charm—oh, no."

Nazimova is only one of countless, perpetually youthful stage and screen stars who use Lux Toilet Soap to guard complexion beauty.

In Hollywood, actually 605 of the 613 important screen actresses use this fragrant white soap regularly.

Well does the beautiful *Nazimova* know how unimportant birthdays can be. She says: "A woman's age is not the measure of her charm—oh, no."



Lux Toilet Soap—10¢



VOTE!

The PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal balloting is on! Send yours in—now!

VOTE now for the best picture of 1930.

As a true lover of motion pictures, and as one interested in their continued improvement, it is your duty, as well as pleasant privilege, to help award the PHOTOPLAY Medal of Honor, which is the highest and most coveted of all motion picture awards.

This is the eleventh time this notable prize will be awarded, and a distinguished tradition has been built up behind it. The ten previous winners were worthy recipients of the Medal, and we want every member of the great motion picture public to take part in selecting a picture that will take its place beside the honored films of the past. A list of previous winners will be found printed on this page.

Like moving pictures themselves, the PHOTOPLAY Medal of Honor has grown in importance, until today it is the highest award in the industry. It has come to be a milestone along the road of motion picture progress, and from the time of the first award to "Humoresque," in 1920, it has encouraged fine achievements on the screen.

Last year marked the first time that this honor was bestowed on a talking picture. It was awarded to "Disraeli." Since then the motion picture screen has become practically all talkie, and your vote in awarding the medal this year will also be a stamp of approval on the advancement made in this new field of screen endeavor.

IN voting, strive to leave personalities out of your consideration. Consider not only the acting, but the story, the direction, and the spirit behind the making of the film. By considering every phase of a picture, you give the producer your answer to his efforts.

For your convenience, you will find a ballot printed on this page. In addition, you will find a list of fifty pictures released during 1930 to help you in making your selections. You are not, of course, limited to voting for a picture on this list. Vote for any picture of 1930 that you feel is entitled to the award.

The PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal of Honor is of solid gold, weighing 123½ pennyweights, and is two and a half inches in diameter. Each medal is made and designed by Tiffany and Company, of New York. You will find a reproduction of it also printed on this page.

Remember that PHOTOPLAY's award is made on *your* choice. It will help to encourage the making of better pictures for *you*. You can do that by filling out the ballot and mailing it to us—*now*.

Winners of Photoplay Medal

1920

"Humoresque"

1921

"Tol'able David"

1922

"Robin Hood"

1923

"The Covered Wagon"

1924

"Abraham Lincoln"

1925

"The Big Parade"

1926

"Beau Geste"

1927

"7th Heaven"

1928

"Four Sons"

1929

"Disraeli"

Photoplay Medal of Honor Ballot

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

221 W. 57th Street, New York City

In my opinion the picture named below is the best motion picture production released in 1930.

NAME OF PICTURE

Name _____

Address _____

Fifty Pictures Released in 1930

<i>Abraham Lincoln</i>	<i>Free and Easy</i>	<i>Old English</i>
<i>All Quiet on the Western Front</i>	<i>General Crack</i>	<i>Outward Bound</i>
<i>Animal Crackers</i>	<i>Green Goddess, The</i>	<i>Rogue Song, The</i>
<i>Anna Christie</i>	<i>Grumpy</i>	<i>Romance</i>
<i>Big House, The</i>	<i>Hell's Angels</i>	<i>Sarah and Son</i>
<i>Big Trail, The</i>	<i>Holiday</i>	<i>Seven Days' Leave</i>
<i>Case of Sergeant Grisha, The</i>	<i>Journey's End</i>	<i>Song o' My Heart</i>
<i>Caught Short</i>	<i>King of Jazz</i>	<i>So This Is London</i>
<i>Check and Double Check</i>	<i>Ladies of Leisure</i>	<i>Street of Chance</i>
<i>Common Clay</i>	<i>Laughter</i>	<i>Tom Sawyer</i>
<i>Dawn Patrol, The</i>	<i>Let Us Be Gay</i>	<i>Unholy Three, The</i>
<i>Devil May Care</i>	<i>Lummock</i>	<i>Vagabond King, The</i>
<i>Devil's Holiday, The</i>	<i>Manslaughter</i>	<i>White Hell of Pitz Palu</i>
<i>Divorcee, The</i>	<i>Men Without Women</i>	<i>Whoopce</i>
<i>Doorway to Hell, The</i>	<i>Min and Bill</i>	<i>With Byrd at the South Pole</i>
<i>Feet First</i>	<i>Moby Dick</i>	<i>Young Man of Manhattan</i>
	<i>Monte Carlo</i>	
	<i>Office Wife, The</i>	

COLGATE'S toothpaste has healthfully and completely cleansed more people's teeth than any other toothpaste the world has ever known.

COLGATE'S has been more universally recommended by dentists through the years than any other dentifrice ever made.

COLGATE'S now—climaxing 30 years of leadership—has been accepted by the American Dental Association, Council on Dental Therapeutics. The seal signifies that the composition of the product has been submitted to the Council and that the claims have been found acceptable to the Council.

COLGATE'S sells for 25 cents because more people use it than any other make. The price is important—but the quality, not the price, has held Colgate leadership for 30 years.

25c



See if the seal of acceptance is on the toothpaste you buy





"From the Manger to the Cross," made by the old Kalem Company in 1912, won world-wide fame for R. Henderson Bland, a young English actor, for his portrayal of Christ. It was made in Palestine and was directed by Sidney Olcott



A recent portrait of Capt. Henderson Bland. The deeds of a warrior he performed in the British army from 1914 to 1918 are a far cry from his sympathetic portrayal of the gentle Man of Galilee just a few years before

Back After 17 Years

BROADCASTING over the radio now, and soon to be on his way to Hollywood, is a remarkable personality who has played many rôles in life, rôles as far apart and as contrasting in dramatic lights and shadows as are day and night.

Poet, actor, playwright, journalist, art critic, champion swordsman, soldier, radio speaker, director of the Poets' Club of London, representative of the Ypres League in America, he has crowded into his two score years the activities and energies of ten average men.

He has made arrangements to appear in one picture and if he likes the work, and, he adds, if the work likes him, he may continue on as a picture actor.

HE is a picture pioneer. Away back in 1912 he played the rôle of *Christ* in Sidney Olcott's (then epic) production of "From the Manger to the Cross." Of his work in that picture, which was shown all over the civilized world and is still being shown, the famous Dean of St. Paul's Church of London, the Rev. William Inge, said: "Nothing, not even the Passion Play of Oberammergau, brought home to my mind the realities of the life and work of Jesus as did Mr. Henderson Bland's picture." So it must have been good, for Dean Inge is not usually so enthusiastic.

Yet two years later the man who enacted the rôle of the *Christus* with such feeling that it evoked this high praise from a famous churchman, went into the bloody work of the most terrible massacres the world has ever known, with all that was

in him. He wrote a poem on the Sea of Galilee which is a thing of great spiritual and reverential beauty. And a few years later, on the battlefield of Festubert, he wrote one of the finest poems inspired by the war, one that has made that field of carnage and death a hallowed spot.

He was a captain in a famous regiment that has to its credit more battle flags than any regiment which engaged in the World War. It was part of the Fifth British Army that was so thoroughly decimated in the fierce fighting of the first two years when the British were throwing every ounce of their strength into the struggle to keep the Germans from capturing the rail-heads and Channel ports. Of his own original company of two hundred men, twelve men survived.

HE received his early dramatic training as a youthful member of Sir Herbert Tree's company, and it was while he was playing there that Sidney Olcott, the director, chose him as the man he wanted to play the central rôle of his picture of the life of Christ. Strangely enough, it was while he was making this film that he had his first taste of fighting. The distrustful natives waylaid the picture company and they had to fight their way to safety.

Henderson Bland is six feet, one, and has much of the quiet British personality that made Percy Marmont such a favorite until, financially secure in life, Mr. Marmont decided to retire to the life of an English gentleman on his modest estate in Surrey.

It's time you knew the *truth* about soaps you use on your face

Palmolive tells you, willingly . . . it is made of olive and palm oils—no other fats whatsoever!

YOUR complexion is priceless. Don't expect it to remain lovely if you abuse it with wrong soaps.

What are wrong soaps? Find out for yourself by asking what soaps are made of. Demand to be told.

Some soaps, mild in appearance, may roughen and irritate the skin. They cleanse, perhaps—but at what price?

Do such soaps tell you they are made of cosmetic oils? No! Vegetable oils? No! Olive and palm oils? No! Few soaps tell you what they are made of. Palmolive does.

Palmolive has no secret

Palmolive is made of olive and palm oils—no other fats whatever. No artificial coloring. No heavy fragrance to

mask other odors. It is a pure soap—as pure and wholesome as the complexions it fosters. So pure, in fact, that more than 20,000 beauty experts the world over have united to recommend it.

Nothing else like olive and palm oils

What these experts prize in Palmolive is the skin effects no ordinary soap can ever bring. Nothing in all ages has compared with a blend of olive and palm oils for skin care.

Experts know that! But you need not be expert to practice this simple but vital precaution. When you buy soap—just ask what it's made of. You'll learn why millions turn each year to Palmolive—and Palmolive alone—to Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion.

Read what these experts say about this vegetable oil soap. They are world leaders in beauty culture. Their word in beauty matters is law to thousands of the world's loveliest women.



Hoare of London

The famous Marguerite Hoare, of London, says: "My solution to the problem of daily cleansing, is Palmolive Soap. Olive and palm oils have actual cosmetic value in themselves."



Desfossé of Paris

Desfossé says: "Palmolive is so effective because of a unique blending of the olive and palm oils it contains, agents which cleanse and soothe the complexion, and at the same time bring out natural color."

Rohde of Chicago

"It cleanses as only an olive oil soap can—effectively, but with a gentleness that prevents skin irritation. Use Palmolive and you will be giving your beauty specialist the greatest possible help."



Cain of Minneapolis

Myndall Cain gives this advice: "The modern woman uses make-up, of course. She must guard her lovely complexion twice as well as before. For this purpose we advise home treatments with a soap made of the vegetable oils of the olive and palm."



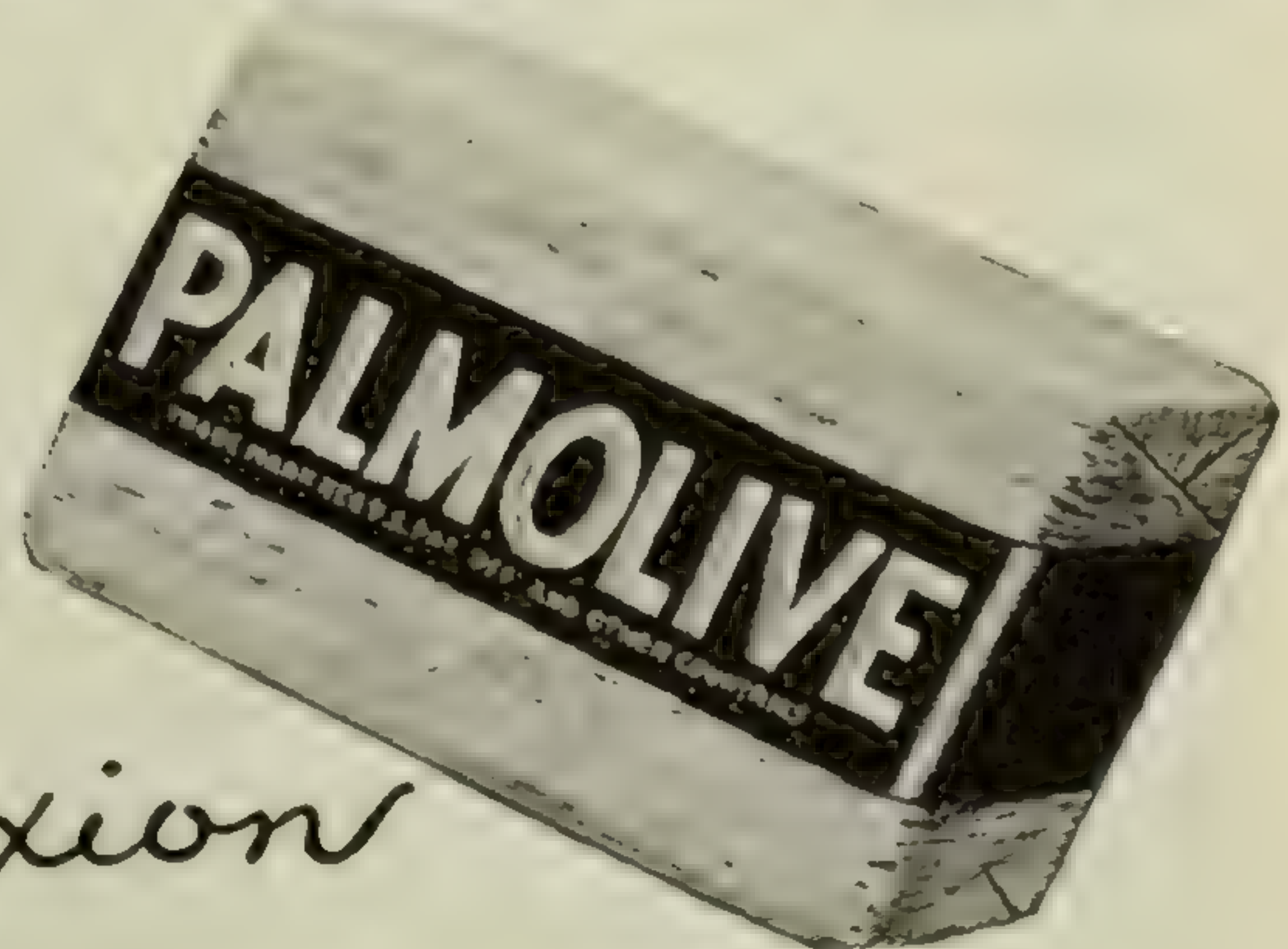
Pierre of New York

Pierre dictates the laws of beauty to the most fashionable of New York's social set. "It is the vegetable oils of the olive and palm that make Palmolive so soothing and delicate," he says.



Mrs. McGavran of Kansas City

Mrs. M. B. McGavran, famous exponent of beauty, says: "Repeated experiments have convinced us that vegetable oils in soap are best for the skin. That is why we say, use Palmolive. This soap has a bland, yet penetrating lather."



Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion

CURVES MUST BE ENCOURAGED... BUT NOT TOO GENEROUSLY



LEILA HYAMS, lovely Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer player, is equally charming in sports and evening wear. For tennis, she wears a three-piece ensemble—with sweater, pleated skirt, and cardigan jacket. For riding, she chooses open-neck, short-sleeved shirts tucked under slenderizing jodphurs. And for evening, she prefers a sophisticated gown of black lace.



THE boyish figure belongs to yesterday. Curves have come back in fashion. . . . Not too pronounced, not too slight . . . but delicate, subtle, captivating.

Never was a good figure more important than for these modern feminine costumes.

And a good figure is not so difficult . . . if you diet and exercise wisely. But be sure you protect youth and

beauty by avoiding the dangers of most starvation menus . . . dietary anemia . . . and improper elimination.

There is a safe, pleasant way. Just eat two tablespoonfuls daily of Kellogg's ALL-BRAN. This delicious ready-to-eat cereal provides the "bulk" needed for regular habits. How much better this is than taking pills or drugs—so often harmful.

You can enjoy Kellogg's ALL-BRAN day in and day out and not lose your appetite for it. Serve with milk or in fruit juices, clear soups, etc. Use it for making fluffy bran muffins, breads, omelets, etc. Recipes on the package. Kellogg's ALL-BRAN is not fattening. And it supplies iron, which colors cheeks healthfully. Recommended by dietitians.



Remember, there's only one ALL-BRAN, and that's Kellogg's—by far the largest-selling all-bran cereal on the market. In the red-and-green package. At all grocers. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

WRITE FOR FREE BOOKLET "THE MODERN FIGURE"

Leading motion-picture actresses are shown to you in "fashion close-ups," wearing the costumes that millions of critical eyes will see on the screen. Everything from sports-togs to evening gowns. In addition, the booklet is full of valuable information on how to reduce wisely. Free upon request.

KELLOGG COMPANY
Dept. A-8, Battle Creek, Michigan

Please send me a free copy of your booklet, "The Modern Figure."

Name _____

Address _____



Picnic Basket Tips

The Ken Maynards, expert picnickers,
tell some favorite dishes

PICNICKING with the Ken Maynards is not a haphazard affair. Whether they go off for one day or several, their picnic baskets are packed with the skill of long practice. The Maynard picnic jaunts are taken by roadster, airplane, or speedboat.

Idylwild and the San Jacinto mountains are two favorite spots for longer trips; the Sherwood Forest not far from Hollywood is usually chosen for shorter ones.

If you enjoy the same sort of *al fresco* dining, you will simplify your trips by following some of the Maynard methods of preparing and cooking food.

For two meals, Mrs. Maynard takes along the following: $\frac{1}{4}$ pound of butter, a loaf of whole wheat bread, a small bag of Irish potatoes, a can of coffee, one pound of bacon, small filet steaks, chops or ham, fresh eggs, pickles, olives, fruit, jelly, potato salad or cole-slaw, cake, canned corn, sugar, salt and pepper.

Utensils for such an expedition include pots, pans, coffee pot, a picnic kit holding silverware and cardboard dishes. Mrs. Maynard takes the grate from the kitchen stove oven, which she uses to simplify outdoor cooking. She props it up over the fire, using piles of stones at each end for support. Try yours this way and you won't have any overturned coffee pots or dishes!

SWEET POTATOES are fried by Ken as he used to do them for his cowboy pals on the range. The "sweets" are sliced very thin, then fried in plenty of butter, the tops sprinkled with sugar; repeating the process until the frying pan is heaped high with the delicacy. Mrs. Maynard often prepares this at home in the skillet. By wrapping the pan in a clean towel while very hot and folding the newspapers around the entire package, the potatoes remain warm for hours.

COLE-SLAW *a la* Maynard, consists of cabbage shredded fine, drained and kept in the ice-box as long as possible. Chop the onion fine and mix with celery, sugar and vinegar with shredded pimentos on top.

For broiling steaks, the Maynards add charcoal to the wood fire. This heats faster and makes more even coals. The steaks are placed on the grate over the coals, rubbed in butter and sprinkled with salt and pepper. They are turned frequently, then served with crisp bacon broiled on sticks held over a hot fire.

Eggs and potatoes are roasted by burying them in wood ashes. The eggs are ready to eat in thirty minutes, while the length of time for the potatoes depends on their size.

CAROLYN VAN WYCK

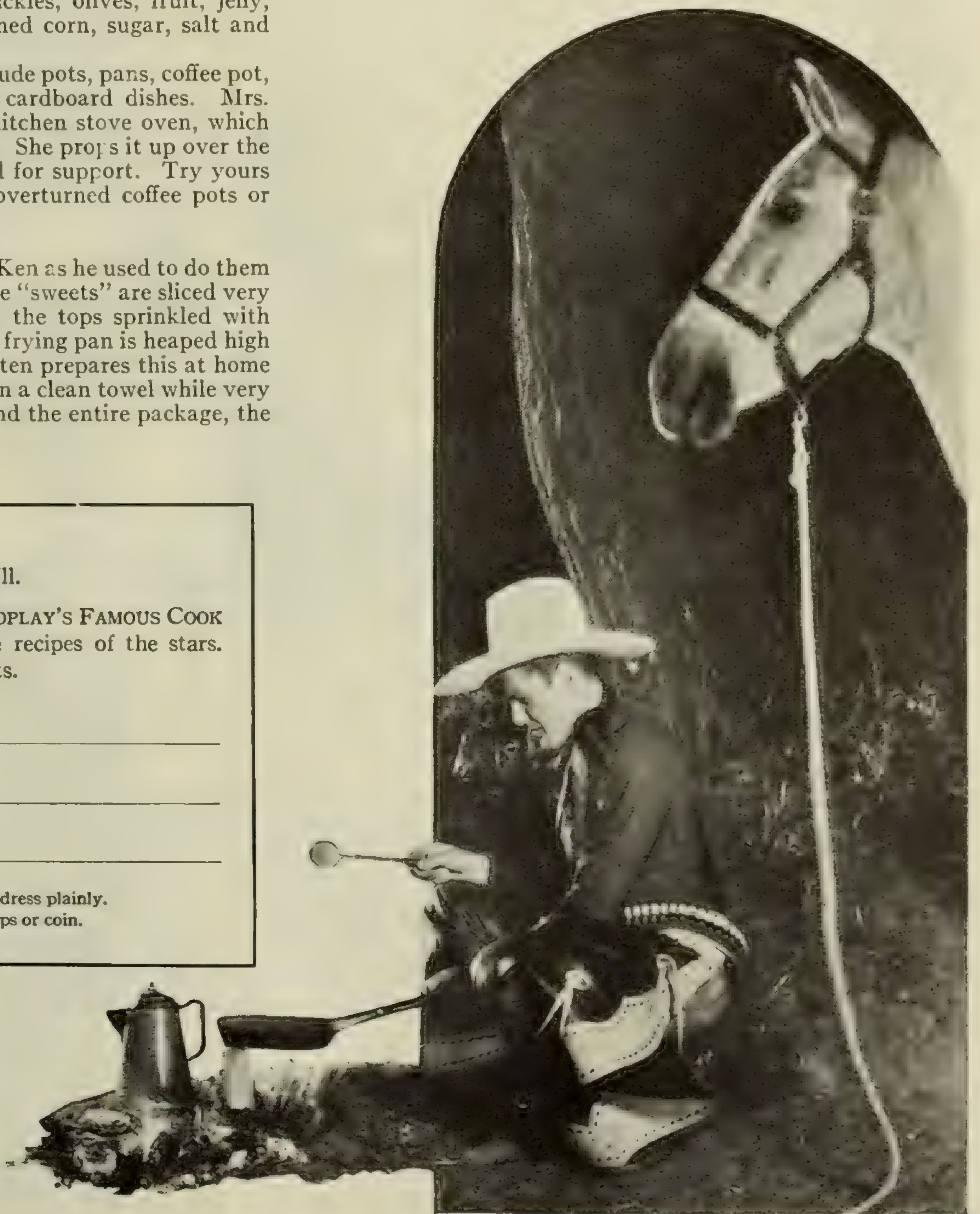
PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me a copy of PHOTOPLAY'S FAMOUS COOK BOOK, containing 150 favorite recipes of the stars. I am enclosing twenty-five cents.

Be sure to write name and address plainly.
You may send either stamps or coin.

Ken Maynard must be a good cook to receive such alert interest from his own horse! Food is never more savory than when it is cooked over glowing coals in the open





Clara? Guess again. It's Peggy Shannon

HISTORY keeps on repeating itself. Now it's Peggy Shannon who profits by Clara Bow's breakdown. Remember when Sylvia Sidney stepped into a Bow rôle? Peggy has the "It" girl's part in "The Secret Call" and they're staying awake nights to make her look like Clara. Above, the result. At the right, as she really is





One of the young men I talked with was a tennis champion. He said: "My ideal girl will be a good sport about everything she does. But she'll be feminine, too—a dream in an evening dress. Above all, she'll be *natural*."

Here's **THE MAN!**

Are You . . . **THE GIRL?**

This young athlete is one of the majority of attractive men who want to marry *natural* girls.

And the first thing any of these men notice is—complexion.

Imagine your own complexion under a man's keen gaze. Would he be admiring or critical?

To bring out the *natural* beauty of your skin, try Camay. Dermatologists advise soap-and-water

cleansing; and declare Camay a "find"—a *really* safe and gentle soap. Many of these famous doctors

© 1931, P. & G. Co.



prescribe Camay for the extra-delicate skins of their own patients.

No soap except Camay has ever received such medical approval!

Camay is satin-smooth and nice to hold . . . the loveliest soap you ever used. Its lather is creamy and soft and luxuriously fragrant. Try Camay—today! You owe it to your skin—and to all those attractive young men.

CAMAY
COMPLEXION SOAP

for the fresh **NATURAL**
skin men admire



One of the busiest boys in Hollywood. Clark Gable just sprints from one fine rôle to another and the fans are asking all about him

Questions & Answers

Read This Before Asking Questions

Avoid questions that call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays or casts. Do not inquire concerning religion, scenario writing or studio employment. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address.

Casts and Addresses

As these take up much space and are not always of interest to others than the inquirer, we treat such subjects in a different way from other questions. For this kind of information, a stamped, addressed envelope must be sent. Address all inquiries to Questions and Answers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.

HUNDREDS of letters received this month asked for information about Clark Gable. The present screen idols are going to have to defend their laurels, with Clark gaining a stronger foothold in every picture. Fans seem to have gone hook, line and sinker for him.

History reveals that Clark was born in Cadiz, Ohio, February 1, 1901. He reaches 6 feet, 1 inch, weighs 190 and has brown hair and grey eyes. Like many another youth he attended grammar school, high school and then took a business course, only to throw it over for a theatrical career.

It was a lucky break for Clark. After a very successful stage career, he joined the talkie brigade in 1930, making his bow as the bandit in "The Painted Desert." This was followed by such fine pictures as "Dance Fools, Dance," "The Easiest Way," "The Finger Points," "The Secret Six," "A Free Soul," and "Laughing Sinners." Then came the lead opposite the glorious Garbo in "Susan Lenox." Clark is married, the present Mrs. Gable being his second wife.

JOSIE, KANSAS CITY, KAN.: Well, I'm glad to meet one girl who loves a fat man. Your boy friend, Joe Cobb, just out-grew "Our Gang" and so he started on a vaudeville career. He was replaced in the "Gang" by another baby blimp called Chubby Chaney. Chub wobbles the scales up to about 108 pounds, and is eleven years old.

KATHLYN WILLIAMS FOREVER FAN, PHILADELPHIA, PA.: Just snap out of that trance you are in because you can see your favorite on the screen right now. She is appearing with Janet Gaynor and Warner Baxter in "Daddy Long Legs." Miss Williams is a native of Butte, Mont., and is of Norwegian descent.

BUBBLES, TOLEDO, OHIO: Bob Montgomery was in New York City for a brief vacation in April. He had the missus with him, but that didn't keep the admiring ladies away. Bob did intend to go to Europe, but picture plans didn't fit in with the idea and he had to return to the studio. His latest picture is "The Man in Possession," taken from a popular stage play.

FUMI, TOKIO, JAPAN: Your old friend and favorite, Sessue Hayakawa, has at last decided to make a talkie. It is for Paramount and is titled "Daughter of the Dragon." Anna May Wong is also returning to the screen in this picture. Looks like an Oriental old home week.

PAUL HIPPLE, MARYSVILLE, PA.: June Marlowe was the cute little school m'arm who taught "Our Gang" in "Love Business." Believe me, they never had 'em that cute when I went to the Little Red Schoolhouse.

ALICE BIRRELL, TORONTO, CANADA. The lad who struck your fancy in "Body and Soul" was Douglas Dray, who was really christened John Douglas Duder. Neither of these names was quite suitable for the screen so he had his name changed again and is now known as Douglas Walton. He is a neighbor of yours, having been born in Woodstock, Can., on October 17, 1909. Is 5 feet, 11½ inches tall, weighs 155 and has blond hair and blue eyes.

LOUISE SAMSON, ALBION, NEB.: You're wrong, Louise, I have got influence around here. See the nice colored picture of Gary Cooper in this issue. Gary was born on May 7, 1901. His latest picture is titled "I Take This Woman." Wonder which woman he means—Lupe?

D. B., SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.: Vivian Oakland was the lady who played the first wife of Frank Fay in "The Matrimonial Bed." Paul Gregory was the handsome chap who played

the rôle of *Tom Weston* in "Sit Tight." He also played the part of the Indian, *Wanenis*, in "Whoopee."

BOOTS KENT: Hardie Albright is quite a newcomer, having entered pictures last February. However, he has had plenty of stage experience, appearing in "Cradle Song," "Young Sinners," "The Greeks Had a Word for It" and several George Arliss plays. Hardie was born in Charleroi, Pa., December 16, 1905, is 6 feet tall, weighs 160 and has medium brown hair and blue eyes. He is of Scotch descent. His next picture is "Skyline."

ALICE MURDACH, ABERDEEN, WASH.: Little Jackie Cooper, who did such beautiful work in "Skippy," claims Los Angeles as his home town. Jack has nice blue eyes, taffy-colored hair, a cute snub nose and will be seven years old on September 16. Both his mother and his grandmother are devoting their time to bringing him up to be a regular fellow. M-G-M recently bought his contract from Hal Roach.

L. SNODGRASS, ST. PAUL, MINN.: Joel McCrea hails from Los Angeles. He is 25 years old, stands 6 feet, 2, weighs 185 and has brown hair and blue eyes. He appeared in silent pictures but did not make much of a hit until the talkies. It seems he also made a hit with Constance Bennett while appearing in a picture with her. So far Joel has managed to remain single.

BEN MARINO, MORGAN CITY, LA.: Louis Wolheim was about forty-five years old when he passed away, February 18, 1931. Bob Steele has been celebrating birthdays every January 23, since 1907. How's your addition?

GRACE WUNDERLICH, LANDSDOWNE, PA.: Fay Wray's husband, John Monk Saunders, is an author. He wrote "Wings," and "The Last Flight," which Dick Barthelmess has just finished making. Here are the birth dates you requested: John Wayne, born May 26, 1907; Phillips Holmes, July 22, 1909; William Haines, January 1, 1900, and Lew Ayres, December 28, 1909. At this writing these boys are still single. Maybe they're bachelor-minded.

PHOTOPLAY is printing a list of studio addresses and the stars located at each one. Read it, on page 94, before writing to this department. In writing to the stars for photographs **PHOTOPLAY** advises you to enclose twenty-five cents, to cover the cost of the picture and postage.

"The starry way to new romance.."

by Frances Ingram

SUCH delightful acquaintances as I made on the Coast last spring! And not the least delightful was a lovely woman whom I met on the train en route from Seattle to San Francisco.

We chatted together and exchanged names. "Are you *the* Frances Ingram?" she asked—and then told me what my method with Milkweed Cream had done for her.

After the death of her husband, she had,

as she said, grieved herself *old*. "I finally realized that I *must* get hold of myself. I could at least try to recover my *looks*. Somebody had told me about your Milkweed method. Gradually my skin became soft and fresh again. I actually began to look, to *feel* like myself.

"I wonder if you shouldn't have credit for my having found love again," she finally smiled. "I'm going to San Francisco to be married. I call your splendid method 'the starry way to new romance' . . ."

Thousands of women have found new skin loveliness by following—at home—my Milkweed method. Keep your skin *immaculately clean* with Milkweed Cream, which is first of all a *marvelous* cleansing cream. Then—follow the directions given below on this page.

And won't you listen in on my radio program, "Through the looking-glass with Frances Ingram," Tuesday mornings at 10:15 E.D.S.T., over WJZ and associated N.B.C. stations?



★ **THE FOREHEAD**—To guard against lines and wrinkles here apply Milkweed Cream, stroking with fingertips, outward from the center of brow.

★ **THE EYES**—To avoid aging crows' feet, smooth Ingram's about the eyes, stroke with a feather touch outward over brow and inward under lower lids.

★ **THE MOUTH**—Drooping lines are easily defeated by placing thumbs under the chin and stroking with index fingers upward and outward toward the ears.

★ **THE THROAT**—To keep your throat from flabbiness, cover generously with Milkweed Cream, and from the hollow at the base, stroke upward toward the chin.

★ **THE NECK AND CHIN**—To prevent a sagging chin, stroke with fingertips from under the chin outward, under the jawbone, toward the ears. Then pat firmly under the chin and along the jaw contours.

★ **THE SHOULDERS**—To have shoulders that are blemish-free and firmly smooth, massage with palm of hand in rotary motion with plenty of cream.



MY MANNEQUIN, SAYS FRANCES INGRAM, SHOWS WHY

"Only a healthy skin can stay young"

INGRAM'S Milkweed Cream

MY INTRODUCTORY TUBE AND MY BEAUTY BOOKLET WILL DELIGHT YOU

FRANCES INGRAM, Dept. A-81
108 Washington Street, New York

☐ Please send me your introductory Milkweed Cream treatment and your booklet, "Why Only a Healthy Skin Can Stay Young." I enclose 4 cents in stamps to cover cost of mailing.

☐ Please send me your booklet, "Why Only a Healthy Skin Can Stay Young," which is free.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37]



Kay Francis watching new hubby Kenneth MacKenna direct Elissa Landi and Frederick Kerr in a scene from Fox's "Always Goodbye." Ken is showing Kay he knows what every good director should do by acting as though he wants to jump out of his chair

NEW foot-fashion note:

Marlene Dietrich came back from Europe to Hollywood with a pair of—well—ah—can't call 'em shoes—or sandals, either—

They consist, each, of a sole and high heel. The only "upper" there is consists of two narrow straps across the foot—more to hold the sole-and-heel arrangement on than for anything else. Worn with them are very sheer hose—and carmined toe-nails!

ZIT'S tells the one about the two

Atlanta, Ga., kids who, left to their own devices while their mothers were shopping and having been warned not to put beans in their noses, decided to telephone their favorite star, Anita Page. They finally got her at the studio where they had to wait a few minutes until she came to the 'phone. Later, the operator reported a \$15 charge for long distance to Hollywood.

The kids have been eating off the mantel for a couple of weeks, now.

RUTH CHATTERTON has the faculty of grabbing off a quick nap any place and any time—even on the set. Between scenes, she can often be found asleep.

CONRAD NAGEL is an usher in a Hollywood church. The other day, a certain film star's little daughter came home from that church's Sunday school with a question.

"Mother," she asked, "why do they call Mister Nagel just Mister Nagel on week days and call him the Lord on Sundays?"

"Why, darling—do they?" asked film-star-mother, astounded.

"I'll say they do," lisped darling;

"at Sunday school this morning, the superintendent said, 'Now children, it's time to give your nickels to the Lord,' and then Mister Nagel came around and took 'em."

RENEE ADOREE, convalescing in the desert, has gained fifteen pounds. . . . It has not yet been decided who will bring the suit—Estelle or Jack Dempsey. . . . A raise in salary has patched up Jack Oakie's troubles with Paramount. . . . The courts have ruled that Daisy DeVoe, Clara's ex-friend, must serve eighteen months in the jug. . . . Constance Bennett gets \$11 a minute for every minute she works. . . . Television is still just around the corner . . . and the corner is at least five years away. . . . Tom Mix is coming back to make horse dramas next fall. . . . Latest reports of Mary and Doug are that each is to become an independent producer, not appearing in the pictures. . . . Ronald Colman plans to take a half-year vacation in England every year.

VARIETY reports the story of a newspaper lad who's been working on one of the trade sheets. He arrived at First National to have lunch with Ben Lyon.

"Sorry," said the information girl. "You can't go to the lunch-room. No newspapermen are allowed on the lot except in the publicity office."

"But I've just been fired," said the lad. He got his okay to go inside.

IF you want to preserve the memory of Rudolph Valentino in "The Sheik," you'd better take pen in hand and write a letter of protest to Paramount, for that studio is considering doing a talkie version of the famous old sex "dharma." Georges Metaxa—there's

a name for you—recently brought over from England, is likely to get the name rôle and it's rumored that Claudette Colbert will be the kidnapped lady—you remember Agnes Ayres in that part.

WHEN Sylvia Sidney, the little lassie who took Clara Bow's place in "City Streets," visited Minneapolis recently, she told the newspaper boys that Clara was "a pathetic little girl, the victim of her own generosity." She further added that putting Clara in Hollywood was like "sending a baby out into the world and telling it to make its own way." Maybe Clara won't like being patronized by her successor.

THE Hollywood press—a goodly crowd of goodly scribes—is annoyed at the manner in which some of the office studio lots are patrolled. You have to give your middle name, describe the mole on your grandmother's shoulder and say the multiplication table backwards to get in.

Burly policemen, with pistols at hips, stand guard, and you can't even speak to a star without the official okay of the publicity department. The idea is to keep the naughty press boys from printing naughty things about the screen beauties.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 86]



The depression has reached Hollywood, and Carole Lombard's black soufflé evening gown with silver sequins hits a new low. Well, glad to see your back, anyway, Carole

"Mine . . .
as though I'd had it made to my order!"

says

JOAN CRAWFORD

"I had always told my friends that some day I would make a perfume . . . not simpering sweetness . . . but dash, and zip . . . oh, gay modern things! And then, one day, I found it . . . I didn't make it . . . but *Seventeen* is all I wanted it to be."



Three quick aids to the complexion of *Seventeen*

The exquisite coloring of youthful skin is in these new make-up accessories! *Seventeen Youth-tone Rouge* brings elusive color tones to your complexion . . . and forms, with the Lipstick, a stunning ensemble in black and silver . . . *Seventeen Lipstick* comes in youth-tone shades, and is permanent or not, as you choose. Moisten the lips before applying and the color becomes indelible . . . *Seventeen Two-Tone Face Powder* blends shades to simulate the radiance of youthful skin . . . Also: *Seventeen Perfume*, *Dusting and Face Powder*, *Talcum Powder*, *Compact*, *Brillantine*, *Sachet*, *Toilet Water*.

The *Seventeen Bridge Ensemble* will lend a new, smart note to your entertaining. Ask for it at your favorite toilet goods counter.



Seventeen

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84]



Mary and Doug, reunited and on their way home on "The Empress of Britain," the new ship of the Canadian Pacific Railway. But there are three cups on the table. Quick, Watson, the Gypsy Dream Book, so we can learn what this means. Maybe it will tell us if Doug and Mary are going to make any more pictures, or quell that hard-dying divorce rumor

AT least once during every picture Von Sternberg terrorizes every member of his cast. He is no respecter of persons. His alibi is that he does this to bring out the player's best work.

But the electricians and prop boys were more than a little annoyed when he put Bodil Rosing, a woman almost old enough to be his mother, through a strenuous tongue lashing. He was quite insulting, told her he wished he had another person playing her part, etc., etc., etc. Seeing Bodil's face, one of the electricians remarked, "Job or no job, just one more word out of that guy and I'd have knocked him for a row of microphones."

A RECENT RKO-Pathe picture was noted for the number of writers that worked on it.

At the pre-view (and you can believe this or not!) some bounder yelled "Author!" and the first two rows stood up and took a bow.

GOSSIP is crediting PHOTOPLAY's exclusive story on the romance of William Powell and Carole Lombard as the cause for the announcement of their engagement. They say Bill forced the young lady's hand when he read it.

But he gave in on some points, too. For example, he had wanted her to end her career and become just Mrs. Powell. She is continuing in pictures by definite agreement.

Carole's engagement ring is an eight-carat diamond—oblong shape, emerald cut. It has three diamonds on each side. The ring is so heavy it falls to the side of her finger. A friend says if Bill Powell got it for fifteen thousand he got it on depression prices.

THE pass system at the studios even has the bootleggers punching time-clocks. . . . Marlene Dietrich has taken the Beverly Hills house once rented by Charlie Mack of the Two Black Crows. . . . Alice White has gone orange-haired, worn in a windblown bob. . . . Immediately after Mr. and Mrs. Neil Hamilton adopted a baby Neil was assigned one of the leading rôles in "Lullaby."

A FRIEND of ours, just returned from abroad, brings us these news items: "The Devil to Pay," Ronnie Colman's engaging comedy, is billed as "Lieutenant Sans-Gene" there. . . . The rumor is current that King George was all set to knight Chaplin, but Queen Mary opposed it, frowning on knighting movie stars.

THINGS aren't necessarily what they're called, in studio language.

A blimp is not a balloon. It's a soundproof covering slipped over a camera to muffle the noise of the machinery.

A pan is not something you fry things in. It's short for a "panorama camera shot."

A spider isn't an animal to be scared of. It's an electric switch to plug lights into.

An inkie isn't something you write with. It's short for incandescent light.

A film magazine isn't like what you're reading now. It's where they store negatives.

A dolly isn't something for little girls to play with. It's a rubber-tired cart for traveling camera shots.

A gaffer isn't a term for a bum. It's studio talk for electrician.

A broad isn't necessarily a girl. It's a big electric floodlight.

And Mike isn't a man's name.

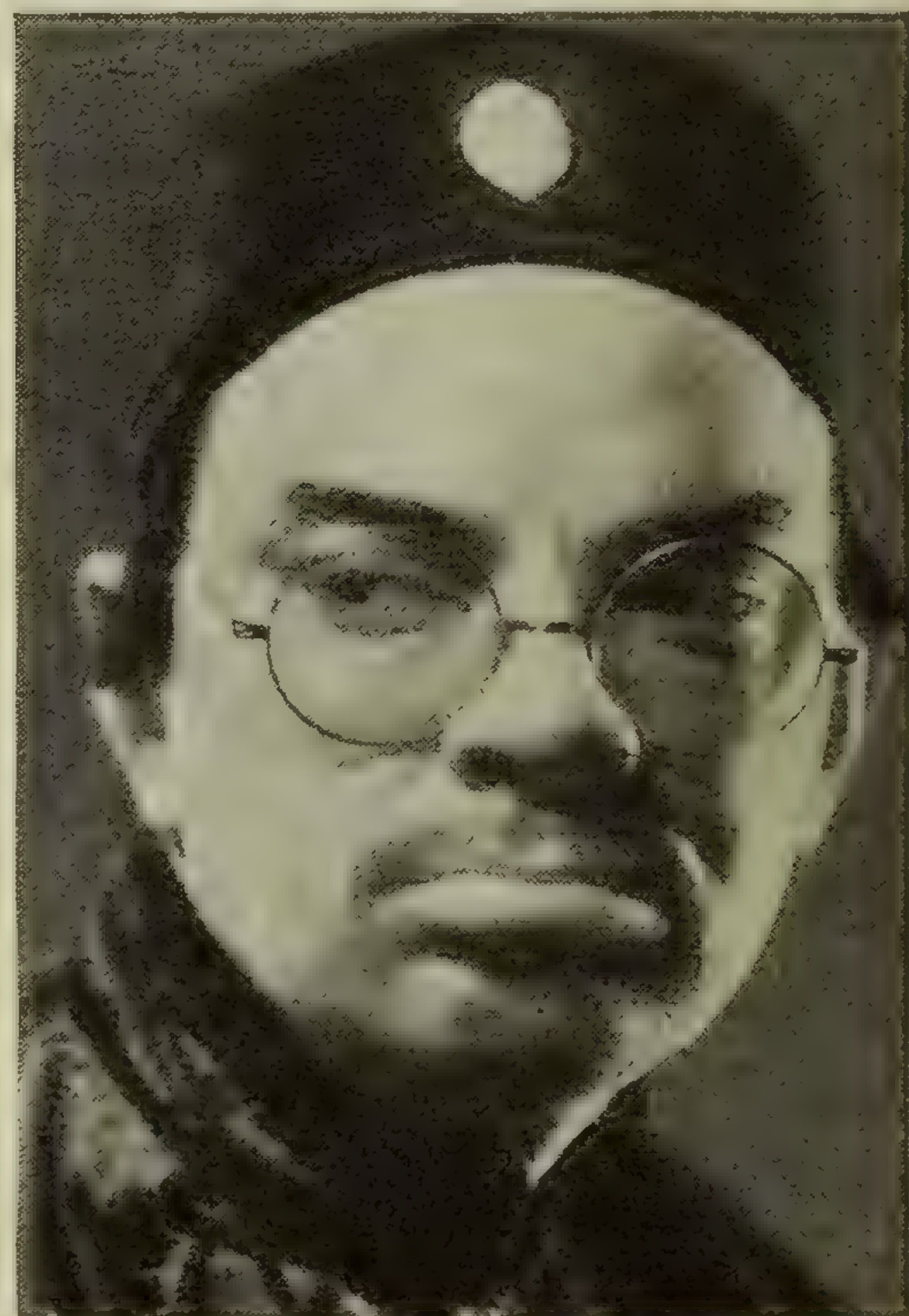
THEY say that when Chaplin returns to Hollywood, he'll have a new discovery signed under contract. It's said the lucky girl's real name is Miezzi Mullett, a Czechoslovakian. She goes under the name of Maria Martin.

NOW, what do you suppose can be happening to Los Angeles newspaper reporters? For three days "Slim" Summerville—who made nine features and fifteen shorts last year—lay at the point of death and no one recorded it. In fact, the doctors gave up all hope of his living.

Then Slim proved his strength was greater than the doctor's perception and pulled through one of the worst cases of ptomaine poisoning on record. But he got out too soon. The publicity department needed some pictures in a hurry.

Slim wanted to prove he was a trouper so he appeared at the studio, which brought about a relapse.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 88]



Just another pitiable victim of the dread ukulele habit, Cliff (ex-Ukulele Ike) Edwards, in a specially posed camera portrait. Let this be a warning to Summer vacationists

Here is the *one* Nail Make-up that lends lasting *Glamour* to your hands

*In 8 Fashion Cities of the world
smart women prefer this Polish
to all others*

SLIM fingers of the smart Parisienne, lifted to a kiss . . . graceful fingers applauding the opera in Vienna . . . and sifting the silver sands of the Lido . . . all wear sparkling Cutex Liquid Polish.

In Madrid the lovely Maribel, Beauty Editor of "Cosmópolis," declares that "modern Spanish women are well aware of the magic spell their fingers cast when tipped with this sparkling nail make-up.

"In 30 seconds it has dried," Maribel continues. "It lasts for one whole week . . . wears without cracking, peeling, or turning yellow!" And . . . happily . . . Cutex Liquid Polish is free of any added perfume.

In all world capitals of fashion lovely ladies are glad to find that Cutex Liquid Polish contains no perfume. For they choose their perfumes as they select their gowns . . . to suit their personalities.

But they select their polish for its exquisite lustre. And they know that the high brilliance of Cutex Liquid Polish endures.

The simple manicure method that the Spanish woman uses is the one that well-groomed women all over the world have found so simple, so economical, so alluring:



Long ago the women of Spain learned the beauty secret that lies in brilliant accents . . . lustrous hair . . . flashing teeth . . . sparkling eyes. But the secret that today gives their graceful gestures new allure is borrowed from the women of America. It is CUTEX LIQUID POLISH, the newest aid to romance!

First, scrub the nails and remove old polish with Cutex Liquid Polish Remover. Next remove the old lifeless cuticle and cleanse beneath the nails with Cutex Cuticle Remover & Nail Cleanser.

Now brush on your favorite shade of brilliant Cutex Liquid Polish.

End with a touch of Nail White under the nail tips for accent—Cutex Nail White Pencil or Cream.

After this quick manicure once a week a few minutes each day will keep your nails flawlessly lovely. Just push back the cuticle; cleanse the nail tips and use the Nail White—Pencil or Cream. Before retiring, use Cutex Cuticle Oil or Cream to soften the cuticle.

*Only Cutex Liquid Polish has
ALL these advantages:*

1. Dries smoothly, quickly, in 30 seconds.
2. Never cracks, peels, or discolors.
3. Lasts for one whole week.
4. Sparkles always with smart lustre.
5. Comes in sturdy bottles, easy to open.

Cutex Manicure Preparations, 35¢ each.
Cutex Liquid Polish with Remover, 50¢.

NORTHAM WARREN, New York, London, Paris



SIX LOVELY TINTS . . . Natural, Rose, Colorless; Coral, Cardinal and Garnet . . . each one brilliant and wonderfully enduring.

Cutex Liquid Polish

Tips the fingers with romance

ONLY 35¢

I enclose 12¢ for the Cutex Manicure Set containing sufficient preparations for six complete manicures. (In Canada, address Post Office Box 2320, Montreal.)

NORTHAM WARREN, Dept. 1 Q3
191 Hudson Street New York, N. Y.

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 86]



Paramount would have us believe that when "Confessions of a Co-ed" was filmed they rounded up the most beautiful co-eds they could find. Well, that may be, but the girls never looked like this—no, nor posed like this—when we smoked a bulldog pipe, wore peg-topped trousers, and picked a mandolin for dear old Siwash

THERE'S an apartment house in Los Angeles named the Estelle Arms. And the divorce-concerned Mrs. Dempsey might have been astounded the other day when this classified ad appeared in the L. A. papers—

ESTELLE ARMS
Vacancy To Be Filled
Bachelors and Attractive
Singles.

YOU read about Robert Edeson's passing on—another grand old man of the films. And you probably read, too, of how, upon his deathbed, he requested that services be conducted during a noon hour, because he didn't want any work at studios held up for his funeral.

But you probably didn't read, because it wasn't generally known, of how his other last wish was fulfilled.

The afternoon of the funeral, a motor boat pulled away from the side of John Barrymore's yacht.

In it were Barrymore, Robert Edeson's widow, and two old friends of the deceased actor—Edmund Breese and Bobby North.

Three miles out to sea, the motors were stopped. Barrymore dropped an armful of roses on the sea's waves. Aida Edeson scattered the ashes of her husband from an urn into the ocean. "Good-bye, Bob—a happy voyage," she whispered.

Silently the boat returned to the Barrymore yacht.

Bob Edeson had passed on.

THE *Hollywood Reporter* recounts the story of a dumb little ingénue who was discovered making a big fuss over a famous impresario. When asked her reasons, she said, "Oh, I'm just doing psychology."

"Do you know what psychology is?" she was asked.

"Sure," she said. "It's just being nice to people!"

ADOLPHE MENJOU has a new cigarette case. It is inscribed:

"To Adolphe, on his birthday, from his greatest admirer, Adolphe Menjou."

THE rumor was that Cecil De Mille was going to make a picture in Russia. *Variety* asks: What would De Mille do for a bathtub?

FRANK FAY may have been "God's Gift to Women" in the picture of that name, but he's no gift to the producers. Warners have just bought off his contract.

JOEL McCREA is still trying to figure out whether someone made an honest mistake, or is just trying to get fresh. He got a letter in his fan mail which said, among other things, "... I think you're the most likeable leading lady on the screen." And Joel stands six feet, two!

GEORGE O'BRIEN and Margaret Churchill have been on the same lot for two years and have never seen each other except on the screen! When they were cast as hero and heroine of the same picture, "Riders of the Purple Sage" a mutual friend introduced them!

YOU should have seen Ben Hecht and Charlie McArthur, co-authors of "Front Page," at the Marion Davies masquerade. They came as men who had just been hanged. Cut nooses draped from their bloodstained necks. They were as white as chalk with huge scars strung across their gangster make-ups. White sheets as covering. Certainly, the women yelled. And the men grunted.

WHEN "The Dove" was sold by United Artists to Radio and Walter Huston no longer in the cast, an executive called him and said, "We are tied up for your salary, I wonder if we can get together on an agreement."

Huston smiled. "That's all right. I haven't worked. I don't know why I should be paid for work I haven't done. We'll just let it go."

It was difficult for the executives to believe their ears.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 98]



This is not the exercise period at Sing Sing, but Lloyd Hughes, Laura La Plante and Marian Marsh, dressed in the latest Turkish toweling beach pajamas. They call them "roughies"

MODESS VACATION SPECIAL

A summer thrift idea

You save on every purchase during July and August

2 BOXES OF MODESS . 90¢
12 Regular in each

1 TRAVEL PACKAGE . . 25¢
6 Modess Compact

Total Value \$1.15

ALL THREE FOR **79¢**



OUR Vacation Special—a travel package of six Modess Compact and two boxes of Modess Regular—was so popular last summer that we decided to offer it again. It has all the charm of an irresistible bargain—\$1.15 worth for 79c.

And the two types of Modess featured in this Special are a perfect combination for summer comfort. Modess Regular is standard thickness. The Compact is Modess Regular, gently compressed. It is designed to supplement the Regular for wear when less thickness is necessary.

The travel package of Modess Compact is a very useful thing. The amount of room it takes in a traveling bag is hardly noticeable. It comes in very handy when you need a few extra Modess to see you through. You can tuck it away in a bureau drawer and save it for a guest accommodation.

Why worry about summertime protection? You can wear Modess under your sheerest dresses with an easy feeling of perfect safety—perfect comfort. The softly fluffed filler is cool and evenly absorbent. Modess will never be conspicuous, because the edges and corners are carefully rounded and it smoothly fits to the figure. It is deodorant—easily disposable.

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., U. S. A.

World's largest makers of surgical dressings, bandages, Red Cross absorbent cotton, etc.



modess

TANGEE



Natural-Waterproof Ideal For Summer



THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS LIPSTICK

SWIMMING, dancing, outdoor sports... all the pleasures of summer conspire to ruin your make-up. More than any other time, you need TANGEE, the one lipstick that *stays on* despite sun and water! And looks *natural* all the while!

TANGEE gives that vital glow of freshness, that natural color which is so much in vogue today! For TANGEE is based on a marvelous color principle... entirely different from any other lipstick! Magically it takes on color after you apply it... and blends perfectly with your *natural, individual* coloring, whether blonde, brunette or red-head.

TANGEE leaves no greasy smear of glaring, flashy color. Its *solidified cream base* soothes, softens and protects! *Permanent*, it stays on all day! No constant making-up! And it lasts twice as long as ordinary lipsticks. \$1.

NEW! Tangee THEATRICAL, a special dark shade of Tangee Lipstick for professional and evening use.

Same Tangee Color Principle in



SEND 20¢ FOR TANGEE BEAUTY SET

Containing miniature Lipstick, two Rouges, Powder, two Creams and "The Art of Make-up."

THE GEORGE W. LUFT CO., DEPT. P7
417 Fifth Avenue New York

Name _____

Address _____

Short Subjects of the Month



William J. Burns, the celebrated international detective, around whose mystery-solving experience has been built a thrilling series of famous crimes and their solutions. One of these shorts is reviewed below

THE STRANGLER

Wm. J. Burns-Educational

Here's a peek behind the scenes to show you how a real murder was solved. William J. Burns, whose name is feared by criminals the world over, tells you this was a tough one to figure out. It seems simple enough when you see it done.

THE PANIC IS ON

Hal Roach

Another bright Charlie Chase comedy, in which a little dog gives Charlie a hot run for top comedy honors. It's about a youth who practices what he's learned in a correspondence course on building will power. They all end up selling unemployment apples.

MONKEY BUSINESS IN AFRICA

Sennett-Educational

A roaring burlesque of all the "darkest Africa" pictures of recent date. Mack Sennett, the old maestro, gives you a laugh a minute as he takes Andy Clyde, Frank Eastman and Marjorie Beebe on location into the "I'm Gagging Country!" One of the best comedies of the month. Don't miss it.

SPLASH

M-G-M

A lively sport short, made by a group of aquatic stars who hold important amateur titles. Slow motion sequences of the high dives are instructive, and trick photography, aided by clever synchronized talk, adds humor. The real "splash" is the finale.

FOOLISH FORTIES

Gayety-Educational

That grand laugh-provoker, Ford Sterling, proves how very foolish your forties can be if you are led on by a scheming blonde. June MacCloy is the beautiful blonde interest. She decoys Ford into a decidedly compromising situation which he finds harder to laugh off than the audience does.

HOW I PLAY GOLF

Warners-Vitaphone

The third and fourth in the Bobby Jones series of twelve shorts, continue the same high standard of comedy and instruction established in the first two. The latest deal with the niblick and the mashie-niblick. In the latter, Leon Errol and his rubber legs inspire some hilarious moments. Don't miss these, golfer or not.

A COLLEGE RACKET

Vanity-Educational

This rollicking bit has Glenn Tryon getting himself badly embroiled with thugs—all because of a gray derby he happens to wear. College capers with a glowering dean, banned night club dive—and, of course, a heroine for whose love Glenn dares all. Several good laughs.

TOMBSTONES

Shattuck

This demonstrates that Europe has no monopoly on that brand of "arty" pictures which confine themselves to horror. Two men die, the heroine suffers the fate "worse than death," and the other fellow feels terribly bad about it. Artistic, perhaps, but...!

THE LURE OF HOLLYWOOD

Ideal-Educational

This picture is a comedy but it gives you a real tip that getting a job in the movies isn't all roses and fan mail. Three pretty girls have their troubles. Bryant Washburn, an old friend, makes a brief bow as the dashing matinée idol. A throwback to the old pie-sliding days is a bit regrettable. Some good laughs in spite of that, however.

THE POOR FISH

Sennett-Educational

Another of the one-reel "Sennettcolor" features. There's not much of a plot—something about a man who tells his wife he's going fishing, but doesn't, and then tries to make the story good. But there are some grand photographic shots.

IT ISN'T news NOW

.....it's becoming a habit!

Packer's Scalptone . . the new "individual"
treatment for your kind of hair . . .

It *was* news, too—a hair tonic which could actually be modified to suit just your kind of hair! And its instant popularity isn't really surprising; for Packer's Scalptone is such a practical, sensible way to give hair the individual treatment which means hair-beauty.

Of course it's just as impossible for hair to be lovely with a treatment which doesn't suit its particular needs as it is for you to look your best in a dress which doesn't fit. It may be a good treatment—or a good dress; but it just doesn't fit! Now, with Packer's Scalptone, this wonderful new preparation made from a dermatologist's formula, it's possible for you to give yourself correct scientific treatments at home—treatments which are *correct* for just *your* kind of hair!

In the neck of every bottle of Scalptone is a little tube of pure vegetable oil, recommended for dry scalps. If your hair is dry, you simply add as much oil to the Scalptone as your particular scalp needs—there are simple, clear directions to guide you. If your scalp is oily, you massage with Scalptone just as it comes in the



Because of this patent oil-tube you can make your own prescription for your own hair

PACKER'S Scalptone

Made by the Makers of Packer's Tar Soap

For men, too: an aid to scalp-health



bottle; for Scalptone *without* the oil is an astringent tonic.

Massage Scalptone daily into your scalp. It brings rich blood up to nourish the hair roots; it tones up the thousands of tiny scalp muscles; it stimulates hair growth. Used regularly, its antiseptic properties will *prevent dandruff*—which so often means loss of hair. Scalptone is the modern, sound, scientific way to scalp-health and hair-beauty.

And here's the purely feminine last word—I've discovered that hair which is regularly treated with Scalptone is easier to wave—and the wave stays in longer! Your druggist doubtless has Scalptone by now. If not, send me his name and address and I'll try to see that he carries it for you.

JEAN CARROLL

Home Treatments for Hair Beauty

oily hair:

Just as often as your hair gets oily, even if it's only a few days since your last shampoo, shampoo again with Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo. This shampoo is made especially for oily hair; it will leave your hair soft and fluffy. Then massage daily with Scalptone, the wonderful new Packer tonic which each user can modify to suit just her hair. If your hair is very oily, Scalptone can be an astringent tonic (see explanation above). It will help restore the oil glands to normal.

dry hair:

Shampoo every two weeks *regularly* with Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo. This olive oil sham-

poo is made especially for dry hair. It contains soothing, softening glycerine and leaves your hair softer, easier to manage. Each day apply Scalptone with good vigorous massage. Scalptone is the new Packer tonic, the first tonic I ever heard of that you can modify to suit just *your* hair. Scalptone, modified according to the very simple directions on the bottle, will supply the natural oil your hair lacks.

dandruff:

For years Packer's Tar Soap has been the standard treatment for dandruff, and if you'll start with four daily shampoos with Packer's Tar Soap, you'll see for yourself how much dandruff germs hate

pine tar. After these four shampoos, shampoo every three or four days, then once a week.

Along with Tar Soap shampoos, use Scalptone—the marvelous new tonic which you can modify to suit just your hair. If your hair is dry, read the easy

directions which come with the Scalptone bottle. Then you can make up a simple prescription to help you remedy over-dryness. If your hair is oily, you will use Scalptone in an astringent form. You'll find Scalptone a great help for your dandruff. Its antiseptic qualities are very discouraging to dandruff germs.

LET ME SEND YOU SAMPLES

For 10¢ in coin I'll be glad to send you a sample of either of the two PACKER Liquid Shampoos or the Tar Soap. For 25¢ I will send you samples of all three. Address Jean Carroll, The Packer Mfg. Co., Inc., Dept. 16-H, 101 West 31st Street, New York.

If you want a full-size bottle of Scalptone, enclose \$1.00 with your note.



FEEL BETTER *look younger*



YOUR looks, your skin, your mental brightness, your charm depend very much upon your internal cleanliness!

Many a woman, potentially beautiful, does herself the injustice of being downright plain. Many a skin looks sallow because it is surfeited with poisons that the body has failed to remove. Thousands lack the life and vigor that intestinal cleanliness brings naturally to some lucky souls.

Be clean internally—unless you do so, all beauty treatments fail. And there is no method so effective, so pleasant as the saline one, which Sal Hepatica offers.

In Europe men and women travel thousands of miles to benefit by the "saline cure." And Sal Hepatica is the efficient American equivalent of the famous European spas. By eliminating constipation, it helps complexions, combats colds, and frees the body of poisons that cloud your skin, hurt your charm, and kill your alertness.

Taken before breakfast, it is prompt, thorough but gentle in its action. Get a bottle of Sal Hepatica today.

Write Bristol-Myers Co., Dept. G-81, 71 West St., New York City, for a free booklet, "To Clarice in Quest of Her Youth."



SAL HEPATICA

Screen Memories From Photoplay *15 Years Ago*



Bessie Love

SCREEN press-agents had just discovered a couple of new words, "colossal" and "spectacular." Both were applied to "The Daughter of the Gods," a super-sea-super-special, starring Miss Annette Kellerman. She dipped and plunged her way through the picture, adorned with what our reviewer called "an overplus of artificial hair." Could it be that he was starting a movement for bob-haired mermaids?

Jane and Katherine Lee were also in it, as water-sprites. Altogether, it was considered very g-r-r-and, back in those dear, dim, dead days of the screen's romper age.

Bessie Love was hailed as the biggest screen find of the year. She was just seventeen—and had been discovered by D. W. Griffith.

Three pages of pictures showed Ethel Clayton in her Riverside Drive apartment, and another page was taken up with those happy

romancers, Mr. and Mrs. Lou Tellegen (Geraldine Farrar) on their way back to California.

"Please Let Me Be Bad," lamented House Peters, who protested that he always had to be the hero, when, really, he sometimes wanted to be a villain.

In the gallery were pictures of Muriel Ostriche, Wallace Reid, Edna Purviance, Francis X. Bushman, Florence La Badie, Anita Stewart, Lottie Pickford and Viola Dana.

Pictures reviewed included "Civilization," with Howard Hickman; "The Fall of a Nation," "Ramona," and "Macbeth," with Sir Herbert Tree and Constance Collier.

Cal York items: Lewis J. Cody has left Selig to join Mabel Normand's company.

Charlie Chaplin and brother Syd, who has handled all of Charlie's business affairs since he left the \$75-a-week class, have parted. Syd will head his own company.

Kathlyn Williams became Mrs. Charles F. Eyton recently. . . . Marc McDermott is making his first picture for Vitagraph. . . . Wallace Beery is now directing for Universal.

10 Years Ago



Alla Nazimova

MME. ALLA NAZIMOVA had just severed her connection with Metro and we published an open letter to her, beseeching, begging and imploring her to stop making the awful pictures she had been turning out and give us "such flashes of dynamic, emotional triumph as the

death scene in 'Camille,' or a dash of 'the incomparable artiste' who displayed such 'splendid genius' in 'A Doll's House' and 'Hedda Gabler.'

Heigh, ho! It must have been the weather.

Two of Ralph Barton's inimitable caricatures revealed the brothers De Mille—William C. and Cecil B.—who, Mr. Barton said, had done more for motion pictures and riding breeches than any other family in the business.

We announced the engagement of Jack Gilbert and Leatrice Joy.

Adele Rowland, who was Mrs. Conway Tearle, told how it felt "Being a Screen Idol's

Wife." As she told it, it didn't sound any worse than being anybody else's wife—no worse, and no better!

And "Hello, Mabel!" titled an article welcoming Mabel Normand back to the studios after a year spent in the East regaining her health. She had started work on "Molly O."

In the gallery were pictures of Kathryn Perry, Olive Tell, Billie Dove, Julianne Johnston and Gladys Leslie.

Pictures reviewed included "Through the Back Door," with Mary Pickford; "Two Weeks With Pay," with Bebe Daniels; "Boys Will Be Boys," with Will Rogers; "The Lost Romance," with Conrad Nagel and Lois Wilson, and "The Home Stretch," with Douglas MacLean.

Cal York items: Doug Fairbanks and Mary Pickford deny they expect an heir. . . . Marguerite de la Motte and Mitchell Lyson, art director for William De Mille, are engaged. . . . Harry Carey, Jr., arrived last month. . . . Wallace Reid and Elsie Ferguson are going to make "Peter Ibbetson." . . . Florence Vidor is now a star.

5 Years Ago



Rudolph Valentino

HOLLYWOOD was all ha-gaga over the romancing of Rudy Valentino and Pola Negri. Cal York gave our readers the flaming details, reporting that "they insist on being put next to each other at dinner parties and then ignore everybody else."

"And if my eyes don't deceive me," added Cal, "they hold hands under the tablecloth."

"They sure have it bad," he concluded.

In sad contrast to this was a scene taking place in a courtroom. We reported it verbatim.

"Is there any hope of a reconciliation?" asked the judge. "None," said the girl. "I don't love him any more."

And with those words the romance of Jack Gilbert and Leatrice Joy ended in divorce.

James Cruze was preparing to recreate the early glory of the United States on the seas with "Old Ironsides." Two pages of pictures showed the reproduction of the frigate U. S. S.

Constitution, the Tripolitan fort, and special camera barges.

Canon Chase, warmed up in a long interview, told just how immoral the movies were, and Harold (Red) Grange, the Galloping Ghost of the Gridiron, was making "The Half-Back."

Pictures in the gallery showed Lefty Flynn and Viola Dana, smiling after a year of happy married life; Buster Collier, Warner Baxter, Laura La Plante, Pauline Frederick and Tommy Meighan.

Pictures reviewed were: "Say It Again," with Richard Dix and Alyce Mills; "The Devil Horse," with Rex, King of Horses; "Silence," with H. B. Warner; "Sparrows," with Mary Pickford; "Ella Cinders," with Colleen Moore, and "Paris," with Joan Crawford and Charles Ray.

Cal York items: All Hollywood is speculating about the romance of Joan Crawford and Michael Cudahy, millionaire meat packer's son. . . . Jack Pickford has confirmed the report of a separation from his wife, Marilyn Miller. . . . Norma Shearer is taking a rest at a milk sanitarium.

**QUICK RELIEF FOR
SUNBURN TOO!**

Absorbine Jr. soothes and cools instantly; takes out soreness and inflammation; not greasy; won't stain; leaves a healthy tan



**THEY CALL IT
"ATHLETE'S FOOT"
BUT IT ISN'T A
JOKING MATTER**

Many a man and woman has paid large doctor bills and limped around for weeks because of an infection that started with a slight itching sensation between the toes.

They made the mistake of not taking more seriously this common symptom* of "Athlete's Foot." Neglected, the skin between the toes soon became unwholesomely moist. It cracked—then blistered, perhaps turned red, peeled and finally became so raw as to cause pain when shoes were worn.

**It's a real infection; don't
YOU take chances**

Nine times out of ten this infection, popularly called "Athlete's Foot," comes from a tiny parasite known as *tinea trichophyton*,

which health authorities estimate to have preyed on at least half the adult population at some time in life.

Be on your guard; you may be the next victim because you are bound to encounter *tinea trichophyton* wherever you go. It swarms by the billions on the edges of swimming pools, on shower bath floors, locker- and dressing-room floors, in bath-houses, beach walks, gyms—even in your own spotless bathroom.

**Use Absorbine Jr. to kill the
germ of "Athlete's Foot"**

Strange to say, the *tinea trichophyton* germ thrives on soap and water. You can't wash it away, when once it becomes embedded in the toes. This parasite is so hardy, in fact, that socks must be boiled fifteen minutes to kill it.

You can, however, douse Absorbine Jr. on your feet, rubbing it well between the toes, morning and night and after every bath. For laboratory tests have demonstrated that Absorbine Jr. kills

tinea trichophyton quickly when it reaches the parasite. Clinical tests have also shown its effectiveness.

Look at your feet tonight

You may have the first symptoms* of "Athlete's Foot" without knowing it until you examine the skin between your toes. At the slightest sign, douse on Absorbine Jr. Then keep on using it, because "Athlete's Foot" is a persistent infection and can keep coming back time after time.

Absorbine Jr. has been so effective that substitutes are sometimes offered. Don't expect relief from a "just as good." There is nothing else like Absorbine Jr. At drug stores, \$1.25 a bottle. For a free sample write W. F. Young, Inc., 476 Lyman St., Springfield, Massachusetts. In Canada: Lyman Building, Montreal.



ABSORBINE JR.

**for years has relieved sore
muscles, muscular aches, bruises,
burns, cuts, sprains, abrasions**

***WATCH FOR THESE DISTRESS SIGNALS
THAT WARN OF "ATHLETE'S FOOT"**

Though "Athlete's Foot" is caused by the germ—*tinea trichophyton*—its early stages manifest themselves in several different ways, usually between the toes—sometimes by redness, sometimes by skin cracks, often by tiny itching blisters. The skin may turn white, thick and moist or it may develop dryness with little scales. Any one of these calls for immediate treatment! If the case appears aggravated and does not readily yield to Absorbine Jr., consult your doctor without delay.

A REPULSIVE JOB

washing dirty handkerchiefs



Use KLEENEX instead

AT LAST a new type handkerchief banishes forever one of the messiest jobs in a woman's life—the job of washing dirty handkerchiefs.

Millions are turning to Kleenex—the soft, delicate tissue you use once and destroy.

This cleanly practice not only saves washing. It protects you from self-infection. Germs are destroyed instantly, instead of being carried back to your face.

Many household uses

Kleenex is a soft, immaculate, super-absorbent tissue that has a score of daily uses.

Cleansing creams should always be removed with Kleenex to take away every trace of cream and dirt. Mothers find Kleenex wonderful in caring for babies. Motorists like to keep a package handy in the automobile.

Kleenex is sold everywhere, at drug, dry goods and department stores. It comes in a convenient package, from which tissues can be removed with one hand.



Hay Fever Victims

You'll appreciate the dry softness and absorbency of Kleenex. It is impossible to describe the greater comfort Kleenex affords. Do not put up with damp, irritating handkerchiefs another day.

KLEENEX disposable TISSUES

Kleenex Company,
Lake Michigan Bldg.,
Chicago, Ill.

Please send free trial
supply of Kleenex.

Name.....
Street.....
City.....State.....
In Canada address: 330 Bay St., Toronto, Ont.



Addresses of the Stars

Hollywood, Calif.

Paramount Publix Studios

Richard Arlen
George Bancroft
Carman Barnes
Clara Bow
Martin Burton
Ruth Chatterton
June Collyer
Juliette Compton
Jackie Coogan
Robert Coogan
Gary Cooper
Frances Dee
Marlene Dietrich
Leon Errol
Stuart Erwin
Stanley Fields

Skeets Gallagher
Mitzi Green
Phillips Holmes
Carole Lombard
Paul Lukas
Marcia Manners
Cyril Maude
Rosita Moreno
Jack Oakie
Guy Oliver
Eugene Pallette
Ramon Pereda
Charles Rogers
Lilyan Tashman
Regis Toomey

Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave.

Frank Albertson
Luana Alcaniz
Michael Bartlett
Warner Baxter
Joan Bennett
Humphrey Bogart
El Brendel
Lucile Browne
Robert Burns
Joan Castle
Virginia Cherrill
Marguerite Churchill
William Collier, Sr.
Joyce Compton
Roxanne Curtis
Donald Dillaway
Fifi Dorsay
Charles Farrell
John Garrick
Janet Gaynor
C. Henry Gordon
Louise Huntington
Warren Hymer
Keating Sisters
Richard Keene
Jane Keith
Nancy Kelly
J. M. Kerrigan
James Kirkwood
Elissa Landi

Dixie Lee
Marion Lessing
George Lewis
Edmund Lowe
Claire Luce
Leslie May
Jeanette MacDonald
Kenneth MacKenna
Frances McCoy
Victor McLaglen
Una Merkel
Tom Mix
Don Jose Mojica
Goodee Montgomery
Lois Moran
J. Harold Murray
George O'Brien
Maureen O'Sullivan
Gaylord Pendleton
Nat Pendleton
Rosalie Rae
Will Rogers
David Rollins
John Swor
Lee Tracy
Spencer Tracy
Ruth Warren
John Wayne
Marjorie White

Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St.

Robert Ames
Mary Astor
Roscoe Ates
Evelyn Brent
Joseph Cawthorn
Lita Chevret
Ricardo Cortez
Lily Damita
John Darrow
Claudia Dell
Dolores Del Rio
Richard Dix
Irene Dunne
Jill Esmond
Noel Francis
Roberta Gale
John Halliday

Hugh Herbert
Rochelle Hudson
Kitty Kelly
Geoffrey Kerr
Rita LaRoy
Ivan Lebedeff
Dorothy Lee
Joel McCrea
Addie McPhail
Ken Murray
Edna May Oliver
Lowell Sherman
Ned Sparks
Bert Wheeler
Hope Williams
Robert Woolsey

Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd.

George Arliss
John Barrymore
Noah Beery
Joan Blondell
Joe E. Brown
Anthony Bushell
James Cagney
Donald Cook
Bebe Daniels
Irene Delroy
Robert Elliott
Kay Francis

Leon Janney
Evalyn Knapp
Allan Lane
Winnie Lightner
Ben Lyon
David Manners
Marian Marsh
Edward Morgan
William Powell
Barbara Weeks
Jack Whiting

United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave.

Eddie Cantor
Charles Chaplin
Ina Claire
Ronald Colman
Douglas Fairbanks
Jean Harlow

Al Jolson
Evelyn Laye
Chester Morris
Mary Pickford
Gloria Swanson
Norma Talmadge

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St.

Richard Cromwell
Constance Cummings
Ralph Graves
Jack Holt
Buck Jones
Margaret Livingston

Bert Lytell
Dorothy Revier
Dorothy Sebastian
Miriam Seegar
Barbara Stanwyck

Culver City, Calif.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios

William Bakewell
Lionel Barrymore
Wallace Beery
Edwina Booth
Lenore Bushman
John Mack Brown
Harry Carey
Joan Crawford
Jose Crespo
Marion Davies
Reginald Denny
Kent Douglass
Marie Dressler
Cliff Edwards
Julia Faye
Greta Garbo
John Gilbert
William Haines
Neil Hamilton
Hedda Hopper
Lottice Howell
Leila Hyams
Dorothy Jordan
Buster Keaton
Arnold Korff

Andre Luguet
Ellen McCarthy
Joan Marsh
Adolphe Menjou
John Miljan
Conchita Montenegro
Robert Montgomery
Grace Moore
Polly Moran
Catherine Moylan
Conrad Nagel
Ramon Novarro
Edward Nugent
Monroe Owsley
Anita Page
Marie Prevost
Marjorie Rambeau
Duncan Renaldo
Norma Shearer
Gus Shy
Lewis Stone
Lawrence Tibbett
Ernest Torrence
Raquel Torres
Lester Vail

RKO-Pathe Studios

Robert Armstrong
Constance Bennett
Bill Boyd
James and Russell
Gleason

Ann Harding
Eddie Quillan
Helen Twelvetrees

Hal Roach Studios

Charley Chase
Mickey Daniels
Dorothy Granger
Oliver Hardy
Mary Kornman
Harry Langdon

Stan Laurel
Gertie Messinger
Our Gang
David Sharpe
Grady Sutton
Thelma Todd

Universal City, Calif.

Universal Studios

Margaret Adams
Lew Ayres
John Boles
Hoot Gibson
Bela Lugosi

Charles Murray
George Sidney
Slim Summerville
Genevieve Tobin
John Wray

Burbank, Calif.

First National Studios

Richard Barthelmess
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.
Joe Frisco
Walter Huston
Fred Kohler
Dorothy Mackaill

Marilyn Miller
Ona Munson
Dorothy Peterson
James Rennie
Otis Skinner
Loretta Young

Long Island City, New York

Paramount New York Studio

Tallulah Bankhead
Clive Brook
Nancy Carroll
Maurice Chevalier
Claudette Colbert
Norman Foster
Miriam Hopkins

Fredric March
Marx Brothers
Frank Morgan
Ginger Rogers
Charlie Ruggles
Charles Starrett
Ed Wynn

Hollywood, Calif.

Robert Agnew, 6357 La Mirada Ave.
Virginia Brown Faire, 1212 Gower St.
Lloyd Hughes, 616 Taft Bldg.
Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Blvd.
Philippe De Lacy, 904 Guaranty Bldg.

Los Angeles, Calif.

Pat O'Malley, 1832 Taft Ave.
Herbert Rawlinson, 1735 Highland St.
Ruth Roland, 3828 Wilshire Blvd.
Estelle Taylor, 5254 Los Feliz Blvd.

Gilda Gray, 22 E. 60th St., New York
William S. Hart, Horseshoe Ranch, Newhall, Calif.
Patsy Ruth Miller, 808 Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif.
George K. Arthur and Karl Dane, Beverly Hills, Calif.

GUIDE *to the* BIG SHOWS!

FROM THE CITY OF MAGIC COMES A GLORIOUS ARRAY OF GREAT ATTRACTIONS AS A GLAMOROUS NEW SEASON OPENS!

"THE BIRD OF PARADISE" . . . Richard Walton Tully's volcanic dramatic spectacle in all its splendor! DOLORES DEL RIO and thousands in the cast.

FANNIE HURST'S "SYMPHONY OF SIX MILLION" . . . Great author of "Humoresque" now shows us the soul of a city . . . drama rising from teeming streets . . . thunder in its voice . . . laughter on its lips . . . a sob in its throat!



"FRONTIER"
Tumultuous panorama of Onrushing America with the stars of "Cimarron," RICHARD DIX, IRENE DUNNE.

"MIRACLE CITY" . . .
The Glamour . . . Ecstasy . . . Heroism of those fated to dwell in Hollywood's Glass Houses!

"MARCHETA"
Richard Dix and Irene Dunne in Romance 'neath the burnished skies of old Madrid.

COMING SOON!

"ARE THESE OUR CHILDREN?"
Created by the men who made "Cimarron," Wesley Ruggles, Director; Howard Estabrook, author.

"TRAVELING HUSBANDS"
A gay tale of wandering men and wondering wives . . . Evelyn Brent, Hugh Herbert, Constance Cummings.

"SPHINX HAS SPOKEN"
With Lily Damita, Adolph Menjou, Eric Von Stroheim.

Don't miss a one of them! . . . or better still tell the manager of your favorite theatre that you want to see all these RKO RADIO PICTURES at his house!

RKO-RADIO PICTURES



TUNE IN! on the "R. K. O. THEATRE OF THE AIR" over N. B. C. Coast to Coast Network EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT, 10:30 PM, New York Time.

3 summertime BATHS



For more enjoyable evenings

Here is a bath to relieve after-work weariness. Especially helpful in summer. Starts warm, ends cold (see booklet). Makes you look better, feel better.



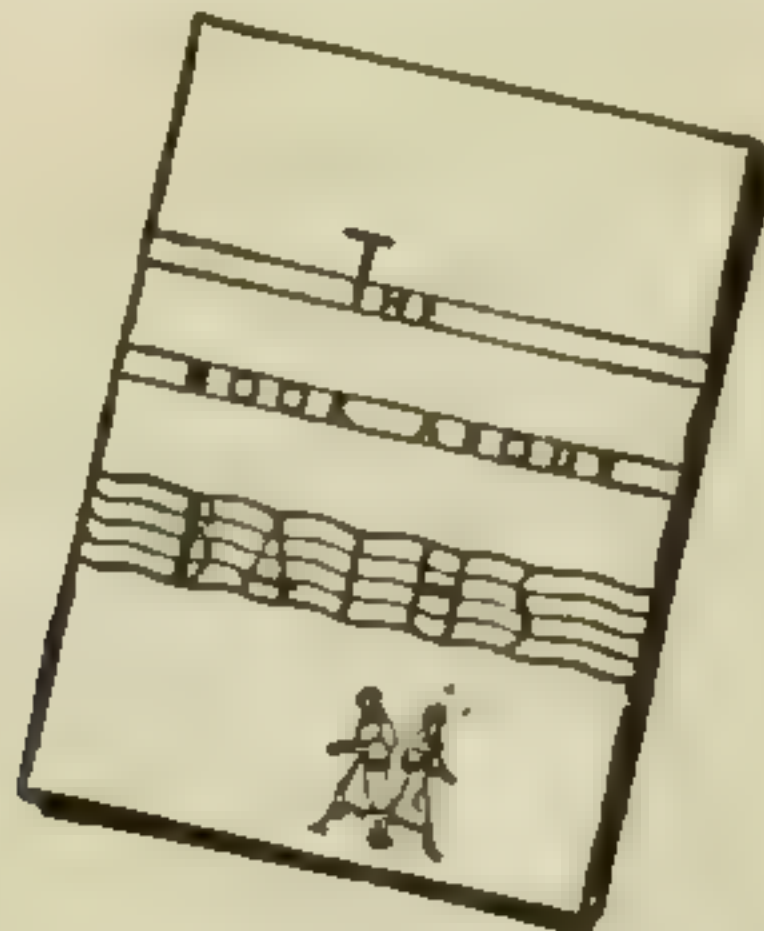
An early morning eye-opener

The "wake-up bath" is particularly refreshing after sultry summer nights. Similar to the after-work bath above, see page 6 of booklet below.



After strenuous exercise

Depend on this one throughout the year! For, as our free booklet explains, hot water relaxes muscles, relieves fatigue, prevents soreness.



This interesting book is FREE!

The summertime baths above are just three of the many helpful suggestions contained in *The Book About Baths*. Send for your copy of this unusual and interesting booklet. It is free.

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Established to promote public welfare by teaching the value of cleanliness

CLEANLINESS INSTITUTE, Dept. N8,
45 East 17th Street, New York, N. Y.
Please send me free of all cost, "The Book About Baths".
Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

P8-31

Girls' Problems

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16]

While perfume may seem a luxury, it is really an essential. You will be surprised what a stimulant to poise and smartness, the dabbing on of a bit of perfume can give you. It can give you a certain assurance that is invaluable. It is the distilled essence of the beauty that every girl desires.

Not only are perfumes delightful to the nose—but to the eye as well these days! Never have bottles been so fascinating. Your dressing table can have everything from amusing glass birds to beautifully designed glass bottles as perfume holders. Don't pick a perfume for its container, however! There are purse perfume flacons that help you to keep the fragrance fresh through a whole day or evening. There are perfume traveling kits. And clever boxes designed to hold several of your favorite scents.

It is considered quite the smart thing to suit your perfume to your moods, and costumes. For instance, have one for sports, another for afternoon costumes, and still another for evening. Thus you can be many persons in one!

Some of the stars keep their perfumes in their boudoir on a little table or in a chest. Bebe Daniels has the clever arrangement shown on page 16. It gives her bottles a wonderful setting. You can make a perfume corner in your own room, it adds zest to buying perfumes if you think how charmingly the bottles may be displayed.

I failed to mention in discussing the types of perfumes you should choose, that you can blend your own if you don't find one that seems to suit you. This takes rather a skilled hand, however. You should be sure that you know just how to put several scents together so that they harmonize. It is easy to make a muddle of the thing so that the result has practically little or no significance. There are shops that will do it for you. It is a grand idea when done well—it makes you feel that there isn't another person who has just the exact fragrance that you have!

GAY:

Although you did not give me your age, I presume that you are between seventeen and twenty. In such case, you are slightly underweight. You should weigh about 134 pounds.

Of course, many girls are delighted to be thin, but I think it would be a good idea for you to try to make up the needed weight this Summer. Especially so, if you are planning to go away to school in the fall.

I would suggest that you eat plenty of fattening foods. Cream soups, gravies, potatoes, vegetables served with cream sauce, cereals, puddings, custards, ice cream, cocoa and chocolate are all valuable foods for putting on weight. Don't neglect to eat the leafy vegetables and fruits that everyone needs to maintain good health whether stout or thin.

Drink plenty of water, at least six glasses daily. Milk is a food and a good habit for

those who want to gain. It is valuable for its calcium and vitamins. A pint of milk a day is good to begin with; later when drinking it has become a habit, a quart is better.

Be sure to get plenty of rest and sleep. Outdoor exercise is essential, but the less strenuous forms are better for the too-thin person.

RITA:

The foods that you mentioned contain about seven hundred calories in all. However, I don't believe very much in reducing by calories. I think it takes too much joy out of life. The best guide to proper foods is your own common sense. No one needs ever to tell you that you are over-indulging in sweets, pastries, starches and fats.

EVELYN W.:

It would seem that your proportions are quite good for your height although I do think that you could afford to gain a little. The bony framework of the body varies so that it is difficult to determine your exact measurements by your description.

If you wish to gain, I would advise that you follow the regime which I have outlined to Gay, above.

It will put on the few needed pounds with the greatest ease.

As you gain weight, you will find that the rest of your body gains proportionately. The following exercise will help to develop your legs:

Stand in front of a small chair, the back of which does not reach higher than your hip joint. Standing erect, raise your right leg and swing it outward away from the body, then slowly around over the top of the chair, then back and into position.

Repeat with left leg.

At the beginning, don't do this exercise more than five times, gradually increasing it to ten times.

FILOMENA:

I think you are exaggerating the importance of having a good figure at your age. You are still very young and in the next few years you will probably grow so rapidly that your figure will naturally attain the right proportions. You may even want to be gaining weight in a year or so! I have seen that happen many times.

Don't let your overweight ruin your happiness. Go out with your friends. I am sure your friends are not saying unkind things about you. You are just over-sensitive. So many young girls lose out on the best time of their lives just on that account. So don't you make that foolish mistake.

Just enjoy yourself as much as you can, you will discover others are enjoying you just as much.

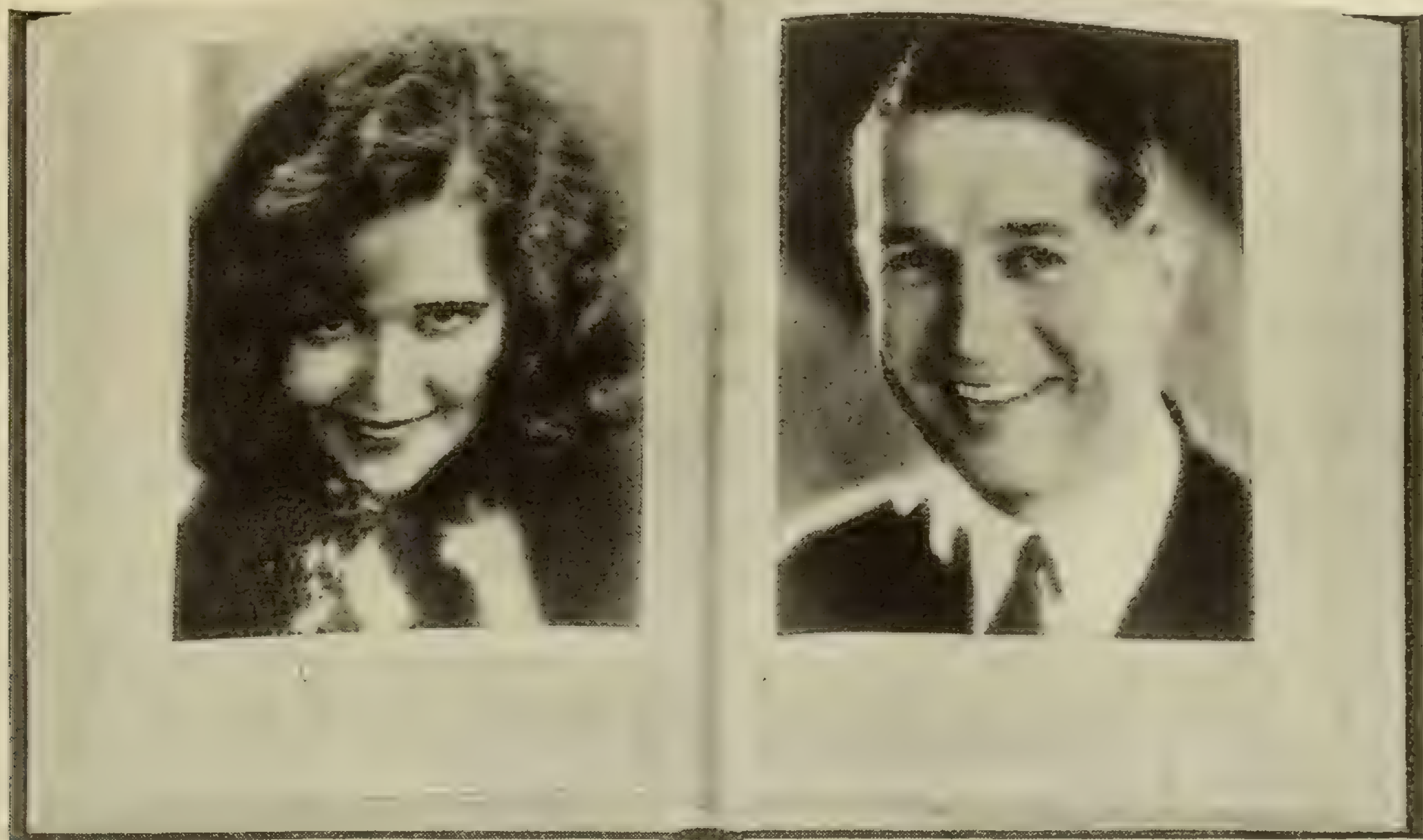
You did not give any address on your letter so you will have to write me again and give it, if you want me to send you my booklet on reducing and menus.

August Birthdays

August 2—Myrna Loy
August 2—Glenn Tryon
August 3—Dolores Del Rio
August 4—Anita Page
August 9—Charles Farrell
August 9—Dorothy Jordan
August 10—Norma Shearer
August 11—Hobart Bosworth
August 12—Cecil B. De Mille
August 13—Mary Duncan

August 13—Charles (ex-Buddy) Rogers
August 13—Regis Toomey
August 17—Winnie Lightner
August 19—Eleanor Boardman
August 19—June Collyer
August 19—Kenneth MacKenna
August 19—Colleen Moore
August 25—George Fawcett
August 30—Joan Blondell
August 31—Fredric March

STARS OF THE PHOTOPLAY



250 BEAUTIFUL REPRODUCTIONS IN ROTOGRAVURE **250**
WITH A BRIEF BIOGRAPHY BELOW THE PORTRAIT OF EACH STAR

This de luxe edition of the "Stars of the Photoplay" represents the very finest collection of beautiful art portraits of screen celebrities ever assembled under one cover.

PHOTOPLAY Magazine's close personal contact with the stars of the industry has enabled us to procure not only the latest but the most attractive portraits of all the screen favorites.

Two hundred and fifty photographs have been carefully selected and reproduced by rotogravure process. This process retains the soft, deep tones and highlights, and has resulted in exceptional reproductions of the original photographs.

The portraits, for convenient reference, have been arranged in alphabetical order according to the names of the stars, and below each portrait you will find a brief biography which gives a clear and comprehensive sketch of the star's career, including such information as weight, height, complexion, age, etc. Just the type of information that you want.

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Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 88]

HOWARD HUGHES and Billie Dove were seeing a picture in the projection room at United Artists. Hughes is hard of hearing, so the sounds are amplified many times when pictures are shown him.

Billie had her dog with her. The dog started yelping lustily in the middle of the picture. Billie tried to quiet him, but couldn't. He only barked louder.

Finally she turned to Hughes. "Does the dog bother you?" she called into his ear.

"What dog?" asked Mr. Hughes, looking at the screen and not seeing any canines.

A CERTAIN player who hasn't worked for years and years has at last got a part in a picture, but it is a well-known fact that her husband is in difficult financial circumstances so is it any wonder that she said to the studio cashier, "Is my check ready? I'll just take it now."

"No," said the cashier, "it isn't through yet, but I'll be glad to send it special to your home."

"No, no," pleaded the player, "don't do that—I want to be sure you don't send it to my home. Just send it to my agent, if you please."

THERE seems to be some sort of jinx on Mae Marsh. Snatched from obscurity to play in "Over the Hill," she believed that once more her career was well under way. And then there was trouble. Director Henry King was not in complete sympathy with the script and he gave up the job. The entire cast was dismissed.

"Over the Hill" may never reach the talking screen.

HARRISON CARROLL tells the yarn about a supervisor who, attempting to put his associates at ease during a story conference, said, "It's going to be very informal. We'll just think out loud."

And then someone in the rear remarked, "Don't be a sucker."

ABOUT seven years ago, Ernst Lubitsch made a picture called "The Marriage Circle." The five leading players were Monte Blue, Creighton Hale, Harry Meyers, Marie Prevost and Florence Vidor.

All five have appeared in the divorce courts since then.

Now the Hollywood rumor won't be downed that Herr Lubitsch himself, as soon as he gets his final decree, will marry Ona Munson—as soon as Ona Munson gets *her* final decree from Eddie Buzzell.

Yep, "The Marriage Circle" is right.

THIS is one of the things that could happen only in Hollywood.

During the height of the traffic rush two cars locked wheels at the corner of Hollywood Boulevard and Vine Street.

A man leaned out of one and said to the woman driver of the other:

"Sorry. I'm hurrying to one of the studios. My name is King Vidor and I'm rushing to a luncheon date with my wife, Eleanor Boardman."

"You'd better hurry, then," returned the woman. "My husband's been making love to her all morning. I'm Mrs. Paul Lukas, and I'm in a hurry, too."

P. G. WODEHOUSE, the English humorist, who received \$104,000 for a year's work for M-G-M—\$2,000 a week—says: "I feel as if I have cheated them. The way Hollywood spends money dazes me!" . . . Me too, Percy. . . . Reri, South Sea Island star of "Tabu," now playing in the "Follies," signs her contracts Anna Chevalier. It's her real name.

A STUDIO queried William S. Hart and J. Warren Kerrigan, both in retirement, about returning to the screen.

Kerrigan replied: "Not interested, but if part is good, will consider."

Hart's answer was: "Not interested in pictures."



Don't salute, Wilbur! The gentleman in the natty shorts holding a shinny stick isn't a Boy Scout. It's just ole Massa Fairbanks putting it there, as it were, on the Manila golf links. George O'Brien, recent Philippines visitor, also, is autographing a photo for Miss Pacita Roxas, one of his admirers

IRENE DUNNE of "Cimarron" fame is back in Hollywood, bubbling over with gratitude because PHOTOPLAY told the secret of her marriage.

She found it much more convenient to be openly married while traveling to Florida with her husband!

Incidentally, good luck followed her. She won four hundred and fifty dollars at roulette by playing her "system" in the Southern state.

"**BEAUTY,**" said Mary Pickford in a recent magazine article, "comes from within. It isn't a matter of lifting the face, but lifting the thoughts." Tweet, tweet.

EVERYONE in Hollywood has been delighted to see Lois Wilson sign a five-year contract with Universal as a result of her work in "Seed." There's one girl who's generally liked. Incidentally, after all these up and down years in the industry, she is at last to be starred. Her first will be "Marriage Interlude," the famous book by Pirandello.

THE George Fitzmaurices were so excited about the birth of their twins that Fitz, naturally an undemonstrative man, got Carey Wilson out of bed at four o'clock in the morning to report the news.

"I didn't want to upset Diane by telling her so, but I did want that boy. But to think I got both—"

And it was Mother Diane who named them. The moment the doctor told her about them, she whispered, "Patricia and Michael."

Two weeks later little Michael died. So Patricia will have to be both son and daughter.

AL JOLSON wants to play the part of *De Lawd* in the talkie version of "Green Pastures," which recalls the story they told about him just after he moved into one of the loftiest of New York's skyscraper apartments.

While sitting in his living room, some twenty-five or thirty stories above the street, a thunderstorm suddenly came up. The lightning cracked and the thunder roared all around him. He seemed to be right up in the clouds, and was scared stiff.

As the storm continued, he got down on his knees.

"Please, Lord," he said, "make the thunder and lightning go away. This is Al Jolson speaking!"

JUST to show where title writers' minds run, they changed the stage name of "The Greeks Had a Word for It," so that, when it hits the screen, it'll be "The Greeks Had a Name for Them."

Ho, hum. . . .

EVEN the kids in Hollywood make jokes about 'em—! Somebody asked Jackie Searl, the other day, what his big ambition was.

"Oh, I dunno," smartchattered the lad, "I guess I'm not terribly ambitious. I'd like to be a supervisor."

ZIT'S tells the story of Harpo Marx going to a Detroit theater to see his picture "Cocoanuts." When the scene of him eating the telephone was flashed upon the screen, a man sitting next to the comedian said, "Why, that guy's nuts." Harpo made a hasty exit.

ALONG Broadway he was known as the kind of "ham" that even makes a noise when buttoning his coat. He could strut sitting down. He went to Hollywood to try his luck in the studios.

"Fine!" shouted the first director he approached, "you're just the type!"

"What's the rôle?" he asked.

"An obnoxious New Yorker!" was the devastating retort.

The season's best catch!



Silks and woolens love this new IVORY SNOW

Suds instantly in lukewarm water

Ivory Snow is the new star among fine fabric soaps! It's so quick. So attractive. And . . . very, very kind!

Ivory Snow is pure Ivory Soap in a new instant form. No "beating" to give suds. Just add lukewarm water—and swish, these white snow pearls go *completely* into velvety suds. No undissolved soap particles left to spot your fabrics.

Don't hesitate to use enough Ivory Snow to make a *thick* suds. Ivory Snow can't possibly hurt colors that are safe in clear water. And the 15¢ box is so very big that even when you use its contents generously, it lasts through many silk-and-wool washdays.

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Silk and woolen manufacturers agree

"A perfect soap for silks," say Mallinson, Cheney Brothers and Truhu. "The ideal soap for woolens," say the weavers of the fine Biltmore Handwoven Home-spuns, the makers of downy Mariposa Blankets and the Botany Worsted Mills, leading woolen manufacturers, to mention only a few

"Chic" Sale—The Specialist

tells of a
BOY SCOUT

who did

A
Good Deed
Daily



OLD MAN TAPLEY runs the drug store. After school his little boy Ed delivers packages and works behind the counter. Ed is nine, and so not long ago he joined the Boy Scouts.

Well sir, things went along till one day old man Tapley saw Ed cram a little tin box of chocolate tablets in his pocket. The upshot of it was he investigated and found that Ed, actin' as a Boy Scout, was doin' a good turn a day by givin' away a box of these tablets.

He was mad at first and started to whip Ed. Then he got to figgerin'. He checked up. Ed had give these tablets to nearly everybody in town. And the books showed the medicine sales at The Tapley Drug Store had dropped forty per cent while the lunch counter sales had increased ninety per cent. There you are.

"Chic" Sale

THERE'S no secret about Ex-Lax, those little chocolate tablets in the blue tin box. It checks on every point a doctor looks for in a laxative.

Ex-Lax is simply delicious chocolate combined with a scientific laxative ingredient, phenolphthalein — of the right quality, in the right proportion, in the right dose.

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P. O. Box 170, Times Plaza Sta., Brooklyn, N. Y.

NORMA SHEARER and Irving Thalberg have always lived in rented houses, because Norma was superstitious and felt it brought her good luck to live in one place in the winter and another in the summer.

But she isn't that way any more, for a forty thousand dollar home is being built in Santa Monica and will be ready by the time the Thalbergs return from Europe.

There's a projection room with a screen which rises from the floor, and a fine sound apparatus. And there's a nursery—which is the real secret of mama's change of heart. Baby Thalberg must have a permanent address.

MARY PICKFORD, enroute to Hubby-Doug in England, detoured. She motored from New York City to the town of Purchase. There, in a private mansion called Ophir Hall, lay King Prajadhipok of Siam, recovering from an eye operation. Mary was going to visit the King, since the King, it seems, had no intention of going Californiaward to visit Pickfair.

At the gates of Ophir Hall, where clustered reporters and others, Mary was duly halted. A functionary inquired of her:

"Who are you? And where is your identification card?"

Mary drew herself up to her full height, such as it is, turned the radiance of her eyes upon the person, and spake:

"My face is my only identification card!"

Whereupon the gatekeeper collapsed, Queen Mary of Hollywood was admitted to see King Prajadhipok of Siam, and the Pickfair royalty batting average remained high.

LILYAN TASHMAN has gone beach-crazy and spends spare moments bossing the work on her Malibu house, which is almost completed.

Her tan is the favorite Embassy Club topic of conversation.

Some curse it, some envy.

And now she has Charley horse from walking on the sands in bare feet and flat heels.

But she's the most-ultra and most talked-about beach devotee in the city.

GRETA GARBO will return to Europe at the end of her contract next April, and she may not return.

WHEN Janet Gaynor and Charlie Farrell walked into the lobby of the Carthay Circle Theater together, it gave the premiere of "Daddy Long Legs" an unexpected romantic kick.

The sidewalk throngs were breathless with excitement and literally mobbed the two after the show.

Janet, surrounded by women, gazed appealingly in Charlie's direction, while Farrell, overjoyed, was asking everyone how they liked "our" picture.

"Of course, I wasn't in it," amended Charlie, "but I always feel that Janet's pictures are mine, anyway."

This tickled everyone and Winnie Sheehan, Fox production chief, just stood in the background thinking delicious thoughts about the next Gaynor-Farrell co-starring vehicle, "Delicious."

Virginia Valli, Charlie's bride, and Lydell Peck, Janet's husband, were also there.

JOHN BARRYMORE, unable to get together with the Warner family at the conclusion of his \$175,000-per-picture contract, went yachting in Northern Pacific waters and announced laconically in Seattle that he's going back to the stage, come Fall.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 128]



Perpetuating the memory of Valentino in a worthy manner, the Valentino Association has endowed and fitted up a ward for children in the Italian Hospital in London. Here is one of the little patients, receiving the healthful rays of an ultra-violet-ray lamp, which bears engraved on it the last words of the star: "I want the sunlight to greet me." This is only one of the many charities carried on in memory of Valentino, who died five years ago this month

Should Women Work?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45]

woman is early in the morning. She awakes to face the day. She is completely alone then—no one to talk to, no one of whom to ask advice, no one with whom she may indulge in the small pleasantries that make life worth while.

"I live from day to day. I do amusing and interesting things. I have a number of interests—the theater, nice restaurants, the glowing talk of good friends, my work. I lead a busy and an active life, as does every professional woman. But what will happen to me—to us—when we have grown middle-aged? Have we missed the greatest thing in the world—the companionship of a loving husband?

"Perhaps middle-aged wives are as unhappy as middle-aged professional women. I don't know. At least this I do know. We will have more to think about than they—more vital scenes will pass through our minds, brisk panoramas, vivid encounters. And perhaps that is all middle-age is—simply remembering.

"While we are young—we moderns—we live in this mad whirl and face our responsibilities. When I was working in an advertising office I saved enough money to make a trip to Paris. And then I decided I would take the time off and write a book instead. That was 'Ex-wife,' and from then on my responsibilities increased. I probably won't get to Paris before 1932, when my option with the Paramount company comes up.

"My son, Mark, lives with my sister and me in a home I bought in Connecticut. He loves to ride. I've bought him a saddle horse. Perhaps, had I never written 'Ex-wife,' he would have had only a pair of skates—but the idea is the same. Now they're telling me how cheaply



The only horse Clark Gable ever rode before he went to Hollywood was on a merry-go-round. But movie actors must be versatile, so Clark learned to ride—learned 'til it hurt—and now he and his pal, Bolingbroke, are inseparable. Rising rapidly (in the films we mean, not on Bolingbroke), Gable has scored heavily in those villainous, menacing rôles now current, but we hope they don't make him stick to this type. He's too good an actor

Know the truth before accepting substitutes for Kotex



Doubtful substitutes for Kotex may be health risk—you *know* Kotex is safe.

BE cautious—when you hear the expression, "just like Kotex." How do you know it's just like Kotex? Where was it made? How? By whom? Is it, like Kotex, used by hospitals from coast to coast?

Surface resemblance does not make a pad "just like Kotex." It's easy to make a pad that looks like Kotex. Far, far harder to make one that meets the rigid Kotex standards of *purity*, of cleanliness.

Hospitals use Kotex

After all, why take chances? You know Kotex is safe. Last year more than 10,000,000 pads were used by hospitals. Their choice should be your guide.

Kotex may cost a few pennies more than some questionable substitute of whose makers you know nothing. But those few cents guarantee a product that meets your personal ideals of cleanliness as well as hygienic safety.

Kotex is made of laminated layers of Cellucotton (not cotton) absorbent wadding that absorbs scientifically, away

from the surface. Thus, the original softness *lasts*. It is adjustable. It is treated to deodorize.

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- 4 *Kotex is soft* . . . laminated layers absorb scientifically, away from the surface.
- 5 *Disposable*, instantly, completely.

The new Kotex Belt.

Brings new ideals of sanitary comfort! Woven to fit by an entirely new patented process. Firm yet light; will not curl; perfect-fitting.

KOTEX
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LOVELY WOMEN
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EXQUISITE NEW
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If you wish to possess and retain a girlish complexion, insist on MELLO-GLO. One dollar at all stores.

For fine, dry or sensitive skin, ask for new light-weight MELLO-GLO in blue-edged box.

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Kindly write here name of your favorite store:

a swimming pool can be built. They'll have the swimming pool, I'm sure.

"And yet, I'm delighted to do all these things. I'm trying desperately to make up to Mark for not having a father. He misses that. The other boys at school talk of their fathers, and I can see it hurts him. What's the answer to that? Marriage may be finished in this age—but what of children? I know a woman writer who is unmarried and has a child whenever she wants one. But isn't that a little unfair to the child?

"I WANT to adopt a girl. It's for selfish reasons, I know. I want to have her as a companion, and because I adore children. She might grow up and run away with the plumber. But she'll have to do what she wants to do. I believe in letting every person lead her own life.

"With the change that has come over this generation men no longer need to marry, and the women in whom they are interested are the clever professional women. But something happens to a man when he does not support his wife. He may be as modern as his wife, conversationally; he may promise all sorts of things, but the fact that she earns more than he

does, or becomes famous, begins to eat into his mind, and the marriage ends.

"I sometimes think that the best solution is for people to marry young and grow up together—never having known the outside world. I seldom talk of my own marriage, because my ex-husband has a wife now and it isn't fair for me to talk. But the reason we went on the rocks was simply because we both came from families that were quite comfortably well off, and we could not cope with the poverty in which we discovered ourselves after our marriage. It was not because we were young that it ended.

"When I was writing 'Ex-wife' I was in love. That was the greatest thing that ever happened to me. The man was a distinguished, important figure, but his line of work brought him no fame. It was the notoriety that I received from my books, my career, that separated us.

"Man's instincts remain the same.

"And I'm sure I do not know the answer to any of this. I'm sure I cannot tell whether the professional woman is happier than the wife or less so. But of one thing I'm sure—if we are able to make anything out of our mad era we must face the facts as we see them and piece out the salvation of our individual existence."

Dolores vs. the Jinx

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69]

"The Bad One," was an indifferent success at the box-office, but who could still demand the appalling sum of \$9,000—and the right to "The Dove," a film unsuited to any of their contract people. It is my personal opinion, whatever that amounts to, that Sam will be smiling on the other side of his face. I may be as wet as the King business, but I believe that Dolores Del Rio is due for a big comeback. And I'll get to my reasons for this in a minute.

A glowering jinx has hounded the footsteps of Dolores. Her life has been one cataclysmic adventure after another, but somehow or other she has managed to come up, if not exactly smiling, at least on top. It is necessary to go back a little to realize the terrific force of this woman, still in her early twenties, who has lived enough to be a hundred.

YOU know her story, of course, that she was born of patrician ancestors, daughter of a wealthy banker and that her marriage to Jaime Del Rio was a marriage of convenience, uniting the two most important families in Mexico. There have been rumors, emanating mostly from Hollywood's Mexican Colony, that while Dolores came of good middle class business stock, her family tree had not so many branches, leafy with importance, as Jaime's and that her family jumped, like Mexican beans, at the chance of having a daughter of theirs married to one of the great Del Rios. It has even been hinted that there was Indian blood on the mother's side. Nothing short of a trip to Mexico would prove these things, and it would be a worthless journey, since it doesn't really matter.

The important fact is that at the age of fifteen she was married to a wealthy, patrician, proud bachelor ten years her senior, who was completely fascinated by the beauty of this convent bred girl. At fifteen, Dolores found herself on a honeymoon trip in Europe, living the gay life of the Continent, being presented at the Court of Alphonso XIII of Spain and having a Paris gown named after her. There is no doubt that Jaime Del Rio exploited the beauty and charm of his young wife in Europe just as Edwin Carewe exploited his talented new-found star in Hollywood some years later.

That was a tragic marriage—the older man, the utterly innocent child—and it is no wonder that the constant parade of her beauty, like a model in a show window, was bitter to Dolores. That avid, dark beauty, those luminous eyes,

mystic and sombre; Dolores, mother of pain—oh, she was born under an ill-fated star, a star of suffering.

Dolores says that Jaime did not want her to accept the offer Carewe made her in Mexico to come to Hollywood. Others maintain that Jaime, ever delighted with his prize, saw another chance to show the world the young thing he had captured.

At any rate, they came and Dolores then was as fresh as a dewy morning, a gay little package done up in bright enthusiastic ribbons. Everything in Hollywood entranced her. Speaking no English, she was delighted that Jaime acted as her interpreter on the set. It was all new and lovely to her and then she began to make a success, and you know that sordid story. You know the story of a proud man finding himself becoming the husband of a picture star and the story of a young girl who had been the beautiful wife of a wealthy and influential citizen becoming the important member of the family. There were violent quarrels between them and neither was at fault. Circumstance was the apex of the triangle and the villain in the piece.

Dolores Del Rio had never loved her husband except as a girl would love an important, charming older man. By the same token, she never loved Edwin Carewe except for releasing her from the boredom of her life in Mexico City and giving her a vital place in an active and passionate world.

But when Jaime Del Rio died in Europe alone with the name of his ex-wife, Dolores, upon his lips, it was duck soup for the saccharine typewriters of the sob sisters.

THE motion picture public had approved of the spritely young patrician from Mexico, a society belle bored with cocktail parties and polo, who wanted to make a name for herself. But certainly it would not have approved of what it thought was a heartless wife who put her fame before love and allowed her husband to die of a broken heart. Perhaps that's what Jaime died of—but it was circumstance and not Dolores who caused it.

After his death, Dolores led her own life. She was free of all authority, and her beaux were as numerous as inconsistencies in the Wickersham report. She was rumored engaged to a number of different men. She was called a ruthless heartbreaker. And then she

married Cedric Gibbons. This new happiness was short-lived, for illness and her broken contract followed and it was thought that the end of Dolores' tempestuous professional life was in sight.

But this was not so. She is well now. She is as interesting as ever. She has, of course, changed—changed from that little Mexican girl into a suave sophisticated and, perhaps, somewhat embittered woman. She has never been completely happy, and I doubt that she ever will be, but success is ahead of her. Of that I'm convinced. Dolores has lived through too many ordeals, she has battled the old jinx too long. They can't keep a good girl down.

She's back on the screen—up and at 'em!

The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 59]

EXPENSIVE WOMEN—Warners

THE day after this was previewed in Los Angeles a columnist announced Dolores Costello would retire to private life. We don't wonder. They took the surest way to put her there by giving her one of the worst stories ever screened for her return opus. She looks lovely and her voice is okay, but the less said about the entire production the better.

LAUGHING SINNERS—M-G-M

ADAPTED from the stage play "The Torch Song" and not so good, but if you're a Joan Crawford fan you may like it. Clark Gable, as a Salvation Army worker, causes Joan to go straight after Neil Hamilton, the cad, does her wrong. Hamilton's work is splendid in a dirty-dog rôle. The title came out of a grab-bag.

WOMEN LOVE ONCE—Paramount

NO wonder Ruth Chatterton refused to make this one. Formerly known as "Daddy's Gone A-Hunting." Paul Lukas turns from the steady family support of Eleanor Boardman into a playboy willing to let more than one woman support him. Of course, he recovers just in time to provide the stereotyped happy ending. Producers wasted their time; don't waste yours.

GOLDIE—Fox

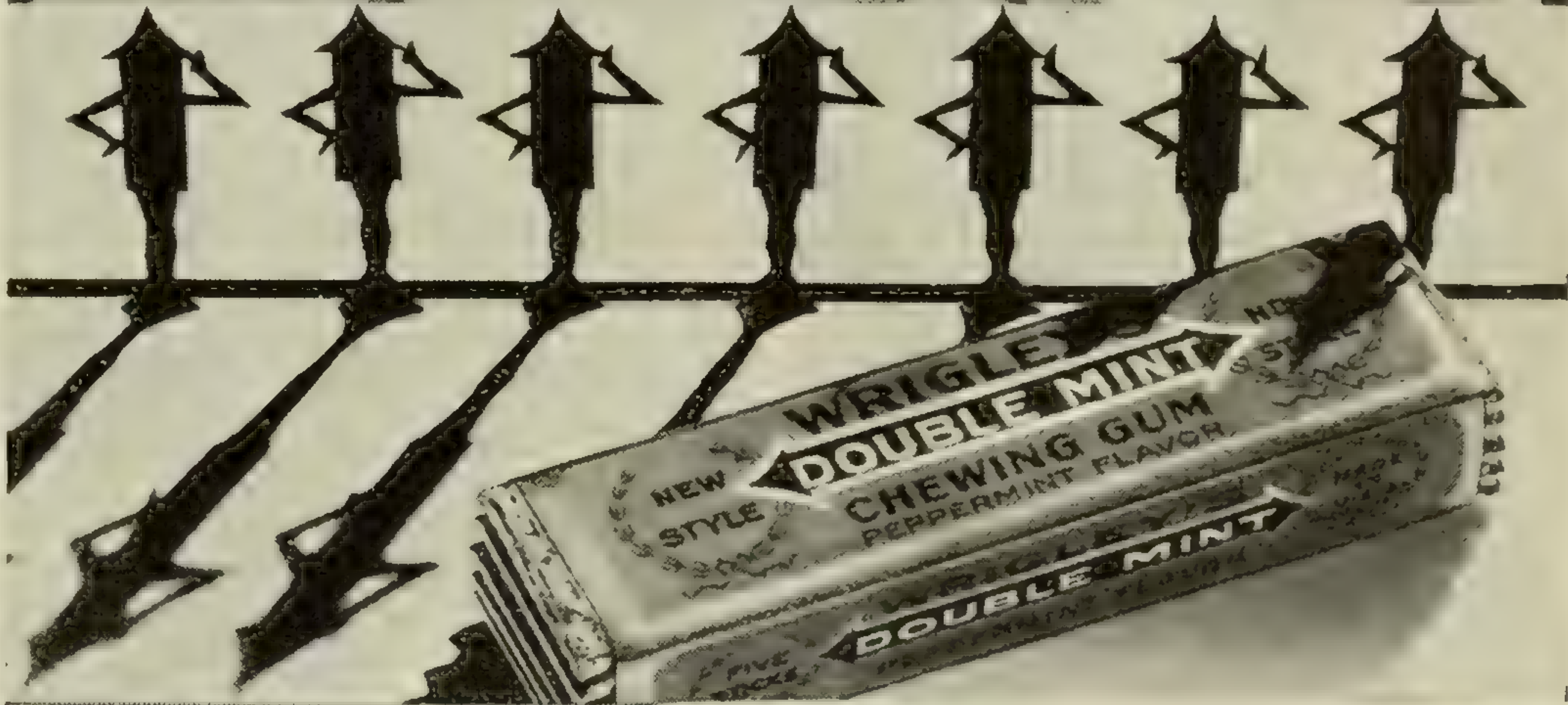
SPENCER TRACY and Warren Hymer, the new team, do the Eddie Lowe-Victor McLaglen act in this talking version of "A Girl in Every Port." Jean Harlow brings her several attributes to the part of the girl over whom they battle particularly. There are plenty of laughs in both lines and action. If you like lusty, gusty stuff, not too highly polished, this'll do.

THE RECKLESS HOUR— First National

THERE'S nothing strikingly new in the story of a young girl mistaking a cad for a gentleman and giving him privileges popularly awarded to marriage. However, there are some new twists and splendid acting by Dorothy Mackaill, H. B. Warner, her father; Walter Byron and Conrad Nagel, the two lovers; and Joan Blondell, comedienne. Fair entertainment.

THREE WHO LOVED— Radio Pictures

HERE'S a yarn with two climaxes; one in the middle and one at the end. In fact, it could have been two pictures. The last is the most exciting. The production suffers from



L-108

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of
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WRIGLEY'S

*Inexpensive
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too much story. Acting rated as excellent. Betty Compson surprises, while Conrad Nagel, Robert Ames and Bodil Rosing keep easily in the running. Worth the average program price, in spite of extra climaxes.

HUSH MONEY—Fox

ANOTHER gangster film in which the poor little girl, caught in a trap, pays the price of her shame and then finds wealth and happiness with her true love. An amusing, though obvious, ending takes some of the sting out of the just ordinary story. Joan Bennett, Hardie Albright, Owen Moore and Myrna Loy struggle valiantly with their rôles.

LOVER COME BACK—Columbia

REMEMBER Betty Bronson in "Peter Pan"? Well, you'd never recognize the little girl in this one, for she spends her time snatching a nice young man away from the girl he really loves, marrying him, and then whooping it up in the gay manner with his boss. Pretty poor stuff, and pretty rough on Betty, who tries hard to be a vamp, but just isn't the type.

A HOLY TERROR—Fox

THIS two-fisted Western with George O'Brien outwitting all possible villains is really quite a wholesome relief after sophisticated bedroom dramas and gangster repeats. There's a novel twist to an old story, too. How that hero can ride. And it must have paid Sally Eilers to marry Hoot Gibson. She sits a saddle like nobody's business. James Kirkwood and the leads do excellent acting.

THE LAWLESS WOMAN—Chesterfield Pictures

TAKE all the preceding gangster and cub reporter pictures, mix well, leave out the spice and flavor, and you have this not uninteresting, but quite unimportant, film. There's the cub reporter out to get a scoop on the latest underworld murder and the innocent girl accused of the killing, with comedy supplied as usual by the newspaperman who imbibes too freely. Carroll Nye and Vera Reynolds are featured.

SWEEPSTAKES—RKO-Pathé

THIS is one of those race-track yarns that's cooked up of romance, gags, thrills and fast lines—and a bit of pathos, too. Nothing much new in the story of the jockey who's barred because he threw a race for love's sweet sake—

and then makes a grand come-back after going to the dogs. But you'll be moderately entertained. Quillan and Gleason take honors.

SHIPS OF HATE—Trem Carr

IF you're fed up on the gangster-story variety of murders and assorted gruesomeness, here's a chance to find the same general idea in a new setting. This time it's all on shipboard, with a crippled skipper ruling his crew of cutthroats with fear and a long whip. Occasional murders keep things nicely morbid. Charles Middleton steals the honors, if any. If weak-hearted, stay home.

DER GROSSE TENOR—UFA

AN all-German talkie with a song or two, featuring Emil Jannings in a typical Jannings rôle. He plays a great tenor, who not only likes song, but wine and women, too. He loses his voice, retires to a farm with his wife, and in a sudden burst of rural happiness, discovers his voice has returned. Jannings is splendid, but except for a high light here and there, a slow moving picture.

THREE LOVES—Terra

MARLENE DIETRICH'S presence in this German silent, made about three years ago, is the only valid reason (as well as the obvious one) for reviving it for American presentation now. While it is entertaining, its chief interest is in watching the Dietrich of the pre-Paramount era. It has English subtitles.

THE TWO-GUN MAN—Tiffany

A WESTERN, frankly done in the old manner, but with more shooting, harder fighting and faster riding than one imagined was left in this talkie-era. Ken Maynard, coming to the aid of the honest rancher in a deep-dyed cattle war, not only uncovers the villain and saves the day, but wins the rancher's leetle gal to boot. Nothing new, but good entertainment of its kind.

TRANSGRESSION—Radio Pictures

TOO bad that a production as beautifully photographed, produced and acted should have such an old and slow-moving plot. The clothes worn by the delectable Kay Francis make it worth a modest price of admission, however. It's the eternal triangle of the yearning wife and the forgiving, generous husband. Paul Cavanagh makes a splendid husband and Ricardo Cortez is again the bewitching seducer.

Two Ladies Who Make You Laugh

Edna May Oliver

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67]

back: "All right. Button up your overcoat, come out and join the family." She did—and she's been with Radio ever since.

She knows it's her face that's brought her success—at least, without it all her fine dramatic ability wouldn't have had half the chance her face gave it.

"But you'll never know how much, and how often, I've longed to be beautiful!" she confesses, out of the midst of the conversation.

"Oh, yes—I'm grateful in a way for this face now that I've gotten used to it. I know it's brought me this success. I know it's given me the chance to make and save enough money so I won't spend the end of my days in an old ladies' home somewhere. But all the same, I'm a woman. And what woman doesn't long to be beautiful?"

"You know, people sometimes say the cruelest things about my face. I don't mind them—any more. I've gotten hardened to that sort of thing—and, of course, since I capitalize on my face to my own advantage, I suppose I've got to take the hard things they say along with the advantageous things this face brings me!"

"EVERYWHERE I go, people recognize me. It flatters me to have them tell me how they know me, and enjoy my work.

"But that happiness is inevitably tinged with just a slight flavor of bitterness, because I know it's this face that makes them remember me.

"I recall an occasion in New York State. Everywhere I went on tour with 'Show Boat,' I had a radio put in my hotel room. This time, a funny-faced individual came in to install the radio. He got all through tinkering with it.

"Then he looked at me, and wheezed:

"Say, ain't I seen you before?" I told him he probably had, since I was on the stage. 'I knew it,' he crowed, 'becuz you got a very peculiar face, lady—a very peculiar face. Once you sees it, you never forgets it!' And he went down the hall cackling to himself—and never realized, perhaps, that I'll never forget his face myself. It had mine backed off the map!"

The greatest shock she ever got was the first time she was called horse-faced. It was indirect. A certain dramatic critic, reviewing the opening of a play in which she was featured, wrote that "Edna May Oliver looked her usual self—as though she'd just been taken out of harness." But since then, she's gotten used to it. In Hollywood where they're less kind to personal feelings than any place else, perhaps, they call her simply "hoss-faced Oliver."

"OH, I've gotten hardened," she says, smiling. But there's no conviction in that smile. Not strange though, is it—that no matter what it's made her, that face of hers is still not the sort of face a woman wants to have?

"The first time I ever saw myself on the screen, I was almost nauseated!" She admits. "That lasts even now. I never like to see myself on the screen. It hurts my vanity—yes, I've got some left! So I stay away from my own pictures. If other people enjoy seeing me, that's all right and I'm glad—but I don't enjoy seeing myself!"

"Oh, well—why complain? I've found a measure of happiness, and let it go at that, face or no face. If any woman wants to be thought beautiful, let her surround herself with me, and she will be. As for me—if I ever have my own producing company, I'm going to surround *my* self with the most beautiful women I can hire. And then I'll at least stand out and be distinctive!"

Una Merkel

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 66]

loaned to an independent company to play in "Eyes of the World," and then back to United for the sweet little frightened ingénue in "The Bat Whispers." Yessir, Una was on the upward and onward holy path and no mistake.

And then—what ho!—the hero to the front. John Considine left United Artists to go with Fox. That company was planning to make a comedy called "Don't Bet on Women," and by some strange fluke John happened to remember the funniest girl he'd ever seen in the stage play "Coquette," a girl who kept the audience laughing through its tears with her bizarre Southern accent and her funny dangling hands and suddenly, out of a clear mental sky, it dawned upon him that this woman was the same person who had been under contract to United Artists and looking starry all the time.

He sent for Una. They put her in "Don't Bet on Women." They kept writing in funny lines for her to say and she said 'em funny. She was a scream and everybody suddenly said, "Where has this comedienne been hiding?" And she had been Gishy all the time.

Well, United Artists was pretty mad. They'd been weeping over a comic and didn't know she was a comic. So when her contract was up they didn't renew, and Una took her accent and her walk right over to Fox where she's been making them roll in the aisles ever since.

WAIT until you see and hear her in "Daddy Long Legs." That silly, broad accent—she's a scream.

Griffith, I'm sure, feels badly about it all. But the world is safe. Less Gishes and more Fazendas—says I. Less moonlight and roses and more good sturdy pie throwing. Less heroines and more comediennes. Una Merkel was snatched from Griffith by Fate and everybody feels a lot better now.



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Inside Politics of the Studios

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49]

by and interested in her people. No suggestion is made but it is only natural that writers instinctively include the people in their stories who have interested them!

The same astuteness is required in every branch of the business. It is not wisdom to refuse an invitation to the home of Marion Davies. The very cream of Hollywood's professional life floats on Marion's swimming pool. A lesser light cannot afford to miss the opportunity; a greater light cannot afford to be noted among those missing.

AN invitation to Mary Pickford's is likewise a command. To refuse is to be politically blind. An amusing sidelight on this is: For a long time Mary Pickford was the only one who could afford to decline Marion's invitations—and vice versa. Today, they are friends and interchange social calls frequently. Hollywood understands that Mary made the first break and maneuvered the re-arrangement. Certainly Mary adores Marion today, and says so frankly.

Naturally, picture people are human and real friendships often come from social beginnings. Real enmities, too.

A number of years ago, Winfield Sheehan was ill and Raoul Walsh and his wife, who was at that time Miriam Cooper, cared for him in their home. A deep friendship between the men resulted. Now, undoubtedly, Raoul Walsh had no political intentions whatsoever at that time—but a friendship with the monitor of Fox activities cannot but be beneficial to a Fox director. Certainly, a director to be successful must draw good stories, good actors, good staffs.

Lilyan Tashman thought it wise to court Constance Bennett who threatened the best-dressed title. A shrewd political move, in theory. Not so, in reality. They were too much alike—neither could stand it. The friendship developed into a feud.

Marie Dressler deserves every tribute the world or her friends can give her. But without a political sense Marie would never have been able to show her worth of these tributes. Marie's very return to Hollywood was the result of a political maneuver.

FRANCES MARION and Marie had been friends. Years ago when Frances was ill in New York and without money, Marie took her home and cared for her. The friendship which resulted is almost sacred between them.

One day Frances received a letter from a mutual friend of hers and Marie's in New York, which said that Marie was so cheerful and so insistent that everything was right with the world that she felt certain Marie must be broke. Frances had just completed the script of "The Callahans and the Murphys." Metro was searching a lead. Frances went to headquarters. "I know just the woman. Marie Dressler! I haven't heard of her for years. But she would be too expensive. She was getting \$3,000 a week the last time I saw her." Or words to that effect.

"Because of our friendship I believe I could get her for \$2,000." Again, there was no record made of the statement but that was the gist of it.

Frances "tried." Marie "consented." It had been many years since she received that \$3,000 and then only for a very short period. The producer never knew it, but he profited by the deal.

Frances Marion is one of the shrewdest of them all—which is why she is still in the business. And she continues to use her political finesse not only for herself but for others. She wished Marie to have dramatic opportunities. Metro could see her as a comedienne only. Frances also wanted them to buy "Dark Star"

from another intimate, Lorna Moon, so that Lorna, who was dying, might have an estate for her daughter.

Finally—after continual solicitation from Frances—they agreed to purchase the book if Frances would do the screen story. "I will do it if you will let Marie Dressler play it." More arguments; more solicitation. Frances won. "Min and Bill" was the result, with Marie Dressler. Incidentally, as a preface, Frances had agreed to adapt "Anna Christie" only if Marie Dressler received a dramatic opportunity in it!

Marie is the pet of the publicity department. And to be the pet of publicity departments is to carry the safest political insurance in the city. Marie has made friends of each member of that department. Certain stars treat them like studio help. Marie entertains them frequently in her home. She is a blessed combination: both sincere and politically minded!

AT Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Norma Shearer gets first choice of stories, directors, leading men, cameramen, photographers, etc. Greta Garbo has second; Joan Crawford third.

Norma is the wife of Irving Thalberg, head man.

Norma's entire career seemed impossible from the beginning. There were so many handicaps to it. Imperfect eyes; imperfect ankles. They have all been obliterated.

It just happens that I am an ardent admirer of Norma Shearer as an actress and as a woman. But I must admit that I admire women who have political sense. Norma has the best on the lot. She lives up to it. She gives the best. Incidentally, if I were an actor or actress on the M-G-M lot I would never try to save ten dollars by not appearing at a Norma Shearer opening. But then, I, too, am politically minded.

Greta Garbo! Not a politician, you say. I agree with you. She hires her politician. All Garbo could say was: "I go home; I stay home." And she would undoubtedly have stayed (Metro was about disgusted) when Jack Gilbert brought Harry Edington to manage her.

Garbo has not had to think, professionally, since. She paid Mr. Edington to think for her. And since he is the man who tied Metro to a three-year, one-million-dollar, non-breakable contract for John Gilbert and then secured himself an executive contract at Metro at a salary said to be \$1,000 weekly (who could blame Metro for wanting him *with them* since he handled Garbo's business?)—we cannot but grant he knows his political labyrinths.

You know the story of Joan Crawford. PHOTOPLAY gives it to you in this issue. Joan learned more slowly than Norma Shearer, but she has learned wisely. Of course, her big fight today is for stories and good leading men. "Laughing Sinners" is not good for Joan and she knows it, but it was more political to take it than fight it. Probably by conceding this time she placates and establishes a good feeling which will mean a better one next time.

AS for leading men. Joan tries them out in her pictures. Bob Montgomery was successful with her; then he went to Shearer and Garbo. Clark Gable made good in "Dance Fools, Dance!" now he is with Norma in "A Free Soul." And what grand work she does in that picture.

Of course, no matter how shrewd a politician you are, you cannot make good without a screen personality. You may fool the producers but you cannot fool the box-office. You may hang on for years by a political thread but in the long run you are doomed if the public will not accept you.

Neil Hamilton's exit from Paramount had

little to do with box-offices. He simply failed as a politician. While other actors lunched with directors, talked their personal problems over with them—in blunt language, “played” the men who had the choice of rôles for Paramount pictures, Neil lunched at a solitary table. He realized he wasn’t getting the “breaks.” He consulted a friend. “Why don’t you go to Mr. Schulberg (director of West Coast studio) and tell him that in all modesty you think you are as good looking as other actors and as capable. Ask him why you aren’t getting anywhere.”

NEIL took the advice. Mr. Schulberg admitted that Neil had created a pacific resistance. When executives suggested Neil for a part, directors said nothing against him. They merely counter-questioned “What about Arlen or Cooper?” Neil had never learned that politics rule Hollywood, as it rules the world. He has a new chance at Metro. We shall see if he has learned.

After “The Big Parade,” Renee Adoree should have soared to Garboian heights. But Renee is a child of nature. An adorable creature who can inspire love in many men, but not inspire political cooperation. When she forgot to push herself—there was no one else to push her.

Dorothy Sebastian; Alice White; Clara Bow—bad politicians. Dorothy is a great little trouser. She spent five years as the hand-me-what-you-please girl of the M-G-M lot. Sent here by New York executives, she was never received with open arms by local ones. The local boys want to make their own discoveries. Only a human, natural situation. If Dorothy had possessed the intuitional, political sixth sense, she would have erased that opposition by adroit handling.

She was big hearted, genuine, but not clever. Five years on one lot! A salary, the last year, of \$1,000 weekly. She had been loaned out for much larger sums and had made a nice profit for her company. Then—the end of her contract. An offer for renewal at the same salary. She wanted more; she was entitled to it. She went to an executive’s office to ask for it. She was kept waiting in a reception room for an hour. She was furious. Human, but not politics.

“I can’t understand why you should keep me waiting—”

A complaint as her greeting to a man who held her fate in his fingers. Executives are human; they are often vain—self-interested. Probably salaries of half a million a year entitle them to self-interest.

“Do you know to whom you are speaking—”

Dorothy lost. She has not worked at a major studio since. You can blame whom you please, but the fact remains that Norma Shearer, Greta Garbo’s manager, Ruth Chatterton, Lilyan Tashman, Gloria Swanson, Janet Gaynor and Lillian Gish would have handled a man in a different manner!

You are probably surprised at the last two names on that list. Yet I consider Gaynor and Gish two of the shrewdest politicians who ever worked in this city. The very fact that they appear so unpolitical is what has made them the most successful.

POLITICAL vamping is not a pretty term, but it really does fit these two cases. They are the types whom men will always want to protect, and they are women who are shrewd enough to allow the protection.

Aileen Pringle was the pet of the intelligentsia, but Lillian Gish was the goddess. Mencken, Nathan, Hergesheimer. The last once said that Miss Gish was the heroine of all he wrote without his knowing it. She was the epitome of all women.

Lillian and Janet with their virginal qualities, their ethereal appeals, can control any situation where men are involved. The men want them to control it. The men wanted Anita Page to control them in the same manner. But Anita lacked the shrewd sixth sense which was Lillian’s and is Janet’s.

The Case of Miss G—

[NATIONAL BEAUTY CLINIC REPORT No. 459]



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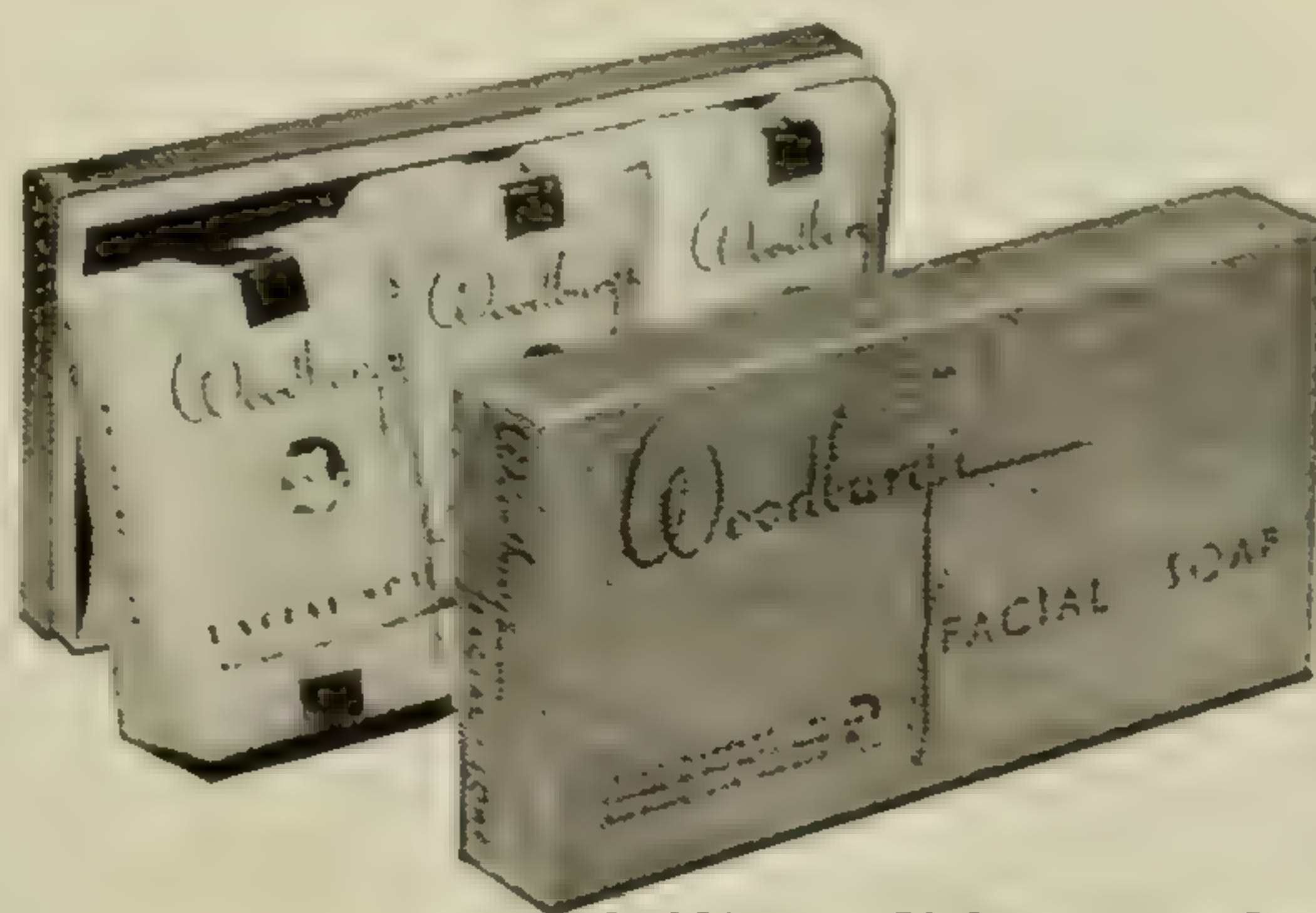
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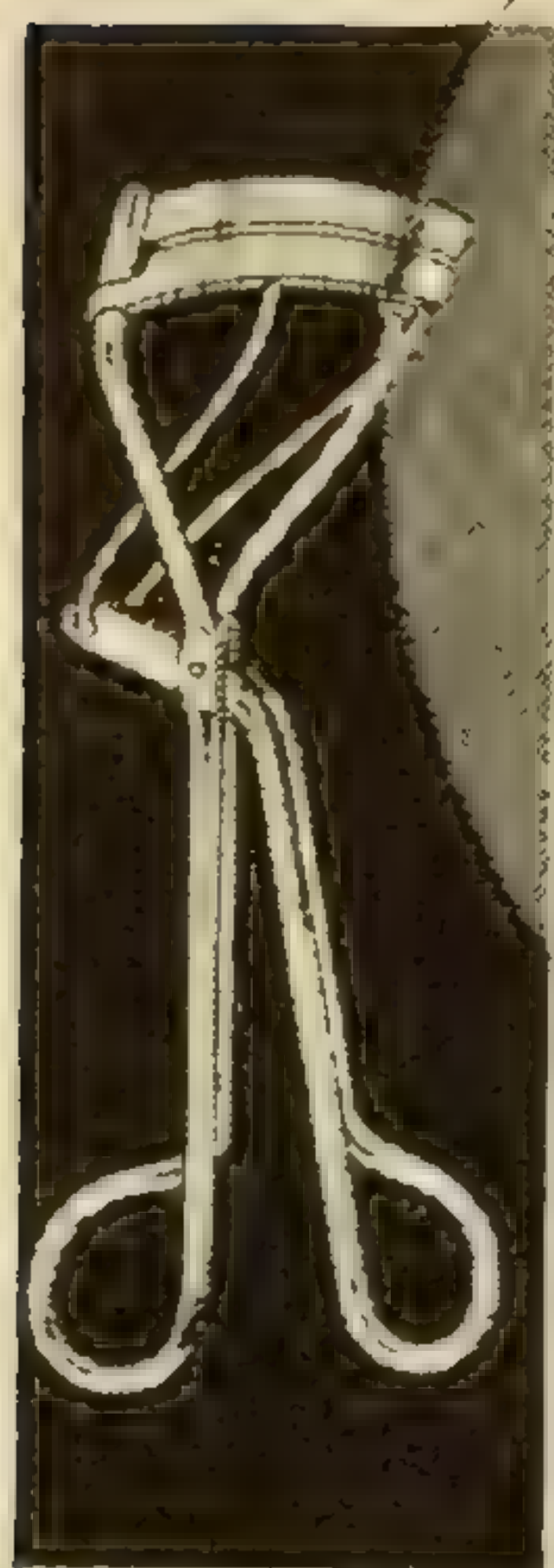
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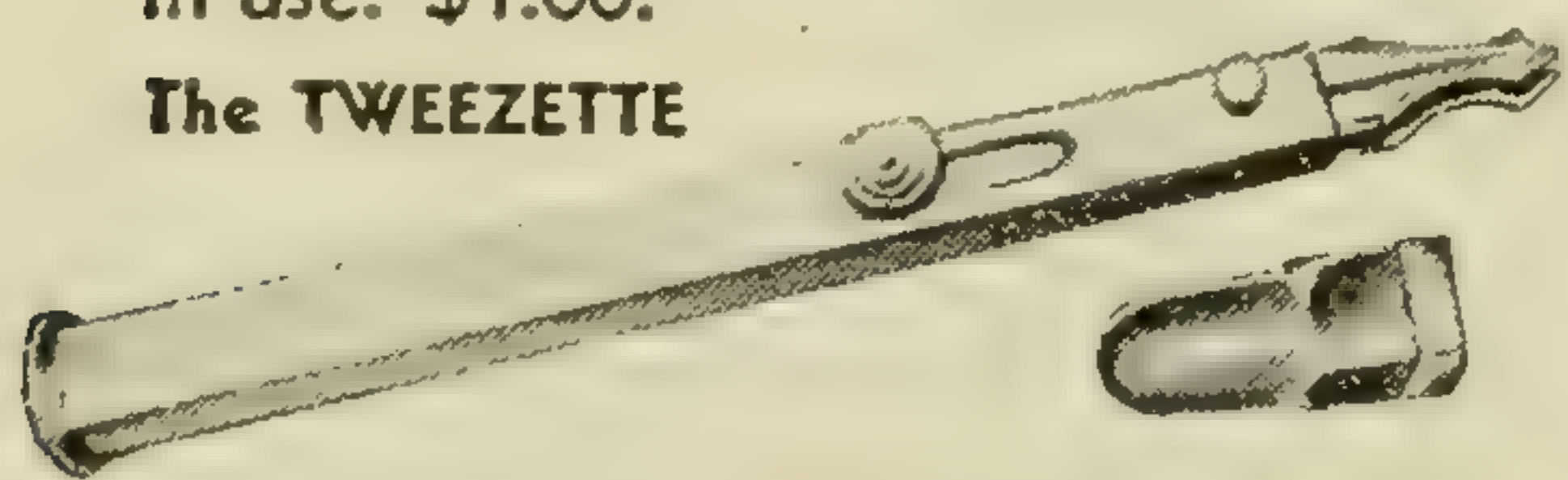
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Eleanor Boardman has refused to sign a contract with Metro. Why? Eleanor's eyes widen. "I can't tell you. I have been unpolitical all my life. I have expressed what I thought without thinking of the consequences. I must learn to be politically minded!"

Eleanor did lose many valuable rôles because of lack of that sixth sense. I remember the time when she was making a series of pictures with Hobart Henley. She disliked him and said so. She refused to make another picture with him. She was called to the executive offices. She was told to apologize. She refused. Furthermore, she rushed to her dressing-room where an interviewer was waiting and poured out the whole story. You may have read it. The only thing that saved Eleanor's contract then was the fact that Metro wanted to keep King Vidor, her husband. She did not apologize to Mr. Henley, but he "forgave" her for being a naughty girl, and they made another picture together.

Lupe Velez knew nothing of politics. But "The Squaw Man" was cut to Lupe. She has learned how to handle directors, even Cecil De Mille ogres. Nor did she "yes" him. She simply made him feel what he himself told me: "Lupe is the greatest embryonic actress since Swanson; she is a combination of Lenore Ulric and Swanson." She made De Mille feel he could turn her from the bud to the full-blown. He could develop another star. His weakness; she deliberately played on it.

Even we writers come in for our share of political maneuvering! Studio publicity departments have an intense craving to control what is said about their players, directors, producers, etc. They do not always appreciate

reporters and magazine writers dedicated to the purpose of telling the truth, all the truth and nothing but the truth.

One studio publicity department nearly collapsed with apoplexy when Cedric Belfrage wrote something they didn't like. In fact they barred him from the lot for it. Well, it wasn't very political and the studios knew it. In the old days of obvious tactics, the Wampas a society of press-men had handled the situation. But somehow they have not stuck together. Just how could they secretly protect their players from the sad truths becoming known about them?

So the studio publicity departments wrapped themselves together with the producers association and agreed that if one studio barred a certain type of story, all studios would bar it. They have tried to question writers after interviews to discover what players had said to them, but it doesn't work.

Well, Cedric Belfrage, finally barred from most studios, went to England and has spent a year broadcasting the "inside" about Hollywood over the English radio. It may have been good politics to bar him—you would have to hear his radio talks to make certain.

I have told you this about publicity departments just to prove that politics really do reach into even the most obscure corners—in fact, will probably reach into mine after this is printed. Well, I work in Hollywood and may have to learn what every person in the profession must learn—it's the sixth sense which makes you successful; not the five which are commonly used in acting, directing, shooting scenes, running studios or in writing!

A Wet Report

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33]

Try it on a few of your fussy authors, Mr. Q. In a word, the Russians believe in Russian movies for the Russians. Soviet pictures are the exclusive dish—some of them swell, but all made by the government for the citizens. I can't speak too freely, as I think Ivan (my pet spy) is still tailing me, but I can safely say that Russian movies are no boost for the late Czar, or his old man, either. (Make it a short one this time, Emile.)

WELL, you can see that with a host like Mr. Malamuth it would have been simply silly to have broken my neck getting out to the Sovkino Studios where they make their pictures. In the first place, I didn't parlay their lingo, and in the second, I'd probably have gotten a Red bayonet in my dignity as a spy of the dirty bourgeoisie. So I talked it all over with my host over the liquid TNT, and we both decided that I had absolutely cleaned up the Russian movie situation in a big constructive way, and there was no use tempting fate and the political police by snooping around after more dope. Three snoops in Russia, Mr. Q., and they count you out. It's back to the bench for you, and off to the showers.

So I drained the shaker, bade goodbye to my host and hostess, took a last look at Lenin's beautiful marble tomb and hopped a rattler for Paris (France).

We won't go into the trip.

It lasted three nights and two days, and there wasn't a sign of a movie situation on the train, though I hunted high, medium and low. Ivan (he's my spy) helped me, and I've a dirty suspicion that if he hadn't helped me, I might have found a movie situation somewhere. But no, as we French have it. You can have it if you want it.

Well, that was that, and after unimaginable sufferings (there was nothing to drink on the train but this bitter "beer" stuff) I finally

reached Paris, and found myself absolutely up to the hubs in motion picture affairs. "Here's where I hit a good sock for old PHOTOPLAY!" I thought, as I gave the nod to Emile. (He's right here looking over my shoulder, the rascal. And can that be "beer" he's carrying? Just set it down, Emile, and Daddy will give you the centimes as soon as he finishes this little note to that nice Mr. Quirk.)

As a matter of fact, my work for you here in Paris has proved quite simple, though I have slaved at it in a way.

You'll be charmed with my acuteness—you made no mistake when you hired old Quick-on-the-Uptake Hall. What I did was simply to use Emile as my research man.

"Emile," I would say, "when you apporthe the next one just give me the full dope on this French movie racket. Are American picture and stars popular, or do they want us to cancel them as part of the war debt?"

Then Emile, stopping to mop the table would tell all. In this way I got a lot of mighty valuable work done. Emile says that Dietrich has got Garbo on the run here. As a matter of fact, one house is showing both the German and English versions of "The Blue Angel." And if they could dig up the Finnish and Arabian versions, they'd show them, too.

AS has been reported, Mickey Mouse is headman here. There's a strong movement on foot to elect him President of the Republic, replacing this fellow M. Chocolat Menier, who has been in a long time. The best French talkie ever made is "Le Million" (The Million). It was directed by Robert Clair, who is the Fair-haired Boy and White Hope of the Gallie industry. It's a cute little job. A lot of the theaters show American talkies in American. "The Big House" was running at a place on the rue des Malherbes (Street of the Bad Vegetables).

Emile (he's my pal) told me all this vit

stuff. Why not send him a little check? For eight dollars he could buy the whole Latin Quarter—blondes and all, the franc being what it is. But don't take it off my check, Mr. Q.!

So, with Emile working for me, I dug up all the dope on French movies in about a week. As a result, I've been sitting here at a table in front of the Coupole now for seven days, without moving except to stretch. Rubberneck guides are now pointing me out to tourists as the "Shipwreck Kelly of Paris." Some of them throw me centimes, just to see me snap at them without getting up.

In this way, you see, I avoided making a long, weary and dusty trip to Joinville, where Paramount is grinding 'em out in eighty-seven dialects, several of which not even the directors can identify. I know you wouldn't want me to wear myself out needlessly, when I could clean up the entire French movie situation by just asking Emile a few sharp questions. (See, Emile? I've put you in the letter. Now be a good boy and bring me just a spot of that brown liquid you call "Hennessy," and be sure it's over seventy years old. I simply can't abide young Hennessy—say around sixty. Why, sixty-year-old Hennessy is still in rompers, practically.)

WELL, Mr. Quirk, there you are. As you can see, your ace reporter, old Scoop Hall, has absolutely wiped up the European motion picture situation, gravy and all. In a word, it's fierce. The boys are a good five years behind Hollywood, and beginning to limp. Tell Mr. Zukor, Mr. Mayer and Mr. Sheehan.

I don't know when I'll get back home. I have a hunch I couldn't get up now if I wanted to, so I'll probably just sit right on here all Summer. When bad weather comes in the Fall, though, Emile will have to build a little shanty around my table, and we'll charge a franc to come in and see me. For two francs, tourists can pull my beard. For three, they can have a lock of it for a souvenir. We should mop up.

Give my best to Max, Gustave, August and all the boys around New York. If you have any ideas for me, just cable and I'll ask Emile. Here's the Hennessy—and here's to you!

Your best star reporter,
HE GETS THE NEWS!
Leonard Hall

P. S.—Please ask the business office not to quibble and bicker over my pay-check for this. You have no idea what hell Emile plays with the centimes.

L. H.

P. P. S.—Emile sends regards.

L.

A New Game

Nutty rhymes, *a la* Ogden Nash, are hitting Hollywood. The gag seems to be to rhyme players' names: the harder they are to rhyme the better. Or worse, maybe. Anyway, it's like this—

So very, very love-
Ly is June Collyer
That there isn't any place
I wouldn't follyer!

—and—
So Hollywood-wise is golden
Dorothy Christy,
She knows a "Hollywood tea" means
Gin an' whiskey!

—or—
So very ultra-British is Dav-
Id Manners,
Each day he has his tea, but no
Bananers!

—so—
So sexappeally is this Flo-
rence Britton,
She burns the screen when doing
Heavy "IT'n'..!"

CHOOSE

your ROUGE SHADES

this new, fascinating
way. Forget all about
"matching your skin"
and select shades to
match your costume.

Catch the spirit, the joyous freedom, of this beautiful new fashion . . . rouge to harmonize with your every costume. The charm of it . . . the *individuality* . . . and the *difference* that must exist when all rouge shades match your skin—match automatically, without your giving a thought to it. Well you know that usual rouge does not have this characteristic. Instead you have memories of dire disappointment, times when you felt "horrid" because off color make-up simply spoiled the glory of your gown.

Now what has happened? . . . how can you vary the old idea . . . and select rouge shades to match costume, not troubling to match your skin? Just this: Princess Pat rouge *does not blot out the skin*. The *natural* color is caused by the blood showing through the skin—because the skin is transparent and has scarcely any color of its own. Princess Pat rouge is sympathetic to skin tones. Thus whatever color your skin shows—and everyone has some color—is *retained* when you use Princess Pat rouge. To this *natural* color, Princess Pat *adds*. Thus the beautiful tints imparted by Princess Pat rouge *seem* to come from within the skin.

WHY Different Colors of Costume Absolutely Demand Different Shades of Rouge

You have learned how all shades of Princess Pat match every skin, why the effect is invariably natural and beautiful. But there is *another* requirement. Every costume you wear has a certain *color value*. You recognize this when you match dress, hose, shoes, hats, so that the ensemble is harmonious. It is even more vitally important to recognize it when you select *rouge shades*.

The great mistake with rouge has been this: you had *just one shade*—say medium. To secure more, or less, color you used more, or less, rouge. *But the shade remained the same*. You

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The camera caught Loretta Young—star of First National pictures—choosing Princess Pat English Tint to harmonize with a girlish frock of light yellow.

couldn't use *other* shades for only one would match your skin. So your rouge that might have looked well with delicate pastel dresses, was less than ineffectual with brilliant red costumes—and so on through the range of color combinations of costume and complexion.

Marvelous New Beauty If You Follow These Hints For Choosing Rouge

For gowns of all red shades, select Princess Pat Vivid, or Princess Pat Squaw. Even the palest blonde—one who has thought she simply could not wear bright red—is beautiful in flaming colors through use of Vivid or Squaw to set the right color note in the cheeks. For gowns of purple, violet, blue, use Squaw, Theatre or Medium. When you wear yellow, orange, green, your cheeks are wonderful with Princess Pat English Tint. With soft pastel costumes, achieve the complexion note of cool, delicious serenity with Princess Pat Medium or Theatre. For tan effect, use Princess Pat Summertan. For evening wear, use Princess Pat Nite. This indeed is a marvelous shade, since it responds as gloriously to artificial light as the most perfect daytime rouge does to sunlight.

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He Kept on Working

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51]

Nevertheless, it definitely started him on a stage career. He joined a stock company, and played seventy-two weeks in stock, largely in Rochester, New York. He played seventy characters during this period, mostly old men, and calls it his "college course." It was during this time that he gained most of his experience in reading lines, being prepared for emergencies and getting an all-around training he couldn't have gotten otherwise.

It also taught him how to live on practically nothing a week, for many times the troupe was left stranded and had to get back to town as best it could. It was just one of those good old troupers' experiences without which no real actor's life seems to be complete.

With this long apprenticeship behind him, he returned to Broadway again and began the steady succession of flops that was his unhappy lot on the legitimate stage. He played in "Arleen O'Dare," "One of the Family," "Dawn," "Garden of Eden," "The Carolinian," "Legend of Lenora" and others.

Finally, he played in something that approximated a hit, Edgar Selwyn's production "Possession." It was in this play that Samuel Goldwyn saw him, liked him and signed him for the Banky film from which he was immediately fired by Santell.

HAVING been detoured on the road to fame and fortune so many times before, this inauspicious start in pictures didn't keep Bob from working his way into a part in "So This Is College," which was his first work in pictures.

But it didn't stop M-G-M from kicking him right out again, either. "So This Is College" took forty-nine shooting days besides two months of rehearsals and retakes. He had a second part, and by the time he had finished it he was forgotten. When he applied for his next picture, an indifferent hand waved him out of the way.

He was beginning to weaken by now, but insisted he had to work to eat and that he still liked eating.

"Well, they're looking for a boy for 'Three Live Ghosts' at United Artists," the casting director told him, so he scurried over there.

It is commonly supposed M-G-M procured that part for him. They didn't. Bob sought out T. Freeland, United Artists director, and sold himself for the part.

BUT Bob was worried. His self-confidence had received a jolt from which it was but slowly recovering. The M-G-M contract he had signed was optional and the six months was almost up. Metro had made no move to renew it.

He was worried and paid little heed to his rôle in "Three Live Ghosts." Freeland knew something was wrong, but instead of writing him a note such as Faversham had done, or firing him as Santell had done, made inquiries and discovered the real reason for Bob's indifferent acting.

Here Bob got a real break. Freeland put two and two together.

"If we telephone M-G-M and tell them we are interested in Montgomery and want to know if they are going to renew his contract, they'll think *we* want to sign him and then *they'll* probably renew it. And *I'll* get some acting out of him."

So Freeland took a chance and framed the call.

"We'll call you back and let you know in a couple of hours," was the reply from M-G-M.

The outcome was that Metro renewed and Montgomery, with his contract in his pocket, gave a corking performance in "Three Live Ghosts." When he returned to his home lot he was no longer a stepchild, he was the leading man in "Untamed," with Joan Crawford.

A steady succession of parts then followed, his work attracting mounting notice until Metro, impressed not only with his acting, but with the 1,500 letters he received from fans every week, made him a star.

Which, of course, is the right ending to a story of an ambitious young man who just kept on working and refused to be discouraged.

Alabama & London

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47]

through, very few have kicked over the traces sufficiently to embark on a career and life of their own, and granted the first two, to make successes of themselves.

Tallulah Bankhead finally rebelled, became first at least a mild success on the New York stage, became later the greatest stage star of London, and in her first talking picture, achieved a personal triumph as an actress and as an American counterpart of the type of screen performer now in vogue—the other similar types being Garbo and Dietrich.

But where Dietrich has husband and child, and where Garbo is more or less of a recluse, Tallulah Bankhead has lived gregariously, unhamperedly, uninhibitedly.

She is a modern of moderns in this respect. "Please, Jean—!" (This, pleadingly, when she was sixteen).

"HERE'S a cable from C. B. Cochran, the London producer," she announced when she was twenty-one, to a roomful of people in New York after appearing with mild success for several years on the New York stage. "The cable states that he has decided, after all, not to use me in his production of 'The Dancers,' with Gerald Du Maurier. He's found a better type in London, he says.

"Well, my friends, I've never received this cable!"

Whereupon she tore it up.

"As I have beautiful eyes and legs, I'll get that rôle," she announced in that deep, husky, and at times, so very determined voice of hers, a voice that can be meltingly lovely where she wants it to be. And then and there she borrowed the money to go to London.

The eyes and legs worked their spell. The star whom Mr. Cochran had engaged was paid her regular salary not to appear on the stage during the run of the play. And Tallulah got the job.

The inhibitions were gone in 1921, you see—the man-shy Southern girl had already become one of the spokeswomen of the new post war independence in women.

Any woman, wherever she may hail from, whatever may be her background, is doing something in a big way when she breaks away and stands on her own feet, but when a tradition ridden Southern girl does it, it is doubly remarkable.

Back in Huntsville, Alabama, where she was born, she always had an ambition to go on the stage, but it remained in the back of her head. It never really came out until after her Washington, D. C., début, when she left

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for New York and the stage (with no training) with an elderly aunt as a chaperon. Her father supported both for a time, although he was never really in sympathy with her stage career. In a year or so she was caught up in the aggressively unconventional post-war atmosphere of New York and the theater, and beginning to get fair rôles in plays, Tallulah decided she didn't want or need a chaperon.

She began to be on her own in one way or another, and in a few years the change from the pleading, Southern girl to the independent woman was more or less complete.

BEING only partially financially independent in New York for the reason that she was only mildly successful in the theater, London did the rest. She was an instantaneous hit there, and she soon became the center of a vortex where loose and heterogeneous society, the literati and the theater met and mingled. All sorts of stories were printed about her, some true, most of them untrue.

Her American vitality was refreshing, her adventuresomeness in life and love caused more and more interest, and the press was either worshipful or insinuating.

She lived recklessly, threw her money away, and only since she has signed with Paramount at an enormous salary has she been able to pay back her English debts.

"You'll never have a cent, Miss Bankhead," her secretary told her just the other day in New York, where she has already become the center of another vortex of society and lesser worlds, and where she is still careless, irresponsible, and still an experimenter in life and love.

"Oh well," she replied, "life only lasts a little while."

Then she turned to Gary Cooper, whom she had only met that day, he being in New York on his way to Europe, and whom she had liked and had immediately annexed as a guest at a cocktail party in her apartments that afternoon.

"Isn't he sweet, my dears!" she said to her guests and to the somewhat bewildered young man of Montana. "Isn't he perfectly divine! He's so slow!"

She thrives on flattery; she adores it from either sex to the point of absolute weakness; and she must be the center of the stage, and to be that she will be amusing, shocking, or even turn handsprings—and this sport, incidentally, she indulges in at parties more often than you would think—or let loose a volley of gay Rabelaisian language.

There are times, too, when her show-off complex so rises that she will suddenly announce to a party of friends—only intimate friends, of course—that inasmuch as she is so beautiful in her bath they must be accorded the privilege of watching her in it.

She is, though, a first rate comedienne in real life, no matter what act she is giving at the moment.

Her vitality is tremendous and she talks all the time.

SO eager is she to collect crowds around her for a good time that she is frequently known to gather up an entire group at a night club, a restaurant or a speakeasy, ask them to join her party, usually a large one, and proceed with them to her apartments where they may eat, drink and be merry. Meanwhile if she becomes bored, for she drinks comparatively little when she is working, she simply shuts herself in her rooms and goes to sleep—leaving her party to exhaust itself under the watchful eyes of her two secretaries, staunch English girls whom she has brought over.

It is small wonder, then, that she is in demand by all classes of New York society, just as she was the darling of London from the aristocracy on down.

"What is your ambition?" she was asked.

"To have none," she replied.

"Why did you want to go in the talkies?"

"To be near Greta Garbo and Robert Montgomery," she answered.

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The Enemy of Beauty—Over-Exercise

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31]

The muscles in her legs stood out like oranges on a tree.

It took Sylvia a month of pounding to get them in shape again.

Alice White has the perfect figure, according to Sylvia. About five feet tall, she is dainty and petite, without an ounce of surplus flesh and yet well rounded. But not long ago Alice began to study tap dancing. After just a few weeks' lessons you could notice the difference. She had, in order to appease the goddess of beauty, to give it up.

And yet the stars must play. They must have some form of recreation. Upon their estates are beautiful tennis courts and swimming pools that rival the ancient baths of Rome. Bridle paths of unsurpassed beauty wind round the Hollywood hills, and the beaches stretch white and voluptuously inviting in the California sun.

Must all this be taboo? Must all this be sacrificed upon the altar of beauty? Sylvia will make a slight compromise. If you must be athletic here is your schedule:

Twenty minutes of tennis a day—not too strenuously played.

Nine holes of leisurely golf every other day. But you must not combine both golf and tennis. You may take your choice.

Swimming. Do not overdo it. It is one of the finest of all health builders. It keeps you out in the sun and fresh air and develops and beautifies the body if you do not go at it too strenuously. You can't be a channel swimmer and a beauty.

Horse back riding once a week for an hour. No more!

No archery.

No mountain hiking. Walk, you may. But always on the level ground. Sylvia refuses to take a customer who climbs hills, ladders or stairs.

THIS is the mandate from Queen Sylvia, the flesh moulder, and she is not alone. A certain famous dressmaker refuses to design clothes for those who look upon the golf course when it is green. Nor will she take anyone who plays tennis.

Gloria Swanson plays some tennis but no more than Sylvia, who is her law, allows.

Ann Harding plays a few sets of tennis.

Mary Astor rides horseback but not too much for the sake of beauty.

However, Sylvia gives her own exercises for each individual case and these must be done for ten minutes a day. She does not allow her clients to so much as step inside a gymnasium but she gives stretching and relaxing exercises so skillfully that the body tingles afterwards.

After the exercise there must be a cold shower or a tepid bath. No hot showers or baths.

FOR Sylvia's ambition is not to tear down muscles that have been built up but to make them firm and smooth under the skin. Stretching, relaxing and lifting the body—these are the only exercises. As a matter of fact, although Sylvia will compromise with the lovers of sports, she prefers that no athletics be taken at all. Constance Bennett, for instance, does none of them.

"I'd rather," says Sylvia emphatically, "take on the reduction of an habitual drunkard with all that flabby fat than to pound down a woman who is extremely athletic."

Health periodicals recommend all sorts of sports. These may be well and good for health, but they are the deadly foe of beauty. And Sylvia is prepared to listen to the howl of protest. For Sylvia doesn't give a masseuse's darn what people say. She must be obeyed and she remains unimpressed by stardom.

They tell a story of her first meeting with Nancy Carroll.

"I'm so happy to know you," said Nancy.

"You should be," said Sylvia. "When you know me better you won't have that spare tire around your waist."

So there is nothing left for the stars of Hollywood but miniature golf and ping-pong. To these Sylvia does not object.

The model for beauty that is Hollywood's and, of course, the rest of the world's, is a figure five feet tall and weight less than a hundred without one misplaced muscle.

No matter how inviting the ocean, nor how friendly the tennis courts, nor how green the grass upon the golf courses—stay away from them as you would a streptococcus germ if you are prone to overdo the use of them. The stars of Hollywood have learned their lesson. So must you if you'd be as beautiful as they!

Why They Said Joan Was "High Hat"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65]

she had not known existed. He taught her the beauty of words on paper, the feeling for musical harmony, the appreciation of form and color upon canvas. He taught her, also, which is more important, that the winning of a dancing cup is not the ultimate aim of life and that one simply cannot exist in a room cluttered with wildly painted Coney Island dolls.

And then she met Doug—and if there's anything about that you don't know it's simply because you can't read.

Shortly after her wedding the gossip began "Joan is 'high hat.'" "Now that she's a member of the Fairbanks family her old friends aren't good enough for her." "You should see the way she puts on the dog." "Oh, Joan doesn't know me any more—I knew her *when*."

This hurt Joan, of course, which was important to her but not very important to you. The important part is that Joan has changed utterly, completely. Today Joan Crawford Fairbanks is no more Lucille Le Sueur than Will Rogers is Mahatma Gandhi. But Hollywood is intolerant of changes—particularly changes for the better.

Joan has become a woman—a woman of importance, a woman of poise with a clear thinking mind. She has done everything to improve herself. It is natural that since she is so changed, so much the real woman, she should find no more time for the superficial friends. It is natural that her new acquaintances must be those who can give her something in return for all her fineness. It is natural that she should want a beautiful, tastefully furnished home. It is natural that she should—after doing what most intense kids her age do, leave home, then return to find companionship with her mother. It is natural that she should change the harsh middle Western twang of her voice into a soft cultured one. It is natural that she should throw out of her life all the cheapness and tawdriness with which it abounded and take the quiet culture with which she surrounds herself. And yet it is for that reason that she is called something that she is not—"high hat." Her loyalty to those who have stood by her and gloried for her in her blossoming is like some fine marble statue.

But you hear it everywhere. The general opinion at the studio, among the prop boys and electricians is that she's changed—for the worse. "No, Joan ain't the good scout she used to be. She ain't got no time for us fellows no more." And now is as good a moment as any to clear up that prop boy-electrician theory.

It is the firm belief that if the workers on our set like you, you're swell and if they don't you're a heel. But the set workers like you so easily. All you need do is to call them by their first names, ask them about the sick wife, give them gifts at Christmas and tell them that but for them you wouldn't be where you are. It is an easy and a diplomatic posture and I've discovered that invariably the men and women whose careers have been built on cold calculating shrewdness are the favorites of the workers who are not clever enough to see through the game. They also, of course, like the cheap little kids who make big fuss over them.

In the old days Joan spent a goodly portion of her time clowning with these people. But when she acquired the innate dignity that belongs to her and when she realized that she had a great many important things to do to make up for her lack of cultural education, she did not have time to waste. So the stigma "high hat" was put upon her. Now she is a person—a first rate, excellent person—whereas she was just a madcap kid before.

No, dear ma'am and sir, Joan isn't "high hat" and don't let anybody in Hollywood tell you she is. The belief has sprung up because—well you know about the prophet in his own country. Joan is a Hollywood product. Hollywood—and it can be so undiscerning at times—watched her grow. Hollywood knew her when.

As I said at the beginning had she come to Hollywood already blossomed I wouldn't be correcting an impression now.

But Hollywood is set in its ways and when a little hey-hey girl decides to become a lady and does it successfully—Hollywood is so confused and bewildered that it casts the person from itself—because it knows nothing else to do.

Millions of girls may well emulate Joan Crawford and go "high hat" if that was her crime.

Where Now, Clara?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55]

the last split second. And when he sent the towel sailing into the ring, signifying that the once-invincible Battling Bow was on the point of going down for the count of ten, it meant that there wasn't a laundryman's chance that the fool had any more box-office fight in her—at the moment.

For nobody need fool himself—when the contract of a star or featured player is bought up, or allowed to lapse, it means only one thing. It's Rule A, No. 1, in the motion picture guide-book.

WHEN big stars go down the chute, there's just one answer—namely, they have ceased to lure enough kopecks into the little ticket window.

Any other given reason is so much smoke screen, and can safely be handed the Bronx cheer. You may be told that the actors are ill, or voluntarily retiring to raise wallabies in Australia, or to open a chain of filling stations in the Gobi Desert. These sops are just nice outs for the players.

And that is the answer to Clara Bow's swift slide down the well-greased toboggan.

Bad publicity can be forgiven and forgotten. A little alleged misunderstanding on a gambling debt can be chuckled off, as good clean girlish

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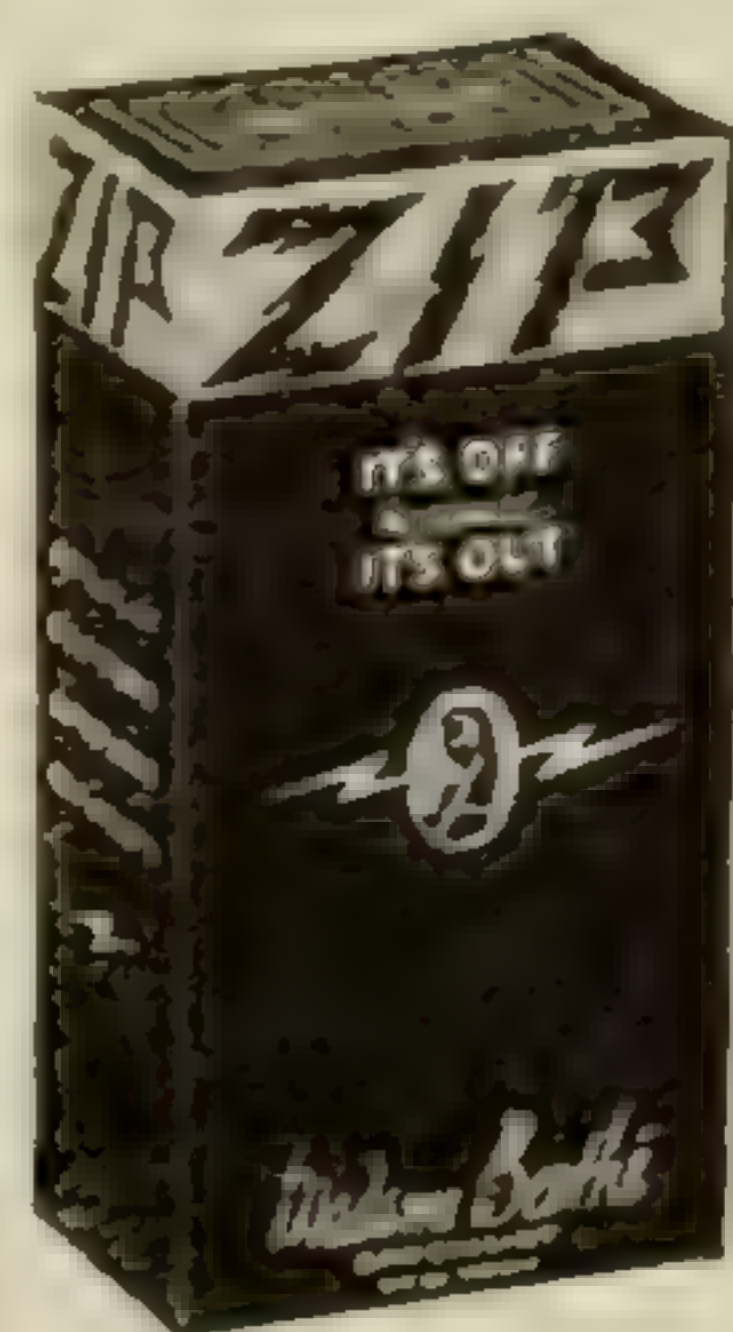
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fun. A sweetheart every six months is just a maidenly prank.

But failure to draw is the Eighth Deadly Sin, and means a sigh, a parting handclasp and a quick exit from the payroll.

As I have said, Paramount gave Clara every shot it had in the locker. They tried her in schoolgirl comedy. They—God help us!—let her sing! They let her make hot love to Fred March in a sailor suit. In response to the widespread public feeling that she could do drama if given a crack at it, they turned her loose to emote in "Kick In," last and saddest of the opera. If Clara could have played the zither, or walked the slack wire, Paramount would have fixed up some pictures for her. For Bow, in her great days, meant beaucoup dollars at the ticket wagon.

NOTHING worked—not even the prayers, letters and boosting of as loyal a crowd of fans as any star ever had. The Bow pictures fell away, and those with their flapping ears to the Hollywood ground knew that it couldn't be long. And it wasn't!

I'd feel happier about Clara's chances now if I weren't pretty darned sure that the day the microphone smote Hollywood was the day that she was slated inevitably for the discard.

For in the days of blessed silence she was all lure and life and sprightliness. She was blistering Youth incarnate. She was the cutest, peppiest girl in town. That rebellious hair, those outspoken eyes, that eloquent and admirable girlish figure—all spoke louder, to her fans, than any talkie apparatus yet devised. She was part and parcel of the silent screen.

And when the silversheet went vocal, blooie went the illusion. The little wild-cat went self-conscious, and hence tame. She wasn't geared for lines. That untrained and uninteresting voice came like a blow at the base of the skull. It became painfully evident that she lacked the essential equipment of an audible actress—that the microphone had her stopped dead in her tracks.

And from that day to this she has never gotten up steam again!

Without cultural background, Clara didn't build a mental and spiritual present, as some of the greatest of our talkie stars have done. While others studied, perfected themselves and grew both as women and artists, Clara was having beaux and fun.

Life was pretty much hoopla and hey-hey—punctuated by periods of black despair when she realized that a bigger and finer parade was going by, and she wasn't marching in it.

The truth is, no doubt, that the Bow girl has never grown up in the fullest sense. In the great spiritual and mental essentials that turn a feather-brained girl into a smart and resourceful woman, Clara is still the bouncing child of "It."

AND now, for the incurable kiddishness that probably isn't her fault at all, Clara pays.

And here she is at twenty-six, with a new way to make in the world. She's had six years in the public heart and the big money, but it is probable she isn't too well set financially. According to sound evidence in the public prints, appalling sums have slipped through her plump fingers.

Without reticence, restraint, sound judgment, thorough training in voice and deportment—Clara's in a tough spot, and we can only pull hard for her and wish her the best. For not one of us forgets the pleasant and even exciting hours she gave us in the heydays not so long ago.

She'll get more chances—plenty. For a once-great property is not going to be allowed to rust, not when it's twenty-six years old, pretty, and sound in wind and limb.

And the new chances will call for a brand-new deal. What will it be? If you and I knew, we could make a million dollars for us—and for Clara Bow.

The answer will be known soon. Meanwhile, Clara Bow is in exile! Is it Elba—or St. Helena?

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SHE BELIEVED THAT STRANGERS
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She was bored—she
wanted a new thrill!

She gambled with
love — but found the
stakes too high.

"Shearer superb—
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She was born in an age
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every Tuesday,
Thursday and
Saturday eve-
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C. networks.

The Audience Speaks Its Mind

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12]

Paul Lukas is so romantic and yet so masculine. He has an air of wickedness that makes him irresistible.

LORETTA VAN DAM,
San Francisco, Calif.

How I love Norma Shearer's laugh!

IRENA A. MARKO,
Danville, Va.

The superb acting of Ricardo Cortez in "Ten Cents a Dance" so charmed me that I saw the picture twice, just to watch his performance.

SARAH A. KINCAID,
West Philadelphia, Penna.

MOVIE ROMANCE

Those love scenes in the movies—how they have been subject to praise and criticism alike! But they have been the means, at least in part, of keeping alive between my wife and myself the sweetheart love of other days.

We have been happily married for eleven years. Always we try to bear in mind we are still sweethearts, and to show it. After a movie in which there are love scenes, we usually feel in a more romantic mood and, speaking for myself, I realize that instead of merely a wife, I have a sweetheart by my side.

So I say that if anything on earth can help to keep husband and wife happy and as loving as they were before marriage, the romantic films can do that, provided both are willing to

cooperate. The one ruling passion of the home is love, and the movies do keep the fires burning for those who are responsive.

A. G. LEISMAN,
Milwaukee, Wis.

CHAPLIN

"City Lights" is the most perfect picture I have seen. Charlie portrays love, sympathy and an innermost sense of refinement, despite his rags. Being a great artist, he always stops at the right moment in his comedy and his pathos. He sent one away with a feeling that where happiness abides, one is rich indeed.

EDWIN LEMARE, JR.,
Hollywood, Calif.

Charlie Chaplin does not seem to realize that the picture-going public has changed considerably in the past fifteen years. Much of the slapstick comedy that made Mr. Chaplin famous in earlier days no longer appeals to the public as a whole. Most important of all, Mr. Chaplin has not yet learned that vulgarity and humor are two different things.

He succeeded, as usual, in giving an effective touch of pathos in "City Lights." It is this quality that makes one feel he could develop a higher and cleaner type of comedy than he has ever given us.

NORMA COOLEY,
Los Angeles, Calif.

FROM SCHOOL TEACHERS

As a teacher of senior English and dramatics in high school, I have noticed that students who go to picture shows frequently have easy, good manners, taste in dress and an enviable poise. They are much easier to train in scene work and have more imagination.

Those who would denounce the whole moving picture industry need to be reminded that the intellectual stimulus provided by the modern screen play is a real factor in America's progress.]

MABEL BROWN SHERARD,
Belton, So. Car.

School teaching is said to be one of the surest routes to nervous prostration, but so far I have been able to avoid it, thanks to the movies. When I feel as though I were about to explode over the hundred and one irritating things that are always occurring in the class room, I go to a picture show. I forget my troubles for a while and my nerves get a chance to "unkink."

The movies keep me from having to go to a nerve specialist—or even an insane asylum!

GERTRUDE WILGUS,
Ashland, Ohio

Please give us more picture with tragic endings. Tragedy is truer to life.

ANNIE M. TUCKER,
Meridian, Miss.

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Buy a package of Beech-Nut Gum when you buy cigarettes or cigars. Chew it between smokes...It has the same effect as a good meal because it stimulates your taste sense...makes each smoke taste as good as the first one after breakfast...makes your smoking always enjoyable. *REMEMBER, there is no other gum quite so good as Beech-Nut.*

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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14]

JUNE MOON—Paramount.—You'll like this one. Ring Lardner wrote the wisecracking lines and Jack Oakie puts them over with a bang. (April)

JUST A GIGOLO—M-G-M.—William Haines in a spicy, amusing offering. But leave the children at home. (July)

JUST LIKE HEAVEN—Tiffany Productions.—A simple little romance between a toe dancer and a balloon peddler. Fifteen-year-old Anita Louise is the heroine. (Feb.)

KEPT HUSBANDS—Radio Pictures.—Lively entertainment. Dorothy Mackaill and Joel McCrea an attractive pair and the still beautiful Clara Kimball Young returns to us. (April)

KICK IN—Paramount.—They tried hard to make Clara Bow dramatic, sympathetic and emotional in this one. Regis Toomey is great. (July)

★ **KIKI**—United Artists.—Presenting a new Mary Pickford, saucy and sophisticated in a grand comedy. You can safely take the kids. Reginald Denny is the lead. (April)

LADIES' MAN—Paramount.—William Powell as a sympathetic and attractive gigolo, charms Olive Tell, Carole Lombard and Kay Francis. Entertaining picture. (June)

LADY REFUSE3, THE—Radio Pictures.—If you want a good cry, here's your chance. Rather an old story, but Betty Compson, Gilbert Emery and John Darrow make it realistic. (April)

LAST PARADE, THE—Columbia.—Another gangster picture and good too, with thrills, suspense, romance and laughs. Jack Holt and Tom Moore are rivals for Constance Cummings' favor. Jack wins. (May)

LAUGH AND GET RICH—Radio Pictures.—Misadventures of a boarding house mistress, played by Edna May Oliver, and her chronically tired hubby, Hugh Herbert. Good for plenty of laughs. (May)

★ **LAWYER'S SECRET, THE**—Paramount.—Clive Brook, Charles Rogers, Richard Arlen, Fay Wray and Jean Arthur give fine performances. Intense drama. (July)

LIGHTNING FLYER, THE—Columbia.—Jimmy Hall as the wild young son, who makes good and wins the love of a good woman—Dorothy Sebastian. Not so good; then again, not so bad. (May)

LITTLE CAFE, THE (Le Petit Cafe)—Paramount.—Chevalier's French version of "Playboy of Paris" and simply great. Gay and charming with more songs added and his wife, Yvonne Vallée. (April)

★ **LONELY WIVES**—Pathe.—Edward Everett Horton great, in a side-splitting farce. Patsy Ruth Miller, Esther Ralston and Laura La Plante are the girls involved. (April)

LOVE HABIT, THE—British International.—British conception of a French bedroom farce. Very heavy. (April)

LOVE KISS, THE—Celebrity Productions.—A nice little college comedy with plenty of romance and laughter. (March)

MAD GENIUS, THE—Warners.—Magnificently produced and photographed, but John Barrymore's artistry is so perfect in an unsympathetic rôle that the story leaves a bad taste. (July)

MADONNA OF THE STREETS—Columbia.—Evelyn Brent triumphs over the old yarn about the regeneration of a lady crook. (Feb.)

MAD PARADE, THE—Liberty Productions.—The woman's side of the war done brilliantly by an all-feminine cast. (July)

★ **MALTESE FALCON, THE**—Warners.—Gripping mystery story from the novel by the same name. The sleek Ricardo Cortez plays the demon detective superbly and Bebe Daniels does excellent work. Don't miss it. (June)

MAN FROM CHICAGO, THE—Elstree Productions.—The British go hay-wire on this story of Chicago gangsters and their ladies. Skip this one. (March)

MAN OF THE WORLD—Paramount.—Good picture; not much action but plenty of drama and a great performance by William Powell. Carole Lombard is the lovely heroine. (May)

MAN WHO CAME BACK, THE—Fox.—Farrell and Gaynor sink to the depths, but love reforms them. Not a "7th Heaven" but worth seeing. (March)

MANY A SLIP—Universal.—Joan Bennett and Lew Ayres in a wise-cracking dialogue comedy. You may, but you probably won't, like it. (March)

MEET THE WIFE—Columbia.—Lew Cody and Laura La Plante excellent in a hilarious farce taken from the old stage play. Plenty of laughs. (June)

MEN CALL IT LOVE—M-G-M.—(Reviewed under the title "Among the Married.") Sophisticated story of married life in the country club set. Adolphe Menjou excellent. Norman Foster and Leila Hyams good as the young lovers. Not for the children. (April)

MEN ON CALL—Fox.—Edmund Lowe wastes his time and talents in a bad story. (March)

MEN WITHOUT LAW—Columbia.—Buck Jones performs his Western heroics in an interesting Spanish locale and wins the beautiful Carmelita Geraghty. (Feb.)

MIDNIGHT SPECIAL, THE—Chesterfield Prod.—Nothing new, but plenty of excitement. Good for the kids. (April)

MILLIE—Radio Pictures.—Helen Twelvetrees splendid in this tense drama. Enough tears and chuckles to make it well worth seeing. (March)

★ **MILLIONAIRE, THE**—Warners.—George Arliss—need we say more? This time he plays a wealthy American automobile manufacturer. Evelyn Knapp is the attractive daughter and David Manners, the business partner. See it. (May)

MONSTERS OF THE DEEP—Nat. Spitzer Prod.—Fishing adventures in Magdalena Bay, off the Mexican coast, where mammoth fish abound. For fish fans. (July)

MR. LEMON OF ORANGE—Fox.—El Brendel, starring, in some mistaken identity stuff. Riotously funny in spots, and Fifi Dorsay helps a lot. (May)

MY PAST—Warners.—(Reviewed under the title "Ex-Mistress.") Mr. and Mrs. Bebe Daniels—pardon! The Ben Lyonses in an ultra-modern love story which is highly entertaining. (Feb.)

NEVER THE TWAIN SHALL MEET—M-G-M.—Lavishly produced remake of the old silent, but not nearly so good. Leslie Howard great in some scenes. (June)

NIGHT BIRDS—British International.—Mystery melodrama, with much a-do over a killing. Not so bad. (March)

NO LIMIT—Paramount.—Clara Bow as a flapper, an usherette and a gangster's moll, and wearing some amazing clothes. You may be amused. (March)

NOT EXACTLY GENTLEMEN—Fox.—Three men's battles for a map, a girl (Fay Wray) and riches. Top-notch entertainment. Victor McLaglen, Lew Cody and Eddie Gribbon share acting honors. (April)

ONCE A SINNER—Fox.—The oldest type of triangle story. The really fine performances of Dorothy Mackaill, Joel McCrea and John Halliday make it well worth seeing. (March)

ONLY SAPS WORK—Paramount.—Mr. Leon Errol and his trick legs stagger away with this comedy about lovers and thieves. (Feb.)

PAGLIACCI—Audio Cinema Prod.—Bad grand opera poorly transferred to the screen. (May)

PAINTED DESERT, THE—Pathe.—A Western which you'll like. Bill Boyd is the virile hero and Helen Twelvetrees the girl. (March)

★ **PARLOR, BEDROOM AND BATH**—M-G-M.—It's a howl, this farce. Buster Keaton and Charlotte Greenwood race for honors. As a heavy lover, Buster is amazing. (April)

PARTY HUSBAND—First National.—Dorothy Mackaill and James Rennie work hard as the newly-weds, but the story is weak. (June)

PHANTOM OF THE DESERT, THE—Syndicate.—Jack Perrin in a true-to-type Western. Plenty of hard ridin' and fast shootin'. (Feb.)

PRINCESS AND THE PLUMBER, THE—Fox.—A young American millionaire (Charles Farrell) and a beautiful princess (Maureen O'Sullivan). You know what happens—a harmless little light comedy. (Feb.)

★ **PRODIGAL, THE**—M-G-M.—(Reviewed under the title "The Southerner")—Lawrence Tibbett in a gay, charming comedy—and how he sings! Esther Ralston, too, and more beautiful than ever. (March)

PUBLIC ENEMY, THE—Warners.—A gangster picture that is lining the thrill-seekers up at the box-office. (June)

★ **QUICK MILLIONS**—Fox.—Another excellent gangster picture if you go for them. Spencer Tracy is the leader of the racketeers, and you'll like Sally Eilers. (June)

RANGO—Paramount.—A stirring jungle picture with a real story. Magnificent. Different. Don't mistake it for "just another wild animal picture." (Feb.)

REACHING FOR THE MOON—United Artists.—Doug Fairbanks bounds through a dizzy comedy as a go-getting stock broker. Different for Doug and very merry. Bebe Daniels is the big romance. (Feb.)

REDUCING—M-G-M.—Marie Dressler and Polly Moran cut up in a beauty parlor. Need we add you'll die laughing? (Feb.)

★ **RESURRECTION**—Universal.—Talkie version of the old tale is a triumph for Lupe Velez. She's all fire, beauty and sincerity. Well directed and John Boles sings nicely. (March)

RIDER OF THE PLAINS, A—Syndicate.—Grand old Western full of hokum, and a happy, happy ending. (May)

RIDIN' FOOL, THE—Tiffany Prod.—Great little Western. Will furnish the kids with plenty of thrills. (April)

RIGHT TO LOVE, THE—Paramount.—Ruth Chatterton in a real dramatic gem. Ruth and the technicians collaborate in putting over the most convincing dual rôle ever filmed. (Feb.)

ROYAL BED, THE—Radio Pictures.—Lowell Sherman directs himself in a smart, amusing comedy about modern royalty. Mary Astor is a gorgeous princess and the veteran Nance O'Neil, a grand queen. (Feb.)

★ **ROYAL FAMILY OF BROADWAY, THE**—Paramount.—A brilliantly done comedy of actors at home. Fredric March does the work of his life. Ina Claire is marvelous. Don't miss this one. (Feb.)

SCANDAL SHEET—Paramount.—A great newspaper drama with George Bancroft as the managing editor and Kay Francis as his wife. A meaty movie with a knockout kick. (Feb.)

★ **SEAS BENEATH**—Fox.—Dashing adventure story of submarines during the war. George O'Brien does a grand job. All the family will like it. (March)

SECOND HONEYMOON, THE—Continental.—Farce comedy of domestic felicity with Josephine Dunn and Edward Earle. Entertaining. (March)

★ **SECRET SIX, THE**—M-G-M.—Still another gang story but with more humor. Splendid cast, includes Wallace Beery, Lewis Stone, Clark Gable, Johnny Mack Brown and Jean Harlow. (June)

★ **SEED**—Universal.—Interesting and realistic story based on Charles Norris' novel. John Boles doesn't sing but his acting is superb. Lois Wilson and Genevieve Tobin both excellent. Don't miss it. (June)

★ **SHE-WOLF, THE**—Liberty Prod.—(Reviewed under the title "Mother's Millions")—Humor, pathos, bright dialogue and splendid acting make this a delightfully entertaining story. May Robson is the mother. (April)

Here's Simple Way To Really Get Rid Of Arm or Leg Hair

That Utterly Banishes Coarsened Re-growth

A Discovery That is Proving to the Wonder of the Cosmetic World That Hair Can Not Only Be Removed Instantly, But Its Reappearance Delayed Amazingly.

A way of removing arm and leg hair has been found that not only removes every vestige of hair instantly, but that banishes the stimulated hair growth thousands of women are charging to the razor and less modern ways. A way that not only removes hair, but delays its reappearance remarkably.

It is changing previous conceptions of cosmeticians about hair removing. Women are



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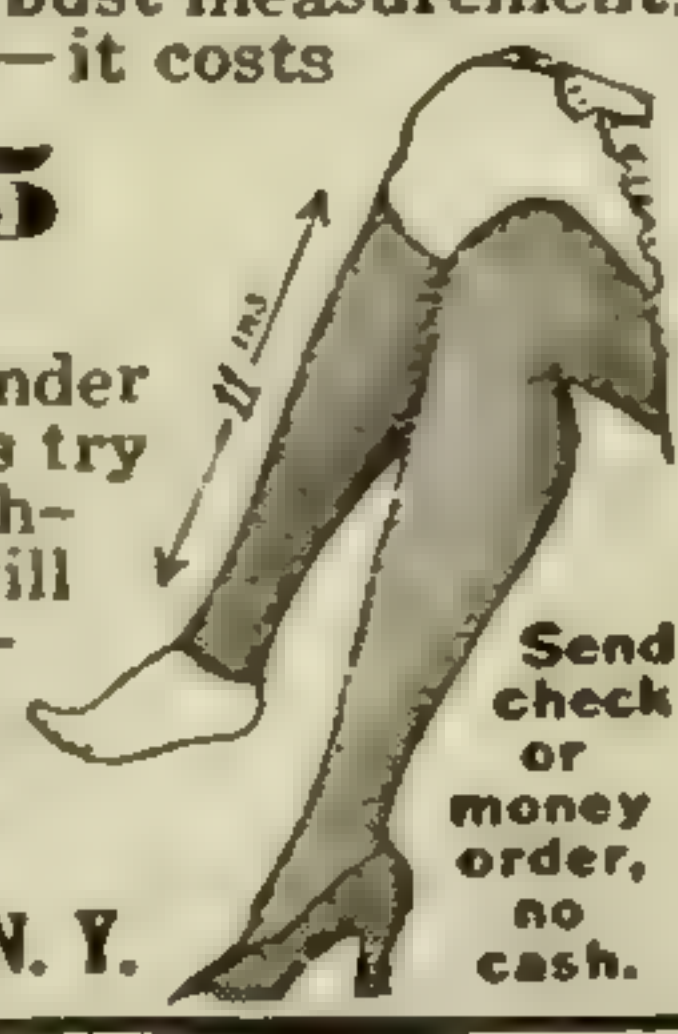


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SHIPMATES—M-G-M.—Plenty of pep and action, plus the United States Navy, make this a veritable gale of laughter from beginning to end. Robert Montgomery heads the cast. (June)

SINGLE SIN, THE—Tiffany Prod.—Nothing new, but splendidly handled. Kay Johnson does some fine acting. Bert Lytell, Mathew Betz and Paul Hurst lend good support. (April)

6 CYLINDER LOVE—Fox.—An amusing farce with a pretty obvious plot. (July)

★ **SKIPPY—Paramount.**—Jackie Cooper as *Skippy*, and Bobby Coogan as *Sooky* entirely lovable in this grand picture based on Percy Crosby's famous comic strip. Young and old alike will love it. (May)

SKY RAIDERS, THE—Columbia.—Gangsters in the air! Thrilling stuff and good entertainment. (July)

★ **SMART MONEY—Warners.**—Moves as fast as the money on the gambling tables in it. Plenty of laughs and excitement. (July)

★ **SMILING LIEUTENANT, THE—Paramount.**—One of the breeziest and most tuneful entertainments in a long time. Chevalier at his best, under Lubitsch direction. See it. (July)

SOUS LES TOITS DE PARIS (Under the Roofs of Paris)—Tobis.—Skilful pantomime makes this enjoyable French dialogue picture comprehensible without knowledge of that language. Two of the songs are hummers. (Feb.)

★ **STEPPING OUT—M-G-M.**—Charlotte Greenwood, Leila Hyams, Reg. Denny, Cliff Edwards, Merna Kennedy, Harry Stubbs and Lilian Bond make this light comedy one continual laugh. See it. (May)

STOLEN HEAVEN—Paramount.—Slow, unreal story. Nancy Carroll and Phillips Holmes fine in the romantic moments. (April)

★ **STRANGERS MAY KISS—M-G-M.**—Norma Shearer, the last word in sophistication and beautifully gowned in a vivid drama of modern life by the same author as “The Divorcee.” To be seen. (May)

SUBWAY EXPRESS—Columbia.—Jack Holt in a thrilling mystery of the stage that lost its kick in the movie version. (July)

SUNRISE TRAIL, THE—Tiffany Productions.—A Western with too much talking and not enough action. (March)

SVENGALI—Warners.—Well worth seeing for John Barrymore's superb performance in the title rôle. The story is rather gruesome. Don't take the children. (June)

SWANEE RIVER—Sono Art-World Wide.—Thelma Todd and Grant Withers try, but just can't save this melodrama from being anything but ordinary. (May)

★ **TABU—Paramount.**—A poem of a picture laid in the South Seas, with an all-native cast, beautifully directed by the late F. W. Murnau. Fine synchronized musical score. (May)

TAILOR MADE MAN, A—M-G-M.—The jaunty and self-confident Bill Haines plays this old Charlie Ray silent with a new restraint that is delightful. You'll laugh and like it. (May)

TARNISHED LADY—Paramount.—Introducing Tallulah Bankhead, from Alabama and the London stage, in a heavy love drama. Clive Brook is the leading man. (June)

TEN CENTS A DANCE—Columbia.—(Reviewed under the title “Anybody's Girl”)—A realistic story of a taxi-dancer's disillusionment. Barbara Stanwyck and Ricardo Cortez are great. (Feb.)

TEXAS RANGER, THE—Columbia.—Carmelita Geraghty is the gal, Buck Jones the hero. (July)

3 LOST GIRLS—Fox.—Loretta Young, Joan Marsh and Joyce Compton are the three little girls who come to the big city. Lew Cody good as the racketeer and John Wayne not so good. (April)

TOO MANY COOKS—Radio Pictures.—Bert Wheeler's first starring picture, minus Mr. Woolsey. Plenty of laughs, some lumps in the throat and Dorothy Lee as the heart appeal. (June)

★ **TRADER HORN—M-G-M.**—Harry Carey magnificent as *Trader Horn*. Story of the African jungle, full of the tensest drama and perfection in photography. (March)

TRAPPED—Big Four.—Fights, songs, gangsters, night clubs, murders, chases, plus a confused plot. (June)

TRAVELING HUSBANDS—Radio Pictures.—Risqué but not objectionably so. Top-notch acting, with Evelyn Brent in the lead. (July)

TWO WORLDS—British International.—An honest, dramatic story of inter-racial clashes—probably the best of the recent English films. (Feb.)

UNDER MONTANA SKIES—Tiffany Productions.—Slim Summerville saves a pretty weak picture about a stranded showgirl. (Feb.)

UNFAITHFUL—Paramount.—Ruth Chatterton, a society matron who can't divorce her faithless husband (Paul Cavanaugh) without involving her own sister-in-law, and so goes to the dogs. Good for the Chatterton fans. (May)

UP FOR MURDER—Universal.—(Reviewed under the title “Fires of Youth.”) Talkie version of the old silent, “Man, Woman and Sin.” Lew Ayres and Genevieve Tobin struggle through. Pretty badly worn plot. (April)

UP POPS THE DEVIL—Paramount.—Young love and its struggles neatly handled by Norman Foster, as a young author, and his wife, played by Carole Lombard. Sprightly dialogue. (July)

UPPER UNDERWORLD—First National.—Different from the average racketeering picture and bound to make you think. (July)

★ **VICE SQUAD, THE—Paramount.**—Besides being something that will keep you interested, this is a picture you'll think about. Paul Lukas, Kay Francis and Helen Johnson are excellent. (July)

VIRTUOUS HUSBAND, THE—Universal.—One of those over-sexed things. Starts off to be a howl and then goes serious and ends by being pretty bad. (June)

WAITING AT THE CHURCH—Radio Pictures.—An amusing story with lovely Technicolor effects. (July)

WESTWARD BOUND—Syndicate.—Buffalo Bill, Jr., with his guns and horse in another Western. (Feb.)

WHITE SHOULDERS—Radio Pictures.—Rex Beach's dramatic story makes an interesting picture. Jack Holt, Mary Astor and Ricardo Cortez form the triangle. (July)

WHITE THUNDER.—The eternal triangle story is secondary to the magnificent photography showing the terrifying vast iciness of Newfoundland. (March)

WILD MEN OF KALIHARI—Travel Film.—Mildly interesting African adventure—without much faking. (Feb.)

WILD WEST WHOOPEE—Cosmo.—Jack Perrin in a conventional Western saved by a thrilling rodeo sequence and the noble work of his horse, Starlight. Josephine Hill is the heroine. (May)

WOMAN BETWEEN, THE—Radio Pictures.—Heavy drama with lots of emotion and a song from Lily Damita. Miriam Seegar is the one bright spot (June)

WOMAN OF EXPERIENCE, A—RKO-Pathe.—Only average entertainment, in spite of a cast which does its best. Helen Twelvetrees, ZaSu Pitts and Lew Cody. (July)

WOMEN OF ALL NATIONS—Fox.—Edmund Lowe and Victor McLaglen as *Quirt* and *Flagg* of “What Price Glory” fame, continue their adventures. Good, rough entertainment, but not a Sunday school text. (July)

YELLOW MASK, THE—British International.—An attempt to mix music, comedy and melodrama. But they don't mix. (Feb.)

YOUNG AS YOU FEEL—Fox.—Another grand Will Rogers' film, funny enough to make you forget a toothache. (July)

★ **YOUNG DONOVAN'S KID—Radio Pictures.**—Good. From Rex Beach's story “Big Brother.” Little Jackie Cooper practically steals the show in spite of Dix's excellent work. (July)

YOUNG SINNERS—Fox.—The old story of modern kids in a jazz and cocktail setting. Thomas Meighan is a bright spot, Dorothy Jordan and Hardie Albright give an exhibition of couch wrestling. (July)

Lonesome Glory

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40]

Tommy lived in an apartment house with many others who looked to the motion pictures for a somewhat precarious living. Tommy's apartment was on the third floor rear and there was no elevator by which he could mount to it, but he seemed not to notice the stairs this afternoon. He went up them two and three at a time and when he reached the third floor, he turned toward his apartment. A voice from the fourth floor, however, stayed him. It was a girl's voice.

"Is that you, Tommy?" she called. "Gee, you came home in style. Whose Rolls was that? Clarinda's?"

"You bet it was," Tommy called back gaily. "Boy, she's a peach, that Clarinda Covelle! Wait'll you hear the story I've got to tell you."

"YOU'RE home early, aren't you?" the girl queried. As she spoke, she came to the head of the stairs and slowly walked down towards Tommy. Tommy went half-way up to meet her, both hands extended. She caught his hands and he drew her toward him until their lips met.

"Yes, I am home early. Miss Covelle decided to quit and I was shooting scenes with her."

"She brought you home, eh?" the girl queried, thoughtfully.

"Yes," Tommy nodded eagerly. "She came to me on the set and told me to go over and wash up and she'd drop me here at the house. We're goin' to make more pictures together, honey. She's tickled to death with my work. Says I'll be a great star in no time. Think of that! Think of what it'll mean to us, sweetheart!"

He drew her toward him again, and she lay unresisting in his arms. He kissed her. "Who knows?" he went on enthusiastically. "Maybe we'll have our little home in Beverly Hills; and maybe it won't be so little, either!"

The girl he held was a small girl with huge, soft eyes and a natural cupid's bow for a mouth. She clung to him there on the stairs.

"It's all so wonderful, Tommy," she said. But there was a doubtful light in her eyes. "It hardly seems possible that you and Clarinda Covelle are working together in a picture. It means so much, doesn't it?"

"Of course it does," he went on. "I'm the luckiest kid in all the wide world. She likes my work, too. The director says we're making a fine picture. Getting a lot of feeling into it."

The huge eyes of the girl carried a hurt and vaguely frightened look. She clung to Tommy, looked up at him. "I don't see how such a great boy can be interested in simple, little me," she said dubiously. "First thing I know, you'll grow right out of my arms, Tommy."

Tommy threw back his head and laughed gaily. "Silly," he said caressingly. "Why, success wouldn't mean anything in the world if I couldn't share it with you!"

"I guess I'll never get a break in pictures," the girl said simply. "I'll always be just an extra girl."

"SOMETIMES," Tommy said earnestly, "I hope so, sweetheart. Maybe we'd be all the happier if you didn't become a big star. So many of those marriages break up and it doesn't hardly seem the fault of either one. A man, you know, likes to come home and find his wife there making a home for him."

It was the girl's turn to laugh. "Already," she said, "you're growing old-fashioned, Tommy. My goodness, just imagine me in rubber gloves and an apron with a frying-pan in one hand and a cake of butter in the other. . . ."

"Yes, and cooking my dinner," Tommy interrupted laughingly.

The girl joined his gaiety. "Well, look at

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me," she said. "I'm doing it now. I guess I'm lucky to have anything to cook!"

"What did you cook?" Tommy asked. "I haven't made any plans for dinner, if that's an idea for you."

"You may come up," the girl laughed. "You won't get much, but there'll be enough of whatever we have."

The two had dinner and spent the evening in conversation. The girl listened wide-eyed and apprehensive as Tommy related all that had happened and prophesied all that was going to happen. When he left her at about ten-thirty, she clung to him at the door and kissed him repeatedly.

Tommy was in bed and almost asleep before realization came to him that the girl he had promised to marry, and wanted more than anything else in the world to marry, had been strangely different at the moment of their farewell.

* * *

CLARINDA COVELLE had indubitably fallen for Tommy Marvell. Hollywood, always quick to notice such things, gossiped. Tommy was spoken of as a potential star not alone in his own right but even more because of what Clarinda could do for him. When rushes of the picture were shown in various projection rooms about the lot, producers and their assistants nudged each other at the very obvious fervency of the girl when she played a scene with Tommy.

Some of the wiser ones did not hesitate to say that most of the ardent sincerity reposed in the girl. Tommy was doing his very best to act the part of lover naturally and sincerely. He was, in truth, doing this very well. But it was evident that Clarinda achieved reality without the slightest effort. She was in love with Tommy Marvell and Hollywood knew it.

"Well," one of the directors remarked, "I suppose that'll wash them up. It's a shame, too, because that little extra girl of Tommy's is as sweet a kid as I ever saw in my life. She's nuts over Tommy, too. They were engaged, you know."

"She's a lovely little thing," another nodded, "and the kind of a character Hollywood needs. But she can't act for hot vinegar."

"Good acting," the director remarked, sarcastically, "has broken up more homes than any other one thing in Hollywood."

The other shrugged. "Tommy's a nice kid," he said. "I wouldn't want to marry that Covelle dame. I could live off the income of what she spent for a swimming pool, but take it from me, money isn't everything."

"She's not bad," the director grunted. "She's just nutty. Most of these actresses are goofy as goats, anyway. An idea would wave their hair!"

The other nodded agreement. "I don't say I wouldn't marry her if I was in Tommy Marvell's position," he admitted. "Let them get married for a year or two and then divorced, just like Clarinda divorces everybody. In the meantime Tommy'll get his name in the lights and command a big, fat salary of his own."

"But I'm not hard-boiled enough to be able to forget that big-eyed, little kid with the cupid's bow mouth. She loves Tommy, and I think Tommy loved her up to the time he met Clarinda. I hate to think of Tommy 'going Hollywood' on her."

"KEEP up your sobbing," the director grinned. "Mebbe we'll get another picture story out of it. God knows I need a story. I haven't made a box-office hit since I worked for Vitagraph!"

Time and again Tommy Marvell dined at the pretentious Covelle residence in Beverly Hills. Several times he appeared at Coconut Grove with Clarinda and now and then, after their evening conferences, the two would drop in at Henry's or the Brown Derby for a bite of supper. Twice they left the studio to go to the Embassy Club for luncheon. So there was plenty of ground for the Hollywood gossips.

Tommy noticed a distinct difference in the

treatment accorded him at the studio. Inasmuch as he was working under contract, he received no increase in salary, of course, but little attentions were heaped upon him and the producers began speaking of the new contract that would be given him soon.

THE lot buzzed with whispers of the new team that would take the country by storm. Clarinda Covelle and Tommy Marvell would be box-office the country over.

During all this time, Tommy kept his abode in the same apartment house and saw frequently the little sweetheart who cooked his dinners and two or three times a week went into his apartment while he was working and tidied things for him. When he was not with Clarinda, he was with this girl.

Matters, so to speak, came to a head between them when the little girl read in one of the movie columns a statement to the effect that Clarinda Covelle and Tommy Marvell were engaged to marry. She mentioned this with a bitter smile.

"Nobody can prevent such things being printed, honey," Tommy told her. "I've noticed that you've been very tender and very sweet for the past few weeks. I wondered what was back of it all. Are you jealous of Clarinda?"

"I'm not jealous of anyone, Tommy," the girl assured him. "Of course I'm not. We're both very young and there is such a thing as puppy-love. I wouldn't in the least mind if you married Clarinda Covelle. Think of the future it would give you. We mustn't ever lose sight of that, must we? I'd never stand in your way a single moment."

The picture which Clarinda and Tommy were making came to completion. It passed through the cutting-room without being too seriously damaged and finally was released for its premiere in New York. The picture was a hit. Sharp-eyed reviewers found in its love scenes provocation to proclaim to readers that the beautiful and charming Clarinda unquestionably had fallen for her new leading-man.

On the strength of the outstanding success of this picture, Tommy was called into the office of the producers and given a new contract at seventeen hundred and fifty dollars a week to run uninterruptedly for one year, when it would be renewed at twenty-five hundred a week for the second year.

Movie columnists and reviewers the country over began printing notices of the ideal match between Clarinda Covelle and Tommy Marvell. Producers sought frantically for their next vehicle. The two were seen frequently at social functions in Hollywood. Clarinda appeared in her dazzling jewelry and her lavender Rolls-Royce, and because of his new contract, Tommy assumed a position of prominence in the Hollywood colony.

TOMMY accordingly underwent a change in habits. He moved from his tiny apartment to a suite at the Beverly-Wilshire Hotel. He explained to the little girl in the apartment house that he felt this was necessary because of his increased prestige.

Her great, soft eyes regarded him understandingly.

"I want to furnish it myself," Tommy told her. "I want to furnish it so that it will be cozy and not like a hotel. I want it to have personality. You'll help me, won't you?"

"Indeed I will," the girl said quietly. "I'll always be glad to help you, Tommy."

Then real estate agents began to call at his suite and it became known generally that he was in the market for a place in Beverly Hills. He explained to interviewers that he did not want a great big place.

He wanted a small one, preferably of Spanish architecture.

"Would he have a swimming pool?"

"No, indeed." He just wanted a small place because he hoped to save his money.

Employment agencies communicated with him and sent Japanese servants to interview him. Of course he would want a valet and a chauffeur. But Tommy did not want these

things. He explained that, later on, after he had located a place in Beverly Hills, he would like to hire a man and his wife. The woman, he said, could do the cooking and the man work in the garden and drive the car when it was necessary.

Announcement was made of the next vehicle for Clarinda Covelle and Tommy Marvell. Advance publicity swept the country. The two, unquestionably, were regarded as the outstanding features of the silver screen. Once again, rumors of their approaching marriage were profuse.

THESE rumors pleased Clarinda inestimably. Now and then she smilingly mentioned them to Tommy and squeezed his hand as she did so. Once when he escorted her home from a social function, she drew him into the shadows of the *porte cochere* of her home and raised her lips to his.

Tommy kissed her good-night.

A sort of festival was arranged by studio executives to welcome Tommy and Clarinda in their newest picture. This took place after the sets had been erected and everything was ready to begin shooting. A sumptuous banquet was arranged for executives and the outstanding stars of the lot. Rumor had it that the engagement of the two stars would be announced at this banquet. Executives and producers brought their wives. Stars brought their wives or friends.



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\$2.50, \$3.00, \$4.00
and \$5.00

Double Room with Bath
\$4.00, \$5.00, \$6.00
and \$8.00

HOTEL SHERMAN

Clarinda appeared, beautifully gowned and faultlessly but expensively jeweled. She carried a tiny, jeweled evening bag which exactly matched the color scheme of her ensemble. Now and then during the earlier part of the dinner, she opened this bag and glanced inside it.

When she saw what reposed therein, a faint smile of happiness wreathed her lips.

CLARINDA had been at great trouble and expense to purchase the bauble which she intended to present to Tommy Marvell that night. It was a little-finger ring of platinum with a specially cut emerald and diamond which matched her own favorite ring.

She dreamed of seeing it on Tommy's finger, and, because everyone would know that the gift was from her, she had paid a fabulous price for it.

She brought with her an escort, so was not surprised or interested when Tommy appeared with a large-eyed girl with a natural cupid's bow mouth.

Obviously, the child was an extra girl at most. Her gown was simple and of graceful line but so inexpensive that Clarinda passed her over with only a glance.

At the termination of the dinner the chief producer rose and made a somewhat lengthy and incoherent speech about the picture which was to be made. He paid tribute to Clarinda and also to Tommy. He called them America's ideal sweethearts and prophesied stupendous success for the effort ahead. He called on Clarinda to speak and she merely rose and bowed, first to the audience, and then to Tommy.

The applause was vociferous.

Then the producer called upon Tommy and he rose and bowed to the audience and then to Clarinda. But Tommy did not stop there. He turned to the simple little girl with the huge eyes and the cupid's bow mouth. He caught her by the hand and insisted that she rise. This she did, blushing.

Tommy held her hand as they stood there side by side. Then he spoke:

"I know perfectly well that any picture that features Clarinda Covelle," he said to the guests, "will be an outstanding success. Any part I have in such a success pleases me more than I ever will be able to make you understand."

"But tonight I just can't think much about pictures. I must tell you something else. I was married this morning and I've brought my wife here so that you all may meet her." He turned again and bowed to the little girl of the large eyes.

Every guest in the room glanced immediately at Clarinda Covelle. Beautiful she was, with almost a supernatural beauty. Gowned in the latest mode and bejeweled with a fortune in baubles. Her eyes were distended by this announcement.

She was sitting erect and her cheeks were pale with the ghastly pallor that creeps under rouge. She swayed just an instant in her chair.

Someone applauded the announcement. Shortly, everyone joined in and Clarinda got hold of herself.

With others she rose and congratulated the diffident bride.

THE announcement had been a bombshell. Clarinda Covelle was the cynosure of all eyes. After a few brief moments, waiters appeared serving liqueurs and coffee. Clarinda sat stiff and silent for several moments. Then, regally, she rose and summoned to her the captain in charge of the waiters. He came and bowed to her.

"You've been very nice, captain," she said. "The dinner has been beautifully served." She reached into her bag and drew forth the diamond and emerald ring.

"Here," she said, "take this, my boy, and remember Clarinda Covelle." Then she turned and left the banquet hall.

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(See page 60 for full particulars regarding Contest)

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Name

Street

City..... State.....

Vanity

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 54]

gruffly. "You played a bit in that cheap Western—"

"It was the second lead!" corrected Paul.

"All right—call it that. You were in a two-reeler they couldn't release—"

"What are you driving at?" Paul was angry. In front of Camille, this was terrible.

"Don't get sore," said Lou, more gently. "Haven't I known you kiddies long enough to talk like this? And Camille—you keep on making personal appearance tours, and you haven't had a real part in years. Right?"

"I have an interview next week," she said, her eyes flashing defiantly. "Thompson has promised to write a part for me in his next picture."

"Yeah," said Lou, impatiently. "But you know he won't!"

Camille flushed. She stole an anxious glance at Paul, and was glad that he was staring out the window.

"Now, I got a way to bring you both back," Lou went on, "in 'Ex-Convict.' But you've got to help."

They both looked at him sharply. "We're listening," Camille said.

"All you got to do," said Lou, settling back, "is to get married again!"

There was a stunned silence. "You're clowning!" Camille exclaimed angrily. Paul sat blinking stupidly.

Lou ignored them. "You kiddies could come back," he said, talking rapidly, "if you had the chance. But you won't get the chance unless you make 'em talk about you. Your re-marriage after all these years is a good story. Tommy Law could handle the publicity—and get you plenty. Instead of a couple of has-beens—a couple of names that don't mean a thing any more—you show 'em you're two good bets. If we put it over right, it's a cinch for me to sell you both."

"You mean well, I suppose," Paul said, "but of course it's out of the question."

Lou looked at his watch and showed alarm. "I got an appointment," he said tersely. "You two talk it over and I'll be right back."

"There's no use talking about it," said Camille, sharply.

"I won't be five minutes," Lou called, as he went out the door.

Camille reached for a cigarette, and Paul held a match. "I never knew Lou to talk so goofy," she said, settling back.

Paul strolled to the window. "He usually has pretty good ideas," he said.

"But he went wild on this one, didn't he?" Camille laughed more shrilly than was natural.

At the window Paul smoked a whole cigarette in silence. Then, when he turned to Camille, his face was drawn, his lips tight. "Lou's right, Camille," he said, quietly. There was no aggressiveness about his chin now.

SHE did not raise her eyes. "You—you mean we should do it?"

"It would be good business," he said slowly. "But I wasn't thinking just of that." He drew up a chair and sat in front of her. His eyes were suddenly very tired, and his shoulders drooped. He had dropped the mask, and there was a naturalness about him that was unnatural.

"I've been trying to bluff for years, Camille," he said. "Now I want to come clean."

She was intent upon punching her cigarette into a tray. "I—I don't get you, Paul," she said, nervously.

He hesitated a moment—then plunged. "I'm tired and lonely and pretty well discouraged. I wish I could buy a little ranch somewhere, live quietly, and be content to look my age." He leaned back abruptly. "Now I've told you," he said bitterly.

"I—I knew anyway," she answered, after a pause. "I wondered if you knew—that I felt the same way." She raised her eyes, and for the first time the defiance was gone out of them.

"It's been hell!" he said solemnly. Then without shame: "My hair is dyed. And I'm beginning to get rheumatism."

"I've been starving for years," she said, revelling in an orgy of confession, "to keep a figure. When I get up in the morning I look fifty. And I get so darned lonesome!"

He reached forward and took her hand. "We shouldn't ever have split up," he said.

"Maybe not," she sighed back.

"I'm not trying any of the worn-out hokum," he said, squeezing her hand, "but I think we both need each other, Camille."

She squeezed back.

"I can't register the old-time girlish embarrassment," she said, "but I'm tickled pink at the idea."

"If Lou is right," he said solemnly, "we can make a little pile in a year."

"And we'll save it this time!" she added bitterly.

"And then settle down somewhere—live modestly—be like other people—have a few real friends—"

"And put sugar and cream in our coffee!" she nodded eagerly.

Lou bustled in, rubbing his hands. "You kiddies talked it over?" he asked.

Paul had on his mask again. "We've decided to do it," he answered, dramatically.

Lou nodded and beamed. "Miss Snitzer," he called. "Get Tommy Law on the phone and tell him to come right over."

TWO weeks later, when Paul was lounging comfortably in Camille's apartment, drinking tea with her and sampling a cake she had baked, Tommy Law was announced in the lobby. Paul grumbled as he got into his coat and straightened his tie. He enjoyed so completely throwing off the mask in front of Camille, and not struggling to be charming and important, that interruptions annoyed him.

"He's a pest," agreed Camille. "I'll have to get out of this house dress."

Tommy, his mind cluttered with a thousand details, was nervous and excited. He was always nervous and excited when he was putting over something big.

"Where's Camille?" he asked. "Nothing's leaked out, has it? Have you done what I told you?"

"Everything," said Camille, returning. "Have some tea?"

"Thanks," answered Tommy. "You're going to the premiere tonight?"

Paul nodded. "I suppose so. You said—"

"Yeah, that's right. I want you to be seen together—but not too often. Just so it won't look too fakey. I've fixed things with the radio announcer. Stall in the lobby until he sees you. And tomorrow—" Tommy gulped his cake—"you elope!"

"Impossible!" exclaimed Camille. "I need some clothes."

"Lou's afraid they will be casting soon," Tommy explained. "We've got to give this story time to break."

Paul shrugged and sighed. "I'll wire to Yosemite for reservations."

"No," said Tommy. "You're going to Mexico."

"Mexico? In this heat?"

"Sorry," Tommy was commanding. "We thought it would be more romantic. Everything's arranged. You cross the border just before six, and drive to Vescadido."

"That will take hours!" objected Paul.

"Yes, I know. Go right to this address."



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44A

There will be someone there waiting to marry you."

"I wanted to ask some friends," said Camille, sadly.

"That's out," snapped Tommy. "This story's got to break as a surprise. The reporters will discover you in your hotel at ten the next morning."

Paul scowled. "Ten is too early."

"No," corrected Tommy. "It's just right for the afternoon papers. Here are statements for both of you. Memorize them. It's all good, human-interest stuff. I've got photos of you ready, and plenty of stills from your old movies. Stay around the hotel, and let yourselves be seen. Be attentive to each other, but dignified. Remember, I'm handling this yarn from the 'grandeur-of-mature-love' angle. Is that clear?"

"What kind of toothpaste should I use?" asked Camille, trying to be sarcastic.

"We'll talk about that later," Tommy answered sharply. "Lou will keep in touch with you by phone. I may send some Sunday feature writers down. Lay it on thick—you're sweet copy for them. *Screen lovers of yesteryear find love never dies. Does a man ever forget how to kiss? The charms of mature womanhood versus the beauty of youth.* You know the stuff. Anyway, they will feed it to you."

"All right, Tommy," sighed Camille, "we'll try."

"Now, remember," he said, rising, "I won't steal as much space as you got on your divorce fifteen years ago. But we'll make a fair-sized smash."

Paul stepped forward solemnly. "We'll do it," he said. "But as soon as Lou puts this deal across—you lay off! Understand?"

"Holy smokes! Don't you want publicity?" "We want jobs," said Paul, gruffly, "and when we get them we want to be left alone. We're not going into this just for notoriety. We—"

"Never mind, Paul dear," Camille interrupted anxiously. "Maybe Tommy wouldn't understand."

THE wedding went off very much as scheduled, except that it was two hours later than planned on account of the bad roads. The reporters and correspondents discovered the newlyweds, as arranged, only they arrived at eight instead of at ten. Paul, with a desperate effort, shook off his sleepiness, and laughingly 'fessed up that they had "put one over" on their friends and remarried.

Camille, between yawns, was successfully embarrassed, and accepted the discovery of their honeymoon hideaway with a gay laugh, like the game little sport she was. She re-



According to Seymour, this sports outfit of Virginia Cherrill's is one of the best. The three-piece suit is red flannel trimmed in white—an excellent combination. Notice the close-fitting red and white cap, the two-toned scarf, and the good-looking perforated white oxfords

cited Tommy's statement almost perfectly, and Paul intoned his with that dramatic richness of voice acquired years before, when he was a stock leading man.

The results were as good as Tommy predicted. They made a fair-sized smash. He got five hundred words on the news service wires, and the local papers all used photos. Lou called them up to congratulate them.

"Everything is okay, kiddies," he said in an excited voice. "I hope the operator isn't listening in. Sit tight until you hear from me."

"It's awfully hot down here," Paul ventured, timidly.

"I'll work as fast as I can. We got 'em talking. They know you're alive, all right."

"But we won't be for long," complained Paul. "The heat is terrific!"

"Sit tight! I'll do my best."

THE special writers began to arrive on an average of one a day, and it usually meant dinner and a late evening. But despite the heat and the annoyances, they were happy. They luxuriated in the tranquillity of perfect understanding. For the first time in years they could face the future and smile at it, unafraid. For, ahead, they saw peace.

"It won't be long, dear," Paul said, as they loafed in their rooms on a quiet evening, "and we'll be out of it."

"I hope so," she said. "Two weeks in this place—"

"I meant," interrupted Paul, "that we'll be out of this false, shabby world of pretense. No more bluff. No more pretending to have turned down a dozen jobs when you're half dead trying to find one. No more cultivating 'the right people' who bore you sick, and going to places you hate, just to be seen. We'll just be normal, ordinary folks. Why do actors make themselves miserable by pretending to be important?"

"You'd think they were playing a game," Camille observed sagely. "The one who talks most about himself, and attracts the most attention, gets a prize!"

"I want to live in the country," Paul mused. "My father was a farmer, you know."

"You used to say," said Camille, "that you were of an old English theatrical family."

Paul nodded. "That was part of the bluff." He reminisced sadly: "I would have had half the farm if I hadn't left home and wasted my life strutting and posing and smirking and bowing."

"Not all your life, dear," she said gently. "The best part is ahead."

"You're a honey," he answered, smiling. "Pardon me if I don't get up and kiss you?"

The phone rang, and persisted despite their efforts to ignore it. It was Lou calling long distance, and his voice was worried. "The competition for those parts is stiff," he said. "The studio's impressed, but we may have to do something more. Tommy thinks maybe he will have Camille kidnapped by bandits!"

"Now see here, Lou!"

"—and have you run to the rescue. Can you still ride a horse?"

"Camille is ill," Paul said sharply. "Much too ill to be kidnapped. It's the heat."

"I'll call you kiddies tomorrow," answered Lou, ignoring him. "Sit tight!"

But he did not call in the morning. Instead he burst in upon them late in the afternoon, breathless and excited, and greeted them exuberantly.

"CAN I have a drink of water?" he asked, panting. "I flew down."

"Why the rush?" asked Paul.

He gulped the water gratefully. "I wanted to tell you all about it. I put it over! The contracts are ready for you to sign. Phew! Why didn't you tell me it was so hot down here?"

They had time for a real honeymoon before the studio needed them, and they spent it in a little family hotel upstate, where no one recognized them and where it was delightfully cool in the shade of the towering redwoods.

It was more wonderful, they decided, than their first honeymoon, when they had toured France and Italy in regal grandeur, and graciously accepted the honors showered upon them as American movie potentates. Camille's trunk still held a dozen keys of cities collected on the memorable return trip to the West.

BUT now they revelled in obscurity, with no thought but for each other and the future. They understood things better now, and were calmly confident. There was a sense of security. The seas before them were all charted; they knew the shoals and the dangerous waters.

Paul loafed in his oldest clothes. He tried to fish, and read detective stories. Camille gossiped on the front porch, wrote letters, and ate candy whenever she felt like it. In the evenings they both played bridge with a kindly old couple until eleven, and sat for another hour chatting. The men discussed politics, prohibition and the heavyweight situation. Camille asked the old lady about flower gardening and needlepoint, and both gave their opinions of the younger generation.

"Did you notice," Camille said one evening, as they went to their room, "that we didn't talk about ourselves once all evening?"

Paul nodded. "I never realized there were so many other things to talk about," he answered. "It's amazing."

When Lou wired that they were to report immediately at the studio for rehearsals, they left reluctantly.

Camille, entering the set for the first day's work, found Paul glaring at his image in his make-up box mirror.

"Well, how do you like it?" she asked gayly.

"I'm afraid the gray around the temples is a little heavy," he said gravely.

"I meant being back in harness," she laughed. "It's kind of fun puttering around your dressing-room all by yourself, isn't it?"

He looked at her sharply. "You have a dressing-room for yourself?" he asked.

"Of course. Haven't you?"

"There must be some mistake," he said, scowling into the mirror again. "I am sharing one at the moment with the comedy relief."

PAUL threw himself on the divan when they got home after the preview. He stretched himself luxuriously, and sighed with contentment.

"I have seldom seen a better picture," he said, with enthusiasm. "Roberts certainly got a lot out of me, and except for one or two scenes, I was quite well photographed. I think the public will like me. And I'll bet the critics will call it my finest performance. No—I don't think I've ever seen a finer picture!"

Camille threw her dress on a chair and walked toward the bathroom. "Naturally, you would think that," she said, slamming the door behind her.

Something in her voice—something that was a dim, sinister echo out of the past—made him sit up thoughtfully.

The water in the bowl was running full force.

Then it was shut off suddenly. "You would think it was good!" she called, and she was speaking now with deliberation and unmistakable sincerity.

"You hogged the camera every minute, and used all your old tricks to steal my scenes!"

He arose, slowly, and with dignity.

"Camille," he called at the bathroom door, "please choose your language! After all I've done for you—"

She turned on the water full force again. Her voice rose above it, like a battle cry ringing through the storm.

"All you've done? Why, you fifth-rate stock leading man—"

* * *

The decree became final a year later.



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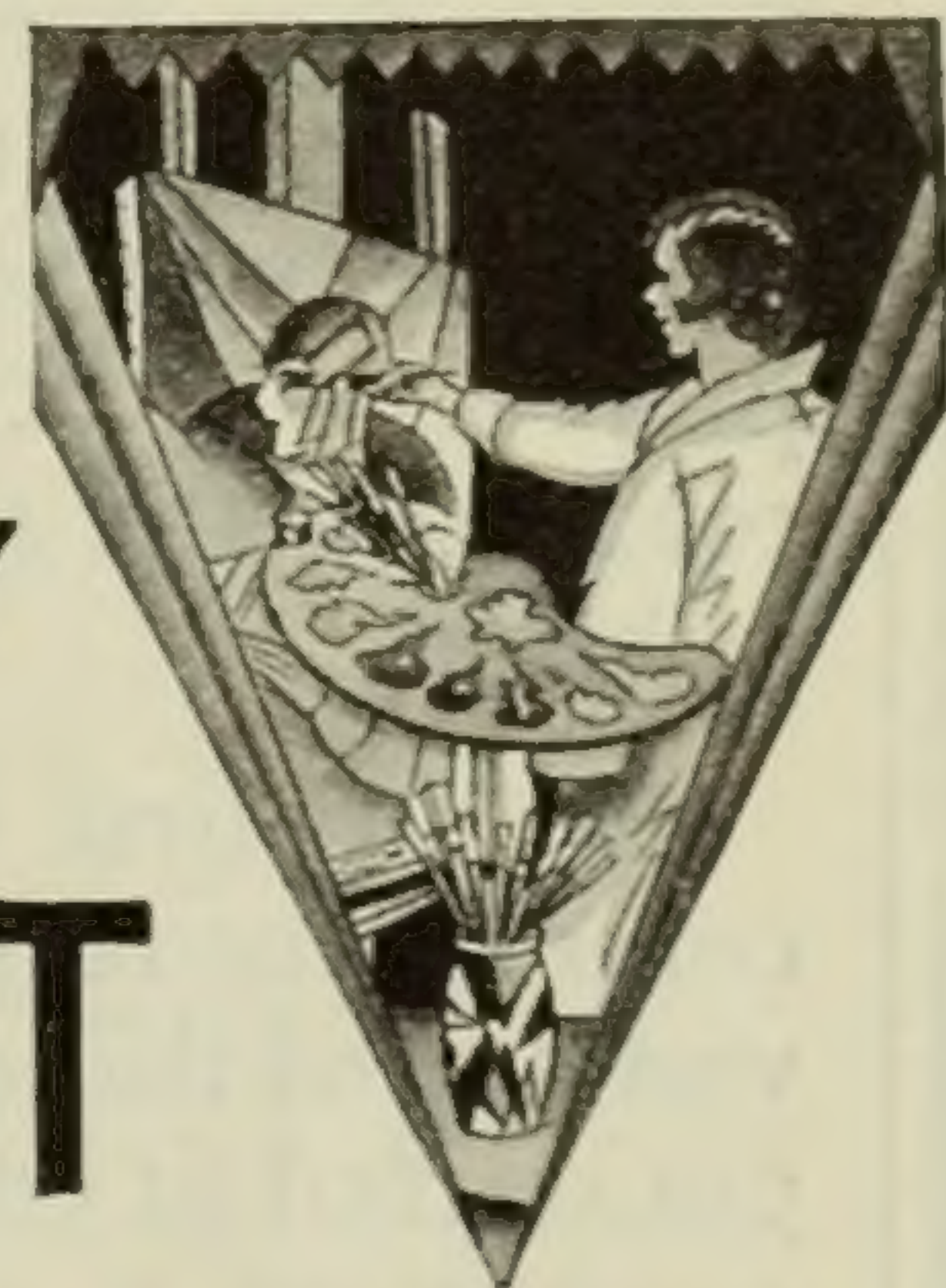
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Casts of Current Photoplays

Complete for every picture reviewed in this issue

"ALEXANDER HAMILTON"—WARNERS.—From the play by George Arliss and Mary Hamlin. Adapted by Julian Josephson and Maude Howell. Directed by John Adolphi. The cast: *Alexander Hamilton*, George Arliss; *Mrs. Betsy Hamilton*, Doris Kenyon; *Senator Roberts*, Dudley Digges; *George Washington*, Alan Mowbray; *Mrs. Reynolds*, June Collyer; *Mr. Reynolds*, Ralf Harolde; *Chief Justice John Jay*, Charles Middleton; *Thomas Jefferson*, Montagu Love; *Gen. Philip Schuyler*, Lionel Belmore; *James Monroe*, Morgan Wallace; *Count Talleyrand*, John T. Murray; *Martha Washington*, Gwendolin Logan.

"AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Theodore Dreiser. Directed by Josef Von Sternberg. The cast: *Clyde Griffiths*, Phillips Holmes; *Roberta Alden*, Sylvia Sidney; *Sondra Finchley*, Frances Dee; *Orville Mason*, Irving Pichel; *Samuel Griffiths*, Frederick Burton; *Mrs. Samuel Griffiths*, Claire McDowell; *Gilbert Griffiths*, Wallace Middleton; *Myra Griffiths*, Vivian Winston; *Belknap*, Emmett Corrigan; *Mrs. Asa Griffiths*, Bodil Rosing; *Jephson*, Charles B. Middleton; *Titus Alden*, Albert Hart; *Mrs. Alden*, Fanny Midgley; *Bella Griffiths*, Arlene Judge; *Bertine Cranston*, Evelyn Pierce; *Judge*, Arnold Korff; *Jill Trumbull*, Elizabeth Forrester; *Coroner Fred Heil*, Russell Powell; *Earl Newcomb*, Imboden Parrish; *Dep. Sheriff Kraut*, Richard Cramer.

"COMMON LAW, THE"—RKO-PATHE.—From the story by Robert W. Chambers. Adapted by John Farrow. Directed by Paul L. Stein. The cast: *Valerie*, Constance Bennett; *Neville*, Joel McCrea; *Cardemon*, Lew Cody; *Sam*, Robert Williams; *Mrs. Clare Collis*, Hedda Hopper; *Stephanie*, Marion Shilling; *Querido*, Paul Ellis; *John Neville, Sr.*, Walter Walker.

"CONFESSIONS OF A CO-ED"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by an anonymous author. Directed by David Burton and Dudley Murphy. The cast: *Dan*, Phillips Holmes; *Patricia*, Sylvia Sidney; *Hal*, Norman Foster; *Peggy*, Claudia Dell; *Adelaide*, Florence Britton; *Lucille*, Martha Sleeper; *Mildred*, Dorothy Libaire; *Sally*, Marguerite Warner; *President*, George Irving; *Dean Winslow*, Winter Hall; *Dean Marbridge*, Eulalie Jensen; *Mark*, Bruce Colman.

"DER GROSSE TENOR" (The Great Tenor)—UFA.—From the scenario by Hans Mueller and Robert Liebmann. Directed by Hanns Schwarz. The cast: *Albert Winklemann*, Emil Jannings; *Agathe*, Renate Mueller; *Olga von Dagomirska*, Olga Tschechowa; *Kratochwil*, Winklemann's valet, Hans Moser; *Agathe's Uncle*, Max Guelstorff; *Dr. Marberg*, Eduard von Winterstein; *Naurus Colwyn*, Willy Prager; *Romanones*, Siegfried Berisch; *Boris Jussupoff*, Wladimir Sokoloff; *Filipo Cardagno*, Evaristo Signorini; *Popper*, Oskar Sima.

"EX-BAD BOY"—UNIVERSAL.—From the play "The Whole Town's Talking" by John Emerson and Anita Loos. Adapted by Dale Van Every. Directed by Vin Moore. The cast: *Chester*, Robert Armstrong; *Ethel*, Jean Arthur; *Swift*, George Brent; *Mr. Simmons*, Spencer Charters; *Mrs. Simmons*, Grayce Hampton; *Letty*, Lola Lane; *Shields*, Jason Robards.

"EXPENSIVE WOMEN"—WARNERS.—From the story by Wilson Collison. Adapted by Harvey Thew and Raymond Griffith. Directed by Hobart Henley. The cast: *Constance Newton*, Dolores Costello; *Neil Hartley*, Warren William; *Arthur Raymond*, Anthony Bushell; *Bobby Brandon*, Joe Donahue; *Melville Raymond*, H. B. Warner; *Brandon's Pal*, Allan Lane; *Raymond's Pal*, Morgan Wallace; *Irene*, Mae Madison; *Molly Lane*, Polly Walters; *Martha*, Adele Watson; *George Allison*, William House.

"FIVE AND TEN"—M-G-M.—From the story by Fannie Hurst. Adapted by A. P. Younger. Directed by Robert Z. Leonard. The cast: *Jennifer*, Marion Davies; *Berry*, Leslie Howard; *Jenny Rarick*, Irene Rich; *John Rarick*, Richard Bennett; *Avery*, Kent Douglass; *Muriel*, Mary Duncan; *Leslie*, Lee Beranger; *Piggy*, Arthur Housman; *Brooks*, George Irving; *Hopkins*, Halliwell Hobbes; *Dennison*, Charles Giblyn; *Taxi Driver*, Henry Armetta; *Midge*, Ruth Selwyn.

"FORBIDDEN ADVENTURE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story "Let's Play King" by Sinclair Lewis. Adapted by Edward Paramore, Jr. Continuity by Norman McLeod and Joseph L. Mankiewicz. Directed by Norman Taurog. The cast: *Daisy Tail*, Mitzi Green; *Bessie Tail*, Edna May Oliver; *Maggie Tiffany*, Louise Fazenda; *Tiny Tim Tiffany*, Jackie Searl; *King Max*, Bruce Line; *Queen Sidonia*, Virginia Hammond; *A Studio Director*, Dell Henderson; *A Supervisor*, Ben Taggart; *Assistant Director*, Ben Hall; *Casting Director*, Jack Baston.

"GIRL HABIT, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the play by A. E. Thomas and Clayton Hamilton. Adapted by Owen Davis and Gertrude Purcell.

Directed by Edward Cline. The cast: *Charles Cadwallader Floyd*, Charlie Ruggles; *Jonesy, his valet*, Donald Meek; *Lucy Ledyard*, Sue Conroy; *Mrs. Ledyard*, Margaret Dumont; *Tony Maloney*, Allen Jenkins; *Sonya, his wife*, Tamara Geva; *Hunley Palmer*, Douglas Gilmore; *Warden*, Jerome Daley; *Warden's wife*, Betty Garde.

"GOLDIE"—FOX.—From the story by Gene Towne and Paul Perez. Adapted by Gene Towne and Paul Perez. Directed by Benjamin Stoloff. The cast: *Bill*, Spencer Tracy; *Spike*, Warren Hymen; *Goldie*, Jean Harlow; *Constantina*, Lina Basquette; *Dolores*, Maria Alba; *Russian Girl*, Eleanor Hunt; *Wife*, Lela Karmelly; *Husband*, Ivan Linow; *Gonzales*, Jesse De Vorsa; *Barker*, Eddie Kane.

"HOLY TERROR, A"—FOX.—From the novel "Trailin'" by Max Brand. Continuity by Ralph Block. Directed by Irving Cummings. The cast: *Tony Bard*, George O'Brien; *Jerry Foster*, Sally Eilers; *Kitty Carroll*, Rita La Roy; *Steve Nash*, Humphrey Bogart; *William Drew*, James Kirkwood; *Butch Morgan*, Stanley Fields; *Thomas Woodbury*, Robert Warwick; *Tom Hedges*, Richard Tucker; *Jim Lawlor*, Earl Pingree.

"HUSH MONEY"—FOX.—From the scenario by Philip Klein and Courtenay Terrett. Directed by Sidney Lanfield. The cast: *Janet*, Joan Bennett; *Stuart Elliott*, Hardie Albright; *Steve*, Owen Moore; *Flo Curtis*, Myrna Loy; *Curtis*, C. Henry Gordon; *Dan Emmett*, Douglas Cosgrove; *Maxie*, George Raft; *Puggie*, Hugh White; *Flannigan*, George Byron; *Silvio*, Andre Cheron; *Boolegger*, Henry Armetta; *Mr. Stockton*, George Irving; *Mrs. Stockton*, Nella Walker; *Miss Stockton*, Joan Castle.

"I TAKE THIS WOMAN"—PARAMOUNT.—From the novel "Lost Ecstasy" by Mary Roberts Rinehart. Adapted by Vincent Lawrence. Directed by Slavko Vorkapich and Marion Gering. The cast: *Tom McNair*, Gary Cooper; *Kay Dowling*, Carole Lombard; *Aunt Bessie*, Helen Ware; *Herbert Forrest*, Lester Vail; *Mr. Dowling*, Charles Trowbridge; *Sue Barnes*, Clara Blandick; *Clare Hammell*, Mildred Van Dorn; *Mallory*, Albert Hart.

"LAUGHING SINNERS"—M-G-M.—From the play "The Torch Song" by Kenyon Nicholson. Continuity by Bess Meredyth. Directed by Harry Beaumont. The cast: *Ivy*, Joan Crawford; *Howard*, Neil Hamilton; *Carl*, Clark Gable; *Ruby*, Marjorie Rambeau; *Cass Wheeler*, Guy Kibbee; *Mike*, Cliff Edwards; *Fred Geer*, Roscoe Karns; *Edna*, Gertrude Short; *Joe*, George Cooper; *Humpty*, George F. Marion; *Tink*, Bert Woodruff.

"LAWLESS WOMAN, THE"—CHESTERFIELD.—Directed by Richard Thorpe. The cast: *June Page*, Vera Reynolds; *Allan Perry*, Carroll Nye; *Poker Wilson*, Wheeler Oakman; *Taddy Riordan*, Thomas Jackson; *Bill*, James Curtis; *Kitty Adams*, Gwen Lee; *Stan Taylor*, Phillips Smalley.

"LE MILLION"—TOBIS PRODUCTION.—From the play by G. Berr and M. Guillemaud. Scenario and direction by Rene Clair. The cast: *Beatrice*, Annabella; *Michel*, Rene Lefebure; *Prosper*, Louis Allibert; *Crochard*, Paul Ollivier; *Vanda*, Vanda Greville; *Sopranelli*, Constantin Strosesco; *The Singer*, Odette Talazac.

"LOVER COME BACK"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Helen Topping. Adapted by Robert Shannon. Directed by Erle C. Kenton. The cast: *Connie*, Constance Cummings; *Tom Evans*, Jack Mulhall; *Vivian*, Betty Bronson; *Yates*, Jameson Thomas; *Schultz*, Fredrick Santley; *Henry*, Jack Mack; *Mrs. March*, Katherine Givney; *Loretta*, Loretta Sayers; *Susan*, Susan Fleming.

"MAN IN POSSESSION, THE"—M-G-M.—From the play by H. M. Harwood. Adapted by Sarah Y. Mason. Directed by Sam Wood. The cast: *Raymond Dabney*, Robert Montgomery; *Clara*, Charlotte Greenwood; *Crystal Wetherby*, Irene Purcell; *Mr. Dabney*, C. Aubrey Smith; *Mrs. Dabney*, Beryl Mercer; *Claude Dabney*, Reginald Owen; *Sir Charles Cartwright*, Alan Mowbray; *Esther*, Maude Eburne; *A Bailiff*, Forrester Harvey; *A Butcher*, Yorke Sherwood.

"MIRACLE WOMAN, THE"—COLUMBIA.—From the play "Bless You Sister" by John Meehan and Robert Riskin. Continuity by Dorothy Howell. Adapted by Jo Swerling. Directed by Frank Capra. The cast: *Florence "Faith" Fallon*, Barbara Stanwyck; *John Carson*, David Manners; *Hornsby*, Sam Hardy; *Mrs. Higgins*, Beryl Mercer; *Welford*, Russell Hopton; *Simpson*, Charles Middleton; *Collins*, Eddie Boland; *Gussie*, Thelma Hill; *Violet*, Aileen Carlyle; *Brown*, Al Stewart; *Briggs*, Harry Todd.

"NIGHT ANGEL, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Edmund Goulding. Directed by Edmund Goulding. The cast: *Yula Martini*, Nancy Carroll; *Rudek Berkem*, Fredric March; *Theresa Masar*, Phoebe Foster; *Countess von Martini*, Allison Skipworth; *Biezel*, Alan Hale.

"NIGHT NURSE"—WARNERS.—From the novel by Dora Macy. Screen play by Oliver H. P. Garrett. Directed by William A. Wellman. The cast: *Lora Hart*, Barbara Stanwyck; *Mortie*, Ben Lyon; *Maloney*, Joan Blondell; *Dr. Bell*, Charles Winninger; *Mrs. Ritchey*, Charlotte Merriam; *Egan*, an interne, Edward J. Nugent; *Dr. Ranger*, Ralf Harolde; *Miss Dillon*, Vera Lewis; *Mrs. Maxwell*, Blanche Frederici; *Nick*, Clark Gable; *The first interne*, Allan Lane; *The drunk*, Walter McGrail; *One of the Children*, Betty Graham; *The other child*, Marcia Jones.

"REBOUND"—RKO-PATHE.—From the play by Donald Ogden Stewart. Adapted by Horace Jackson. Directed by Edward H. Griffith. The cast: *Sara*, Ina Claire; *Bill*, Robert Ames; *Evie*, Myrna Loy; *Liz*, Hedda Hopper; *Johnnie*, Robert Williams; *Lyman*, Hale Hamilton; *Mr. Jaffrey*, Walter Walker; *Mrs. Jaffrey*, Louise Closser Hale; *Les*, Leigh Allen.

"RECKLESS HOUR, THE"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the play "Ambush" by Arthur Richman. Adapted by Florence Ryerson. Directed by John Francis Dillon. The cast: *Margaret Nichols*, Dorothy Mackaill; *Edward Adams*, Conrad Nagel; *Waller Nichols*, H. B. Warner; *Myrtle Nichols*, Joan Blondell; *Allan Crane*, Walter Byron; *Harriet Nichols*, Helen Ware; *Seymour Jennison*, William House; *Susie Jennison*, Dorothy Peterson; *Howard Crane*, Claude King; *Stevens*, Ivan Simpson; *Harry Gleason*, Joe Donahue; *Rita*, Mae Madison.

"SHIPS OF HATE"—TREM CARR.—From the story by Wellyn Totman. Directed by J. P. McCarthy. The cast: *Bart Wallace*, Lloyd Hughes; *Grace Walsh*, Dorothy Sebastian; *Captain Lash*, Charles Middleton; *Norman Walsh*, Lloyd Whitlock; *The Professor*, Theodore Adams; *Hans*, Constantine Romanoff; *First Mate*, Gordon DeMain; *Peg*, Jean Mason.

"SON OF INDIA"—M-G-M.—From the book "Mr. Isaacs" by F. Marion Crawford. Continuity by Ernest Vajda. Directed by Jacques Feyder. The cast: *Karim*, Ramon Novarro; *William Darsay*, Conrad Nagel; *Mrs. Darsay*, Marjorie Rambeau; *Janice*, Madge Evans; *Dr. Wallace*, C. Aubrey Smith; *Hamid*, Mitchell Lewis; *Juggat*, John Miljan; *Rao Rama*, Nigel De Brulier.

"SQUAW MAN, THE"—M-G-M.—From the story by Edwin Milton Royle. Adapted by Lucien Hubbard and Lenore Coffee. Directed by Cecil B. De Mille. The cast: *James Wyngate*, Warner Baxter; *Naturich*, Lupe Velez; *Diana*, Eleanor Boardman; *Cash Hawkins*, Charles Bickford; *Sir John*, Roland Young; *Henry*, Paul Cavanagh; *Shorty*, Raymond Hatton; *Mrs. Jones*, Julia Faye; *Sheriff Hardy*, DeWitt Jennings; *Big Bill*, J. Farrell MacDonald; *Little Hal*, Dickie Moore; *Tabywana*, Mitchell Lewis; *Andy*, Victor Potel; *Grouchy*, Frank Rice; *Dowager Lady Kerhill*, Eva Dennison; *Babs*, Lilian Bond; *Shanks*, Luke Cosgrave; *Clark*, Frank Hagney;

General Stafford, Lawrence Grant; *Meadows*, Harry Northrup; *McSorley*, Ed Brady; *Pete*, Chrispin Martin; *Nick*, Henry Stockbridge.

"SWEEPSTAKES"—RKO-PATHE.—From the story by Lew Lipton. Directed by Al Rogell. The cast: *Bud Doyle*, Eddie Quillan; *Sleepy Jones*, James Gleason; *Babe Ellis*, Marian Nixon; *Wally Weber*, Lew Cody; *Barlender*, Paul Hurst; *Pop Blake*, Fred Burton; *Weber's Trainer*, King Baggott; *Speed Martin*, Billy Sullivan; *Ma Clancy*, Lillian Leighton; *The Dude*, Mike Donlin.

"THREE LOVES"—TERRA.—From the novel by Max Brod. Scenario by Ladislaus Vajda. Directed by Kurt Bernhardt. The cast: *Stasha*, Marlene Dietrich; *Dr. Karoff*, Fritz Kortner; *Henry Leblanc*, Uno Henning; *Charles Leblanc*, Oscar Simma; *Their mother*, Frieda Richard; *Poirier*, an industrialist, Karl Ettlinger; *Angele*, his daughter, Edith Edwards.

"THREE WHO LOVED"—RADIO PICTURES.—From the story by Martin Flavin. Adapted by Beulah Marie Dix. Directed by George Archainbaud. The cast: *Helga*, Betty Compson; *John*, Conrad Nagel; *Phil*, Robert Ames; *Rooney*, Robert Emmett Keane; *Annie*, Bodil Rosing; *Sonny*, Dickie Moore.

"TRANSGRESSION"—RADIO PICTURES.—From the novel by Kate Jordan. Adapted by Elizabeth Meehan. Directed by Herbert Brenon. The cast: *Elsie Maury*, Kay Francis; *Robert Maury*, Paul Cavanagh; *Don Arturo*, Ricardo Cortez; *Honora Maury*, Nance O'Neil; *Serafin*, John Sainpolis; *Julie*, Adrienne d'Ambricourt; *Countess Longueval*, Cissy Fitzgerald; *Paula Vrain*, Doris Lloyd; *Carlos*, Augustino Borgato.

"TWO GUN MAN, THE"—TIFFANY.—From the story by John F. Natteford. Continuity by Earle Snell. Directed by Phil Rosen. The cast: *Blackie Weed*, Ken Maynard; *Joan Markham*, Lucille Powers; *Kitty*, Nita Martin; *Joe Kearney*, Lafe McKee; *Rancher Markham*, Murdock MacQuarrie; *Thorne*, Charles King; *Tulliver*, Tom London; *Riggs*, Walter Perry; *Kettle Belly*, Will Stanton; *Monty*, William Jackie; *Sheriff*, Ethan Allen.

"VIKING, THE"—VARICK FRISSELL PRODUCTION.—From the story by Varick Frissell. Directed by George Melford. The cast: *Mary Joan*, Louise Huntington; *Luke*, Charles Starrett; *Capt. Barker*, Capt. Bob Bartlett; *Jed*, Arthur Vinton; and 250 natives of the Labrador Coast as sealers, members of the crew, townspeople.

"WOMEN LOVE ONCE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story "Daddy's Gone A Hunting" by Zoe Akins. Directed by Edward Goodman. The cast: *Julien Fields*, Paul Lukas; *Helen Fields*, Eleanor Boardman; *Hester Dalgren*, Juliette Compton; *Allen Greenough*, Geoffrey Kerr; *Olga*, Judith Wood; *Janet Fields*, Marilyn Knowlden; *Theodore Stewart*, Claude King; *Oscar*, Mischa Auer.



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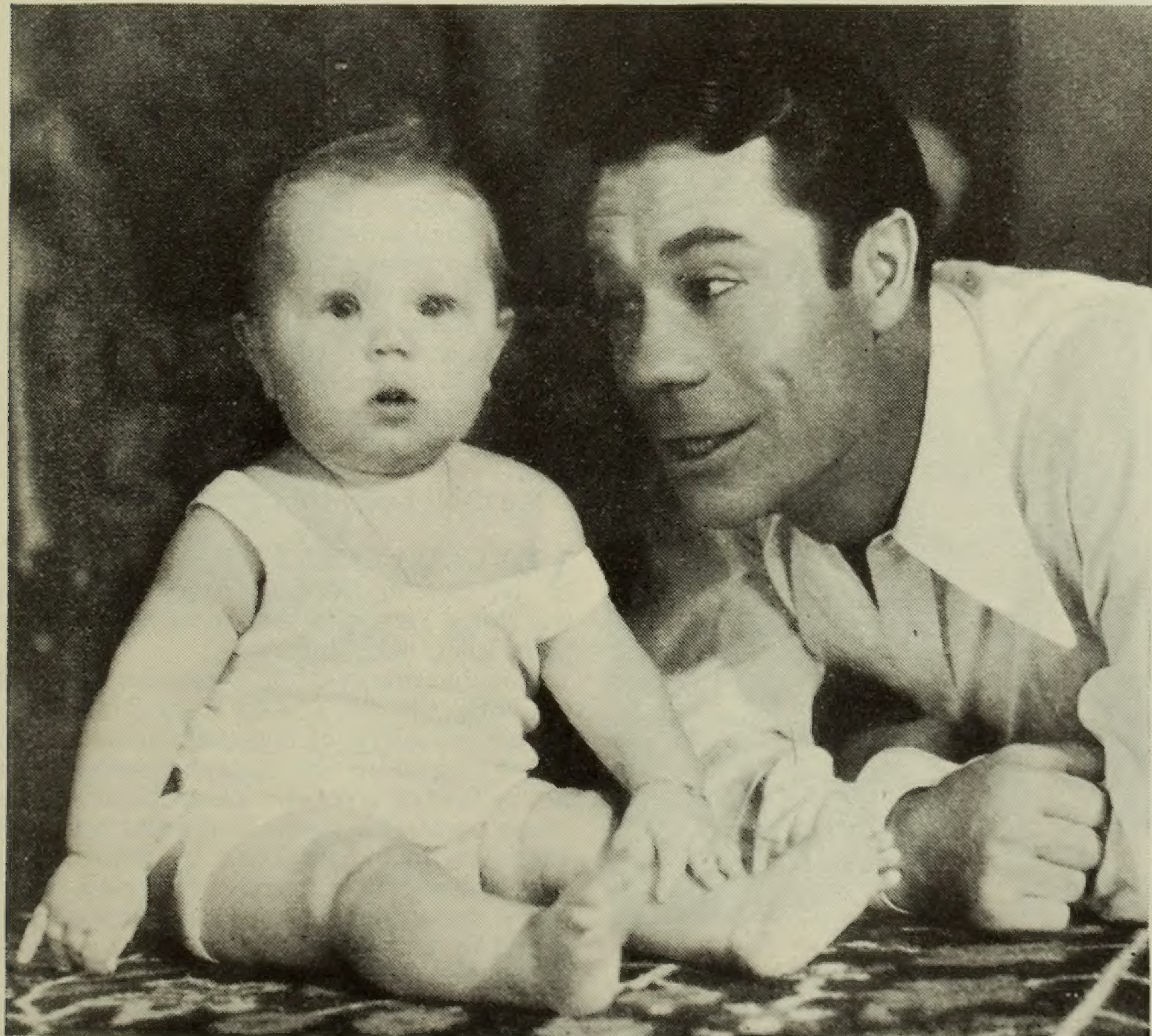
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We call this plump, cute little rascal "Brown's Betty." She's Joe E. Brown's new daughter and her real name is Mary Elizabeth Ann Brown, which is a mouthful—even for Joe

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 100]

REMEMBER Madge Evans? Remember her as a child actress?

Well, Madge Evans, today, is a self-possessed young woman who must be twenty-two or thereabouts, with a distinguished voice, soft blonde hair that lies in the most sophisticated of marcelles and a nice sturdy sense of humor. She's the answer to what happens to child prodigies when they stop being child prodigies.

HERE'S one of those real mother stories. Irene Rich had been anxious to play the lead in Will Rogers' picture "The Plutocrat." She wanted it more than any offered her in the last few years. At first they were going to give the part to somebody else but every time there was a conference Will would say, "How about Irene?"

At last she secured the rôle and then she asked if the shooting schedule could be arranged so that she could have time to attend the graduation of her daughter, Frances, from Smith College. She was told it couldn't be done.

So she turned down a rôle she wanted and a \$10,000 salary, to go to her daughter. She gave Frances a diamond bracelet and a high powered car.

MERCY, what a fuss there's been about this Ruth Chatterton contract. One newspaper prints she stays with Paramount—another that she goes to Warners. And all on the same day.

Here's the low-down, as we go to press.

Warners and Paramount had a nice little argument about releasing pictures. Paramount wouldn't put any more Warner pictures into some of their chain theaters. That burned Warners up, so they went out and swiped Kay Francis, Bill Powell and Chatterton. Now, Paramount was put out about Powell and Francis, but when it came to Chatterton, one of their best money-makers, the fur began to fly.

So, Paramount decided to run Warner Bros. pictures if Warners let Chatterton remain at home.

THERE'S been a lot of conjecture in Hollywood about who would take the place of Lon Chaney on the screen. Lionel Barrymore and Wallace Beery have been mentioned. It's natural that Metro, where Lon finished his career, should hunt for the successor. But it's natural, also, that Universal, where Lon started, should be in the running.

And Universal's choice is Bela Lugosi who made "Dracula" a real box-office wow. Now in "Frankenstein" he's playing the part of an "unborn" man—one designed by science, an eight-foot monster without sentiment. And only his chin and his eyebrows are to show on the screen.

NOT satisfied with simply writing to stars for photographs, the fans have taken to wiring and telephoning long distance. Connie Bennett got such a call recently as did Mary Astor.

Both gals air mailed pictures immediately—but how did the fans get the private telephone numbers?

Mary Astor's call was from Atlanta.

HERE'S the ultimate in microphone sensitivity.

A sound man called his executive and said, "What kind of sound do you want in this make-up boudoir sequence?"

"Strictly natural, strictly natural," said the exec. "Be sure you get the real sounds of make-up—you know, the powder puff and all that sort of thing."

LIKE Cinderella stories? How's this?

A Paramount executive visited his Los Angeles theater. They wanted a picture taken with a pretty girl, so Patricia Farr, the best-looking usherette, was brought out. One look, and the executive reached for his fountain pen. The dotted line was provided at the studio the next day, where Patricia signed a contract to play a part with Dick Arlen and Peggy Shannon in "The Secret Call."

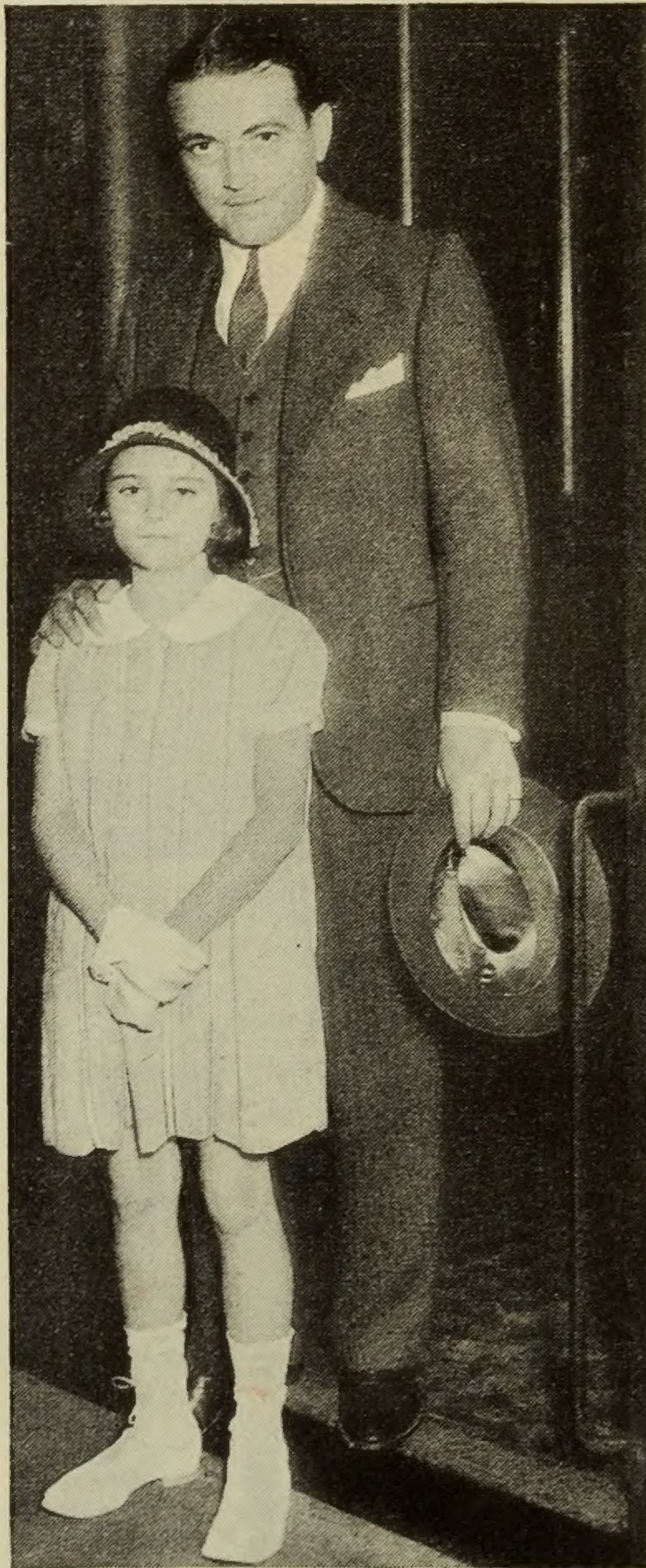
ACCORDING to J. B. Priestly, the British author, "Hollywood is a place where people get up at six o'clock in the morning and do physical exercise.

"It is terribly respectable and even duller than Bloomsbury."

Is Mr. Priestly kidding us?

Or, perhaps, did someone kid Mr. Priestly?

THREE months ago, Norman Phillips, vaudevillian with his first big break in pictures in Joan Crawford's "Laughing Sinners," dropped dead as he walked from the M-G-M commissary.



Six months, said the judge. Which means that Dick Barthelmess and his former wife, Mary Hay, each have their little daughter, Mary Hay Barthelmess, for that period. Dick's six months have just started, and he's here shown leaving New York for Hollywood

His fourteen-year-old son is carrying on for him—supporting the family.

Buster Keaton, a vaudevillian once, gave the boy the leading child rôle in "The Sidewalks of New York."

And Norman, Jr., is making good!

FOR his first picture at Warner Bros., William Powell had to tango. The instructor complimented him on the speedy way in which he picked up the steps. "Well, you see," said Bill, "Carole takes me in hand every evening and makes me practice with her and that doesn't seem like work." Of course you know who Carole is by now.

AND now the Marquis de la Falaise is famous for something besides being the ex-hubby of Gloria.

He entertained M. F. Hennessey, the "Three Star Hennessey" man from Paris.

Hollywood sleuths discovered they were cousins. And to be a cousin to a famous distiller in America today—well, use your own judgment.

SH-H-H-H-H-H!!! Skendel . . .

Bebe Daniels, good wife though she appears to be, and even expectant-blessed-eventer though she is, actually keeps a change of clothing handy at all times down at a men's club in Long Beach, California. . . .!!!

But it's all right. The club is the Officers' Club of the 322nd Pursuit Squadron, United States Army Air Corps. And Bebe is an honorary officer of the outfit. So she has a locker, with her own name on the door, containing her officer's uniform.

SOME misguided soul, evidently trying to leave a heroic image of the late Louis Wolheim's rugged manliness behind, recently wrote a copyrighted piece that told how Wolheim, interrupted at a luncheon discussion of Shakespeare, Shelley and Swinburne, had slugged a gangster, knocked him down twice, and, when the fellow pulled a gun on him, looked him square in the eye and said:

"It takes nerve to shoot a man, damn you. And you haven't the guts to pull the trigger."

The gangster, the article continued, formed a deep admiration for the actor and was continually present at his stage performances in "What Price Glory" thereafter. Also that he kept sending flowers to the hospital while he was sick and cried when Wolheim died.

Louis Wolheim was too intelligent—and too normal a citizen—to slug gangsters and deliver hammy speeches when a gun was stuck in his ribs.

We don't believe it.

VIRGINIA CHERRILL had worked about ten days on George O'Brien's new picture, "A Holly Terror," when she was removed and Sally Eilers substituted.

Investigating, we found the blonde heroine of Charlie Chaplin's "City Lights" is becoming popular socially, but unpopular professionally.

For example, a film magazine wanted to run her picture on a cover. The publicity department made five separate appointments, but Virginia broke each one. A representative telephoned Mrs. Cherrill. "Virginia has so many social engagements, she can't be annoyed by anything like that!" she answered.

Another day she saw a picture of herself in PHOTOPLAY which didn't please her. She rushed to the publicity department and raised—well, there's only one word to express it. A writer who was present had been planning to do a story on her.

He said, when she flounced out, "I would never write a story about her."